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THE CAPTAIN.

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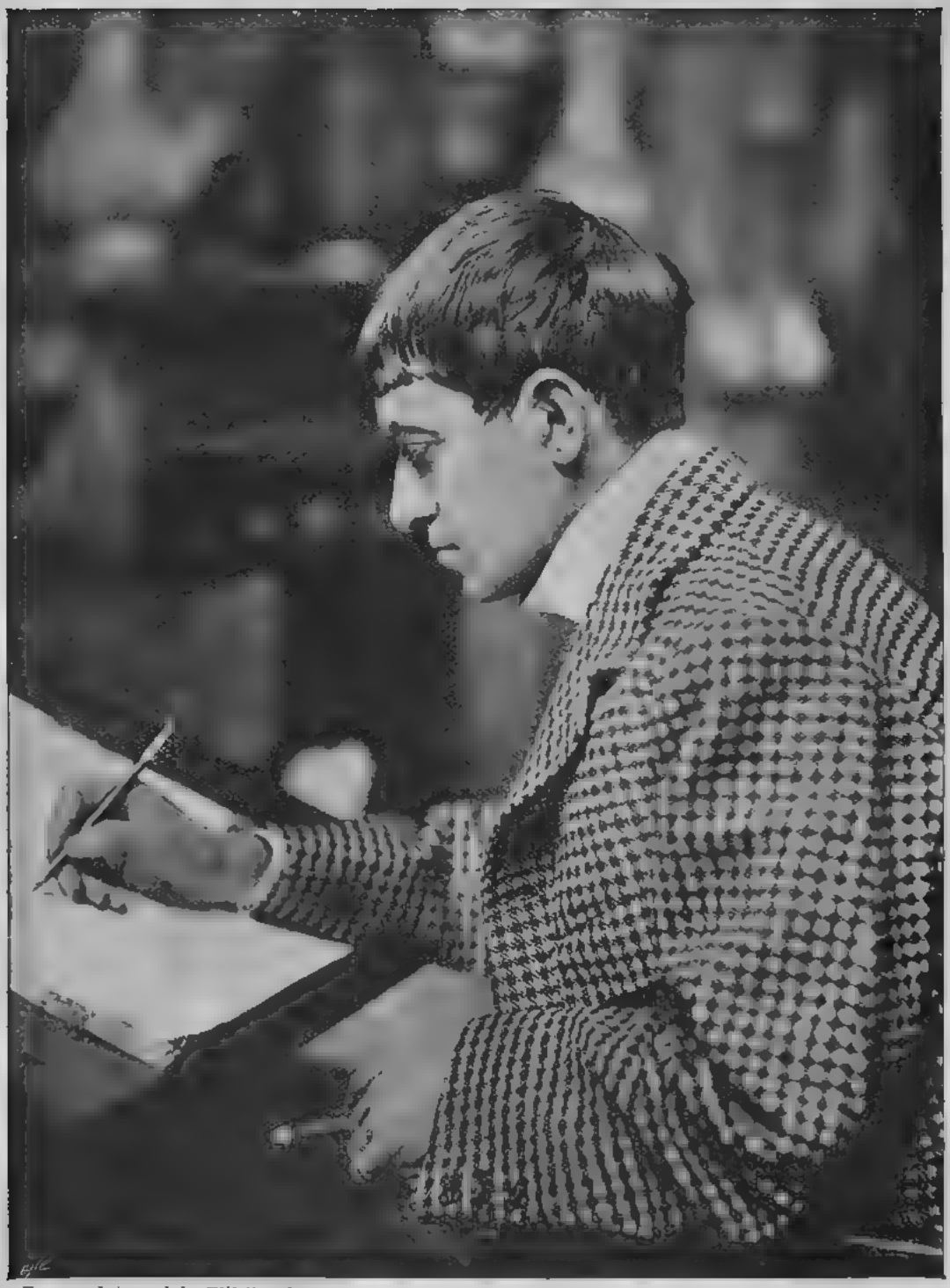


From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

Yours faithfully
Phil May

HOW Phil May WON SUCCESS

By The Editor.

The story of this great black-and-white artist's early struggles drives home a fine moral. It would almost seem that in order to succeed you must first starve; and then, so that you may eat, you must work; and that work will be your best, for upon it your very life will depend.

It is practically the "Romance of an Empty Stomach"—this chronicle of Phil May's artistic career. I will tell you now how Fortune frowned upon him, how he wrestled with her, and how he conquered her.

To-day Phil May sits complaisantly—but not in any sense conceitedly—on the topmost bough of that high tree called Fame. His careless signature is familiar to everybody. Here and there, of course, you may come across a person who has never heard of Phil May, but then—you may know the story—there was once a solemn tolling of bells, and a villager, asking the local sexton who was dead, was informed that the great departed was no less a person than the Duke of Wellington; whereupon the villager replied: "The Dook of Wellington! *'Oo's 'e?*" I take it, however, that my readers are acquainted with Phil May's work and name, that they have laughed over his pictures in *Punch*, the *Graphic*, and other papers, and have spent many merry Christmas hours with his *Annual*. So now to his history.

OFF TO BARNET WOODS.

Years and years ago there lived a great railway engineer named George Stephenson, and on a stool in this gentleman's drawing office at Newcastle sat an apprentice called May. This apprentice in time reached man's estate, and married a Miss McCarthy, of Wolverhampton.

In 1864 Mr. May started a brass foundry with another gentleman; but the other gentleman ran away with all the "brass," and left

"HELP THE POOR CROSSIN'-SWEEPER, MY LORD?"
"CAN'T; HAVEN'T GOT A BROOM!"

"SPARE A COPPER, SIR; I'VE A STARVING WIFE AND FAMILY AT HOME, SIR."

Mr. May with merely a foundry and nothing to carry it on with. At this period "Phil" was born.

His birth did not take place under auspicious circumstances, and after-events did not tend to brighten his prospects. His father died when he was nine years old, and, his mother being left badly off, young Phil was sent to a Board School. He was a delicate little fellow, and the other boys "bully-ragged" him incessantly. However, Phil was always of a cheerful temperament, took his lickings like a man, and got away from school as soon as an opportunity offered. This came unusually early, for he began to earn money when he was twelve. It was thus: Phil May lived at Leeds, and got to know the son of the scene-painter at the Grand Theatre. With other choice spirits, the two boys used to perform pantomimes in the street behind the theatre. Nothing was omitted. The star-traps were all marked out, and they made their descents by flinging themselves on their faces in the muddy road. This was an artistic thirst for correct detail with a vengeance! Phil May was always the Fairy Queen, and gravely waved an old stick in lieu of the customary wand.

Well, when it rained, Phil and the scene-painter's son used to roam about inside the theatre, and Phil soon evinced talent in the paint-room. Soon he got to designing comic dresses and masks, and so expert did he prove himself that he used to draw the comedians in their "war-paint" at a shilling a head to begin with, but afterwards at five shillings. Finding that he could thus earn a modest income, he left home and shared lodgings with some other boys. Thus he went on until he was fourteen or fifteen, when he obtained an engagement with a travelling burlesque company. He had to play small parts, and do six sketches every week to serve as window-bills in the various small towns they visited. For these services he received the tremendous salary of twelve shillings a week.

When Phil May turned seventeen he determined that it was high time to strike out and do something better—and more profitable.

"Why," he asked himself, "should I linger on in the provinces at twelve shillings a week, when I might be making twelve pounds a week in London?"

He had never been to London—the wonderful city of infinite possibilities. He determined to go to London; so he scraped and saved, and at length got together enough cash to pay his fare up, and then to London he went. His finances consisted of one sovereign. His ticket cost him most of this, and the rest he squandered on a hearty supper on reaching the metropolis.

Then he found himself penniless, and promptly repaired to the house of his aunt, who lived in Islington, and who was married to an actor. His step-uncle's welcome was hardly what you would call cordial, but he took young May out and showed him London, fed him up, and then bought him a ticket, and put him in a Leeds train, advising him to "go home and stay there."

AMATEUR FISHERMAN: "ARE THERE ANY FISH TO BE CAUGHT HERE, MY MAN?"
BOATMAN: "NO, SUR, YOU CAUGHT 'EM ALL THE LAST TIME AS YOU WAS HERE!"

"Good-bye, uncle," said Phil, putting his hand out of the window.

"Good-bye, my boy," said the step-uncle. "Don't forget to write and tell us of your safe arrival."

Young Phil promised he would write, and then, with a last affectionate handshake, step-uncle and step-nephew parted.

On reaching the very first station the train stopped at young Phil got out, and started walking back to London. It wasn't far, but it was very cold, and he had no money, and didn't dare show his nose at his step-uncle's again. He felt very miserable, but in spite of everything he set his teeth, stuck out his chin, and somehow succeeded in accomplishing the difficult task of living on nothing a day.

He very nearly starved to death. He used to go into public-houses and beg for the broken biscuits. He used to sleep under bridges, in out-houses, in Covent Garden — anywhere. Meanwhile it was bitterly cold, and he was thin and delicate. Somehow he lived on—his chief capital a bad cough and empty

pockets. But he lived on. On one occasion he found he had nothing worth bartering for food except an old walking-stick. He saw a little boy eating some bread and bacon. He approached the boy, exchanged the walking-stick for the bread and bacon, and so *dined* that day.

Then he set about doing little sketches, and trying to sell them to people. He frankly admits that if he had had enough money to buy the necessary coloured chalks he would have done landscapes, and seascapes, and portraits of the Royal Family on pavements; but he couldn't afford to buy the chalks.

One day he did a drawing—in pen-and-ink—of Irving, Bancroft, and Toole, and sold it to the proprietor of a photograph shop, and so earned money, had a big dinner, and sang a song of thanksgiving.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PHIL MAY, DRAWN BY HIMSELF FOR "THE CAPTAIN."

The drawing of the celebrated theatrical trio attracted attention. Mr. Lionel Brough purchased the original, and introduced the young artist to the editor of a little paper called *Society*, for which Phil May did some work. But he suffered long spells of penury and lived from hand to mouth if ever boy did. At last a drawing of Mr. Bancroft in *Society* won him an introduction to the *St. Stephen's Review*. A Christmas number was being issued, but unfortunately the illustrations had been arranged for. So the editor couldn't give the young artist any work, and once more poor Phil was on his beam ends. He was only eighteen. He had suffered great disappointment and privation. All combined made him ill, and in a very dejected condition he went back to Leeds. Hardly had he reached home when a telegram was sent recalling him to London. The artist previously engaged to do the Christmas pictures for the *St. Stephen's Review* had bungled over his work, and Phil May was called in to do the whole lot over again—cartoon, illustrations, cover, and initial letters — in a week! He returned to London post-haste, hired a room in a small hotel, and, working day and night, finished the whole thing—and was paid!

That was the biggest sum he had ever earned. But alack and alas! Phil was ever thriftless, and the handsome cheque soon melted down to sixpence. But he was proud. At lunch-time and dinner-time he used to put on his hat, and walk out as if he were going to lunch and dinner elsewhere. The proprietor of the little hotel in question, who was also a club-waiter, found out Phil's little ruse, and when he came home at three or four in the morning

A STUDY FROM PHIL MAY'S SKETCH-BOOK.

AN ARTIST FRIEND OF PHIL MAY'S.

would dig out the poor artist and make him share his modest supper. When, shamefacedly, Phil said he couldn't pay, the waiter told him not to trouble about that. He was one of the good fairies of Phil May's struggling youth, and the great artist of to-day has not forgotten the warm-hearted little waiter of yesterday.

In time Phil May became staff artist to the *St. Stephen's Review*, and earned regular money. Whilst thus engaged an agent came from Australia to discover an artist for the *Sydney Bulletin*. Phil May was extremely delicate, and a warm climate was just what he wanted to set him up and make a man of him. He went, and remained in Australia until his work in the *Bulletin* made him famous. When he returned to this country he was hailed as a great worker in black-and-white. One commission led to another. The best-known papers and magazines

ARDENT POLITICIAN (evidently playing his trump card): "O, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT LOOK HERE, WHAT ABOUT THE 'OUSE OF LORDS?"

SCOFFER: "'OUSE OF LORDS BE BLOWED! TALK OF SOME PLACE YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT—WHAT ABOUT HOLLOWAY GAOL?"

vied with each other in obtaining his work. He outdistanced all competitors. Success gave new humour and audacity to his pen. He advanced upwards by leaps and bounds, and at length won the blue ribbon of a black-and-white artist's career—a staff appointment on *Punch*.

That is, briefly, the story of Phil May's struggles and triumphs. The privations he suffered would have killed off many men of far stronger physique. Remember, all the time he was fighting for bread in London he was in reality an invalid. As I said before, he set his teeth, stuck out his chin, and showed the world what sort of stuff Phil May was made of. Boys in good health, in comfortable homes, and with parents in comfortable circumstances, often begin to lose heart and to think that it's no use trying any more. Let them remember Phil May and what he accomplished under circumstances most trying and disheartening.

MR. KINGHORNE AS "ANDDY," IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

I am sorry I cannot describe to you Mr. Phil May's furniture, household gods, garden, and pets. When I went to see him the other day he was temporarily residing in a friend's house, as the new home he is building for himself in Hampstead is not yet finished. He used to live in Holland Park Road, Kensington, close to the late Lord Leighton, and not far from famous brethren of the brush in the persons of G. F. Watts, Luke Fildes, Marcus Stone, and Val Prinsep. He has quitted Kensington for the more bracing northern heights, which will, I am sure, agree with him far better than the relaxing lowlands he has affected until quite recently.

I spent a couple of hours with the man I have been telling you about, and, to save myself the trouble of uttering platitudes, and you the nuisance of listening to them, I will just content myself with saying that Phil May is, at the present time, quite unspoilt by success, and very generous in his praise of men who do the same sort of work as himself. Phil May is still young, a man of the world, a *raconteur* of parts, and a sportsman. His great exercise is horse-riding. He is a Bohemian to the finger-tips, and keeps open house. He works when he feels like it. Very often he gets up (so he told me) at four in the morning and works steadily till breakfast-time. When this number of THE CAPTAIN appears the subject of my sketch will be shooting in the Highlands. He stayed in town all August to finish off promised work, and very hot he must have found it, although Hampstead is cooler than most parts of the metropolis in the dog-days.

When I go to see men like Phil May I always like to tackle them about their methods of work, hours of work, views as to what is called "inspiration," and so on. So I asked Mr. May whether he thought a man could succeed in Art or Literature except by hard work.

"It's just possible he may," was the answer, "if he happens to be a genius; I know a man who paints three small pictures a year, and he's the finest painter living. You may not have heard of him, and your readers may not have heard of him, but for all that those painters and critics who *know* his work agree with me that he is the finest painter alive. He is idle, but he is a genius."

JOHN CHINAMAN.

"Well, suppose one is not a genius?"

"Hard work steps in, and almost accomplishes for you what genius would. I tell you, a very little talent can be made to go a very long way if the possessor thereof

AN IMPERIALIST.

nas heaps of energy and perseverance."

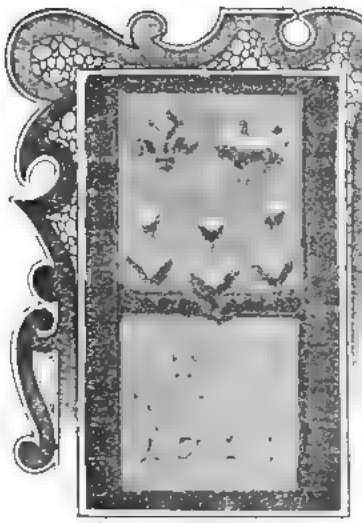
"Ah! I'll tell the boys that!"

"Do. And I say, I work pretty hard, but I don't work so hard now as I did once upon a time; but when I was a youngster *I did work*. You can tell 'em that, too."

"And your motto was ——"

"'NEVER SAY DIE!'"

(Several of the Sketches in this interview are reproduced by kind permission of the Publishers of "Phil May's Annual, 1898.")



AN ETON BOY'S DAY

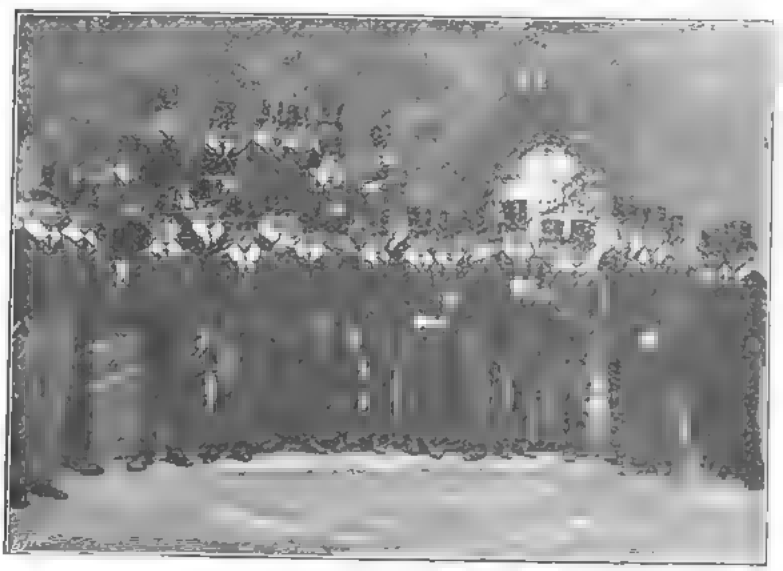
BY C. LEIGH PEMBERTON

"SHIRKING-STONE," ETON.

With Photographs specially taken for this Article by Alfred Johnson.

"A LITTLE world," Eton has been called by many: a big one it seems to an Eton boy, who perhaps does not know by name one half, nor by sight one quarter, of the odd thousand who are being educated with him. Too big, as a school, I do not think it is; there is plenty of space for all, and enough supervision, both in and out of school hours, to satisfy the most exacting of parents. Only about seventy are collegers — *i.e.*, boys "on the foundation," commonly known as "tugs" (so called from their gowns —a rather twisted derivation of toga). The remainder are styled "oppidans," or town boys.

I suppose, as regards work, the daily routine of the life of a public school boy is much the same at all schools. A Lower boy at Eton gets through some eight hours' work in a "whole school" day, including "pupil room" or "private" with his tutor "after 12," and after "lock up" (a sort of preparation of the work required in school hours, supervised by his tutor, or the master in whose house he happens to be). Any work uncompleted for the following day is done in the comparative seclusion of his own room. Boys, as they get higher up in the school, have certainly less to do out of school hours, and in some respects manage to obtain advantages in school itself over their less fortunate juniors; this is more particularly



ETON BOYS. A GROUP TAKEN AT THE CANNON.

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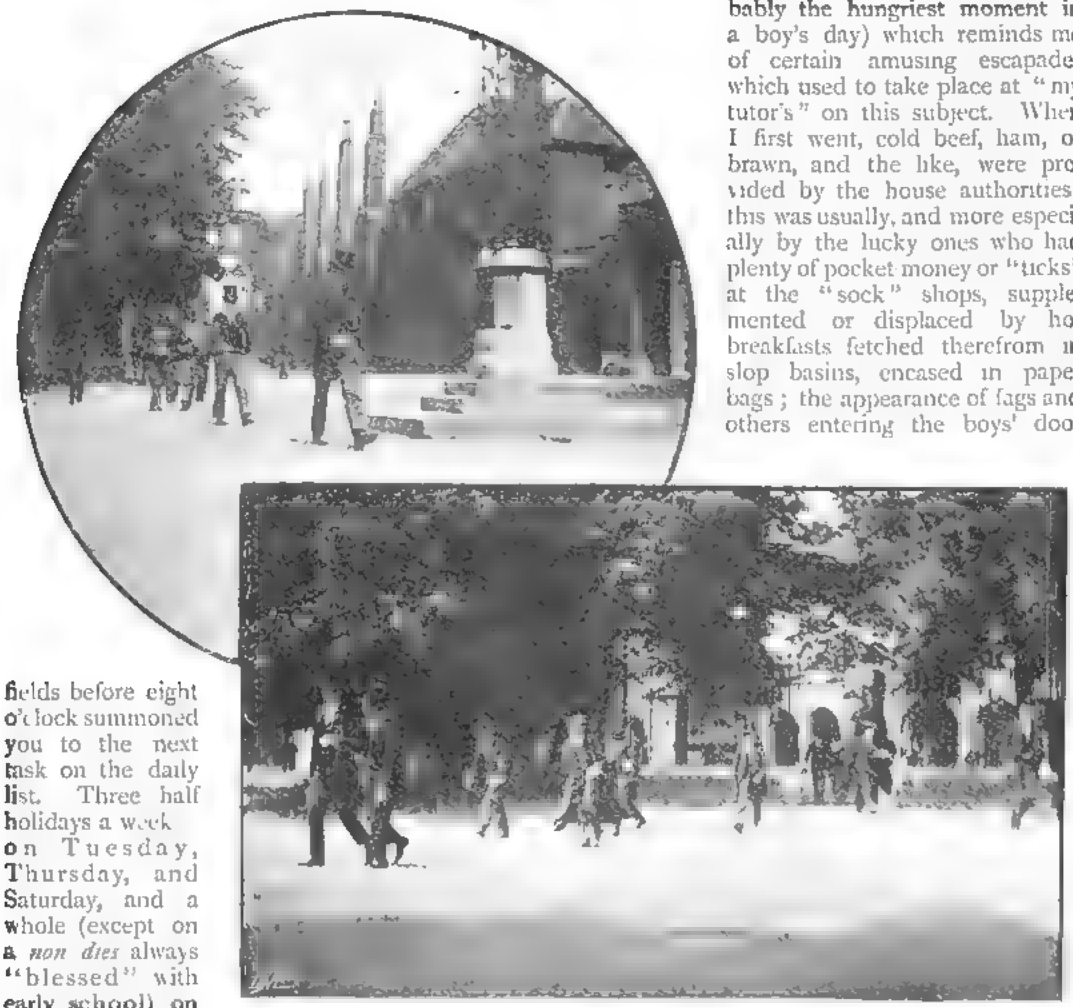
the case in "saying lesson" for "first hundred," a delightful item at early school, or during the summer "half," at three o'clock. If one happened to be towards the top of the form, and knew the lines of Ovid, Horace, or Homer, which were set, one was often free a few minutes after school began to make an early breakfast, or run down to the river or playing fields before eight o'clock summoned you to the next task on the daily list. Three half holidays a week on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and a whole (except on a *non dies* always "blessed" with early school) on every saint's day, gives plenty of time for recreation. Let me not leave an impression, however, that it is a case of "all play and no work" with the "Uppers"; this is not so, their extra labour being got through out of school hours with results to compare, I warrant, favourably with most other schools in the kingdom. The army classes are especially well directed and managed, and many a boy can go straight to Sandhurst or Woolwich, without employing the services of the time-honoured and expensive "coach."

Meals are held at the same times all through the school, though the quality and quantity naturally vary according to the *régime* of the different houses. At most houses coffee, buns, etc., are provided before early school. Breakfast is, perhaps, looked upon as the most important meal (this being probably the hungriest moment in a boy's day) which reminds me of certain amusing escapades which used to take place at "my tutor's" on this subject. When I first went, cold beef, ham, or brawn, and the like, were provided by the house authorities; this was usually, and more especially by the lucky ones who had plenty of pocket money or "ticks" at the "sock" shops, supplemented or displaced by hot breakfasts fetched therefrom in slop basins, encased in paper bags; the appearance of fags and others entering the boys' door with these delicacies not meeting with the approval of my tutor, orders were issued that the practice should be discontinued, and the butler and footmen directed to appropriate any breakfast brought into the house. Sad to relate, however, they continued to be smuggled past the eyes of these worthies *inside the owners' hats.* This trick being discovered, any boy entering the house about breakfast time with



BETWEEN LESSONS: LEAVING THE "NEW SCHOOLS."

THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH AT LORD'S—AN INTERVAL.

a suspiciously stiff and upright head (this attitude was sometimes assumed, with a perfectly empty hat, as a "draw") was pounced upon, and, if at fault, his breakfast confiscated, and his doings reported; a struggle or sudden bolt for the stairs on these occasions creating the most charming excitement, often a broken basin with poached eggs or kidneys on the floor leaving a record of the occurrence. Hot breakfasts, provided by the house, were soon afterwards instituted, and peace reigned once more.

During the first "half" of the year — Easter — fives and the beagles are the general forms of exercise. In my time the pack of beagles kept was good, if somewhat mixed; the one kept now is quite excellent. Meets take place nearly every half holiday, about two hundred boys having the privilege of running, and the field usually consisting of about eighty, with master and whips in the recognised velvet coats and huntsmen's hats. It is seldom that a blank day is met with, the hares being plentiful all round the country, and the neighbouring land-owners and farmers very considerate as to keeping them up. Fives is exceedingly popular, and, as there are some forty first-rate courts, plenty of opportunity is given to those who play this splendid game. Racquets is, of course, only played by a small number. The sports, consisting of every known event from steeplechase to "putting the weight," also take place during this "half." Before the Easter holidays make their appearance boating has to a certain extent begun, a procession of the boats on March 1st being the preliminary introduction.

The "half" which is undoubtedly the most popular, and in which there is most to be done, is the summer one. Cricket and rowing are, of course, the principal features, these being pretty evenly divided among the members of the school. The cricket is now supervised

THE CRICKET ELEVEN AT TEA IN THE PLAYING-FIELDS.

more than it was when I first went, Messrs. "Mike" Mitchell and Wells, with one or two "pro's," teaching the juniors, and coaching the school eleven with the greatest ardour. There are some five colours (after the eleven) given for the various "clubs," the first to be obtained (for Lower boys only) being "Sixpenny" (so-called from the name of the field in which this particular game is played).

The rowing or "wet bob" section seldom plays cricket except in the form of "aquatics," a game got up amongst themselves, when gloves and pads are, by unwritten rules, tabooed, and slogging is the order of the day. Little time, in fact, have they for the game, especially if entering for any of the many races which take place during this busy period. Anyone paying a visit to the river between Windsor Bridge and Boveney Lock on a summer's afternoon or evening would, I think, be surprised at the number of crafts of different shapes and sizes wending their way up and down between these points. Nine out of ten are propelled by Etonians, small and large, "scug." cap and "boat colours," some making expeditions to Turly Hall or Monkey Island, others practising for races, which include School, Junior, and Lower boy sculling and "pulling." All of these (except the Lower boy races) are rowed over a distance of some three miles and a quarter—a very fair distance, be it said, for youngsters. Eight-oared pumping races between the Lower boat crews, house fours, and "novice" eights (open to those who are not members of the boats) complete the list. The practice of the eight for Henley Regatta is, of course, an important feature in the rowing season. The crew is practically settled upon about four weeks beforehand, and coached very assiduously, and, as events have proved, very satisfactorily, by Mr. de Haviland (O.U.B.C.). Up to 1892 the crew always journeyed to Henley in a wagonette drawn by four horses with postilions, a very gorgeous equipage, with much Eton blue about it. The practice has, however, since been abandoned, it having been considered a more tiring mode of progression than the prosaic railway. There is always more excitement perhaps when Radley are met than is the case with the 'Varsity College crews, and Eton has in previous years had many a good race with this school, which usually proves to be a tenacious antagonist.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL. (TAKEN AT "ATHENÆ.")

It may be said, I think, that a "wet bob" has more freedom and more chance of taking exercise, when he feels disposed, than has a "dry bob"—he is, in fact, more independent, and can, after "12," "4," or "6," launch his sculling boat, pair-oar, or four, without being dependent on so many others as are necessarily required to make a game at cricket. The old adage, however, is worthy of much consideration, in making a choice between the two—viz., that in after life one can nearly always play cricket at home or abroad, but that the river is not everywhere at hand for rowing purposes. Nevertheless, for the actual freedom and happiness of the boy while at Eton, I think the river has it.

Besides the two days' match at Lord's against Harrow, and Henley Regatta (to which most of the school are allowed to go for one day), there is a special *fête* day—June 4th, the birthday of George III., and always kept as a holiday—when the place is thronged with boys'

"people" and old Etonians. Speeches in Upper School in the morning, a cricket match in the afternoon, and the procession of boats, with the crews in fancy costumes, are parts of the day's programme, while a magnificent display of fireworks from Windsor Lock completes this happy carnival.

HOUSE FOURS AT THE BOAT HOUSE, WINDSOR BRIDGE. ("WET BOB.")

During the winter term football is played very regularly, two or three houses usually joining forces to make a game "after 12" on whole schooldays, and "after 4" on half holidays. In most houses it is compulsory on every member of the house to play at least four times a week, a book being kept for entry of names and a fine of about 2s. 6d. being imposed for failure to adhere to the rule. The Eton game is somewhat different, both to "socker" and Rugby, the ball used being much smaller. "Bullies" are formed as in Rugby, but the hands are under no circumstances allowed to be used. Passing is not indulged in to any great extent, and, although there are two backs and a goal, it is distinctly a dribbling game, and in this respect faster than "socker." Of late years the latter has been played a good deal amongst certain members, but will never, I think, take the place of the original game.

The "Wall" game is played by quite a small portion of the school. Many people, I believe, imagine this to be the regular and usual Eton game; it is, in fact, only played very rarely—the big occasion being the annual match between collegers and oppidans on St. Andrew's Day. It is, in my humble opinion, exceedingly tedious and uninteresting to watch the ball going outside the line (only about 10ft. from the wall) so often, and necessitating continuous "bullies" against the wall. Although I have only played myself on very few occasions, I must confess, at the risk of, I dare say, many opinions to the contrary, that I have always harboured but a poor opinion of it as a game—one which, except for the existence of the wall, might never have been introduced.

Fagging at Eton varies a good deal in each house. "Mess" fagging is sometimes very extensive, involving all sorts and conditions of cooking, making of toast, and anything else required by the fag-master, and which the accommodation of the house will allow. In my house all baths in the rooms had to be filled and emptied by the boys themselves, a "mess" fag having to "perform this duty for his fag-master" (a ceremony I abhorred and resented very exceedingly; to this day it has always been a mystery to me why this

"ABSENCE."

work was not done by the housemaids—perhaps it was a relic of the days when a bath was considered a luxury!). Any boy in Upper Fifth is allowed to fag generally, his chance of having a "mess" fag depending upon the number of boys in his house, and of those to whom he has by seniority to give precedence. As a general rule the system of fagging is, I think, an excellent one, and the privilege, at Eton, is very seldom abused.

A word or two might not be out of place as regards Eton Society, commonly known as "Pop," an institution intended for debating purposes, which has been in vogue for many generations. It is limited to twenty-eight members, consisting, for the most part, of some of the Sixth Form, and those who, having distinguished themselves in athletics, or for any other reason, are considered by the ballot of the majority of members to be eligible for the position. Very interesting are some of the records in the old minute books, such as Gladstone's notes as an officer of the society, and other memoranda by well-known statesmen and public men. Papers, magazines, and writing materials are provided, as in a club; and, best of all, letters stamped free, gratis and for nothing! Part of the decoration of a boy's room is often a row of "pop" canes hanging on the pictures or walls of his room. Captains of the various houses are also allowed this privilege, for the purpose of keeping order among the small boys. (Many is the time I have suffered in this respect, for "ragging," or making a noise in the passages—in my house looked upon as a particular crime.)

Etiquette as regards dress is very strict; low, turned-down collars and white tape ties are worn with tail coats; "stick-ups" are not sported, except by the Sixth Form, eleven, and eight, and any others who may consider themselves of sufficient importance to do so. Walking arm-in-arm before a boy has attained sufficient status, and the carrying of a folded umbrella, are among the most curious of these unwritten prohibitions. White flannels are, of course, rigorously reserved for the eleven and eight, all members of the boats, however, being allowed to wear white duck trousers during the summer "half," even with the regulation black coat and tall hat.

AT "ABSENCE." CAUGHT PEEPING.

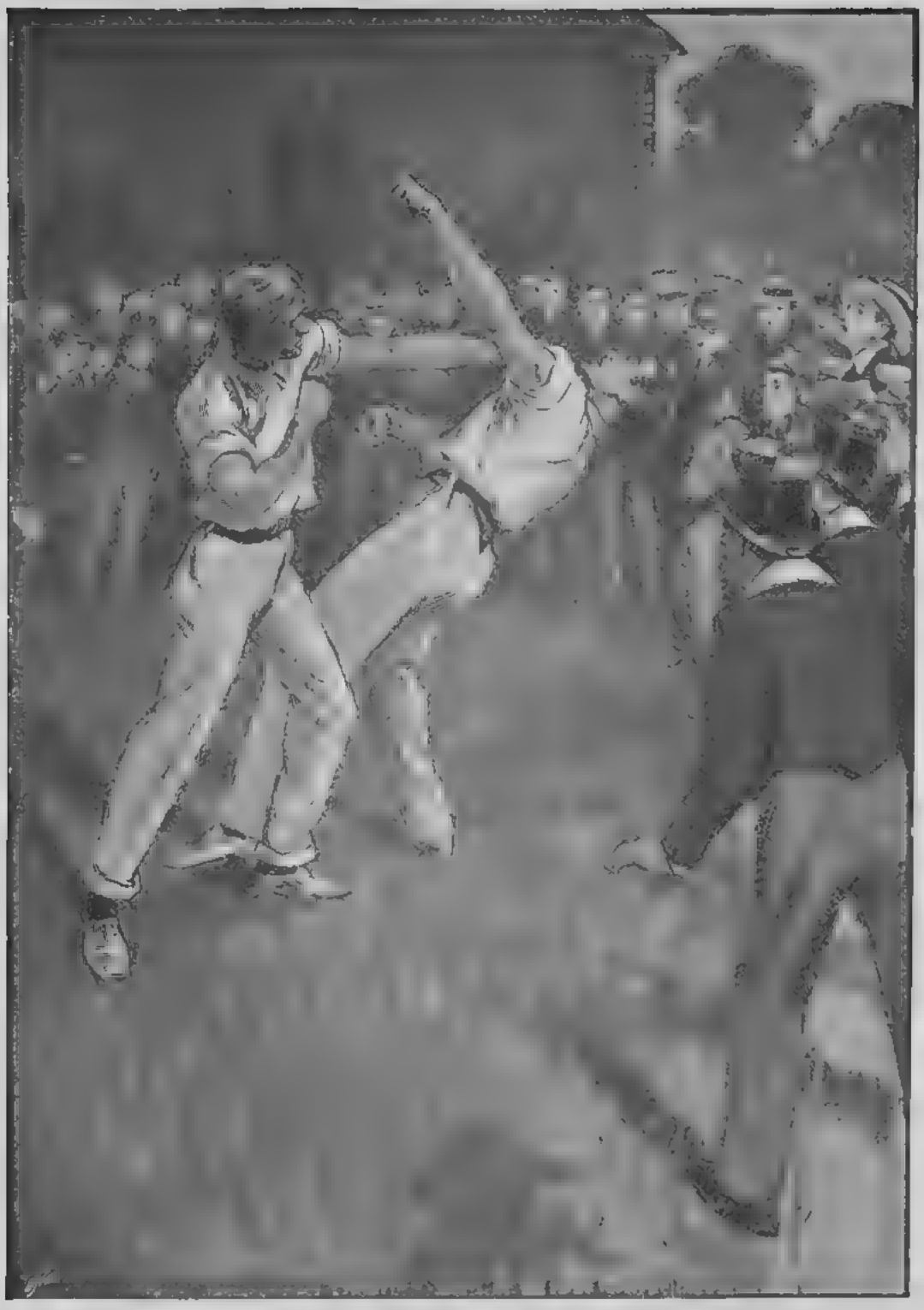
Some there are, perhaps, who may hold that a boy is not taught so much at Eton as at other schools. This may, or may not, be so. I can only say that she has not only managed to turn out some remarkably eminent men, but that her influence leaves its mark in such a way that in after life there is certainly a sort of bond of union created, without the necessity of any other introduction, when one Etonian meets another.

A word in conclusion as regards the masters (known by the boys as "beaks"). They were, in my time, and are now, an exceedingly good staff. Most of them take the greatest interest in athletics of every description. Some, of course – as everywhere — were always more popular than others. However kindly disposed towards the boys under him a master may be there is no doubt that some possess a greater facility for obtaining their affection than others. Some masters there were, of course, who always went through a period of ragging—French masters especially being chosen for this amusement. I suppose it is only natural for boys to take advantage of a foreigner's limited knowledge of the English language and consequent lack of power to manage his charges; but, on looking back, one cannot help thinking what unmannerly young cubs we were. I shall never forget one "beak" (left some time ago) whom I happened to be "up to" in division, and who really had a very bad time of it. The noise which nearly always went on in school was so great that I have known a fellow master come down from his room in "New Schools," which happened to be just overhead, and inquire whether he could be of any assistance in quelling the disturbance. I recollect a particular gag was the old trick of chewed blotting-paper surrounding one end of about a foot of cotton, which, when sufficiently moist, was thrown with a flop on the ceiling, the other end supporting a paper figure or bottle marked by some wag in large letters with the words "Brandy," etc. The collection of objects dangling thus on high never caught the somewhat short-sighted eyes of our master, but they formed a remarkable and exceedingly funny spectacle in our opinion. I need hardly say that this sort of "beak" was a rarity, and, I am quite sure, is not to be met with at the present time. A boy can always make a friend of his tutor if he sets about it the right way; most of the masters are Etonians themselves, and have sufficient tact to "look after" the boys put under their charge without unduly interfering with them.

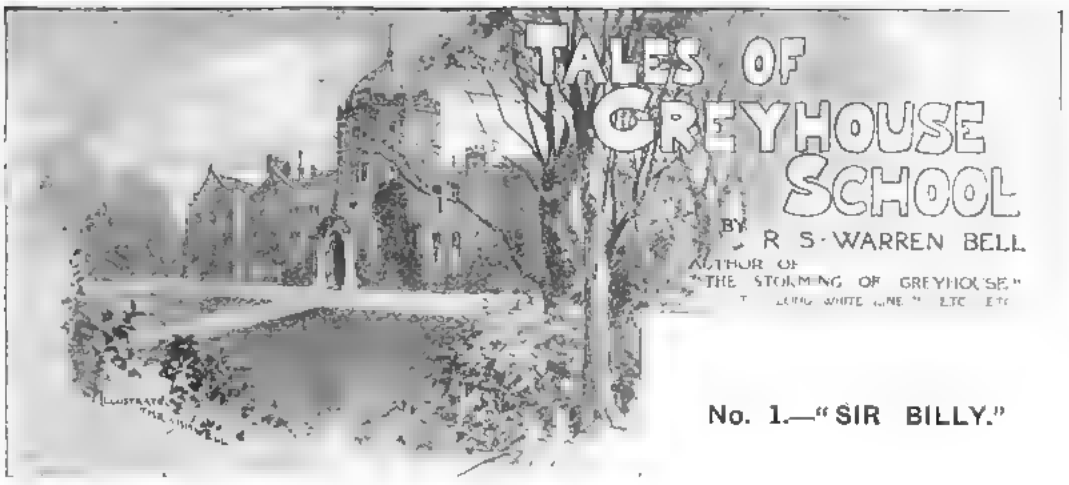
I for one, at least, have often found it so, and look back with the utmost enjoyment at my six years at the old school—happy days, often dreamt of and never to be forgotten, recalled to mind by the eternal chorus of the *Carmen*:—

Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat, florebit!

ON THE RIVER (WINDSOR CASTLE).



THEN WARDOUR PUT ALL HIS MUSCLE, AND KNOWLEDGE, AND RIGHTEOUS RAGE INTO A TREMENDOUS HOOK HIT WHICH TOOK ECCLES JUST BENEATH THE CHIN AND FAIRLY LIFTED HIM OFF THE GROUND. *(See page 27)*



No. 1.—"SIR BILLY."

I.

"FIGHTING GREYHOUSE" was the soubriquet the school had earned for itself. During the five-and-twenty years that the Rev. Henry Leicester, D.D., had ruled the school, a resort to fists as a climax to a hot dispute was quite the order of the day. Dr. Leicester winked at it, and pretended not to see black eyes and swollen lips when the possessor thereof was construing two yards off him. Indeed, the Head with difficulty restrained himself from beaming approval on the bearer of these questionable facial distinctions.

He was a believer in rough and ready—in letting the fellows "have it out" in the manner that came most natural to them. Sometimes an earnest new assistant master would suggest to him that these sanguinary conflicts must have a brutalising effect on the combatants, but Dr. Leicester would pooh-pooh any such remarks. "Sir," he would say, in his big voice, "Greys are not made of putty; they've got to grow up and be men. Greyhouse has sent many a fine soldier to fight for Her Majesty; they wouldn't have done so well if I had kept them all wrapped up in cotton-wool. Let 'em have it out, sir; don't appear to, but let 'em. If you catch 'em at it, give them fifty lines and tell 'em not to do it again. When they do it again go round another way."

So "Fighting Greyhouse" became a scholastic by-word, and doubtless scared off many timid mothers from sending their boys to such a terrible place; on the other hand, brawny squires liked the nickname, and sent Dick and Tom and Harry there to get the nonsense thrashed out of them, and thrash the nonsense out of other fellows. Many Greys were the sons of soldiers; Greyhouse had an "Army Side"; so, in every sense of the word, Greyhouse was "fighting Greyhouse," you see. And Greyhouse could play as rough a game of "Rugger" as any school in the land, if it had cause; it played a gentlemanly game to begin it, as became the birth of the players, but woe betide the opponents who, regarding the Greyhouse team as merely a pack of boys, resorted to hustling, or tripping, or other foul play. Greyhouse would arise in its wrath, and send that fifteen home in bits. Greyhouse grew big fellows in those days. Why, I remember one year we had a fifteen which won every match—a great team. Every man in it—bar two, the "half-backs"—touched the top of the Sixth Form doorway, and weighed over 11st. We used to measure our "young men" like the Doones did.

So Dr. Leicester reigned over Greyhouse for five-and-twenty years, and when he was made a bishop a new head master was appointed in his stead.

The Rev. George Patterson, M.A., was a distinguished mathematician; he was clean-shaven, slight in build, an ardent cyclist, and a redoubtable fives' player, but had never been anything of a "footer" man or cricketer.

My story, however, has nothing to do with cricket, football, or fives; it has to do with Greyhouse's reputation as a fighting school. On the first evening of his first term the new Head summoned Wardour, captain of the school, to his presence. Boy and master shook hands—

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Wardour rather suspiciously, the head master with cordiality—and then Wardour was invited to take a seat. Mr. Patterson got up and began to pace the hearthrug.

"Now, Wardour," said he, "as captain of the school I shall look to you for help and assistance very frequently—more so, even, than I shall to my masters. I want to rely on your support—you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied Wardour, wondering what was coming.

"The first thing I am going to do," said the Head, coming to a standstill and fixing his eyes on the captain, "is to stop the fighting for which Greyhouse has gained an unenviable notoriety. There must be no fighting. You have power to give lines and to cane—do both if necessary, but stop the fighting. I will have it stopped, and when I intend that a thing shall be done, it is done."

"Very well, sir," said Wardour quietly, "I will stop the fighting."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the Head, "because I want to work with my monitors, and especially with my head monitor. There is one thing," he went on, "which I should like you to bear in mind. Next October you, in the ordinary course of events, will avail yourself of the Greyhouse Scholarship. I understand that this scholarship, of the value of £120 per annum, is invariably offered to the captain of the school, *with*," he added with emphasis, "the head master's sanction. On one or two occasions it has been found necessary to pass over the captain—I daresay you remember them—in favour of a more deserving boy. I trust that will not be the case next October—in fact," he concluded, more kindly, "I am sure it won't be. That is all I have to say for the present. Another time I will mention to you some other reforms I have in my mind. My predecessor," added Mr. Patterson, "was—er—a worthy man, a—er—a ripe scholar, and—er—a gentleman, but opinions differ as to the way a great educational establishment like this should be carried on. Good-night, my boy!"

"Good-night, sir!" said Wardour, and so they shook hands again and parted.

"VERY WELL, SIR," SAID WARDOUR, QUIETLY, "I WILL STOP THE FIGHTING."

As Wardour strolled across the gravel square which separated the Head's house from the main buildings his thoughts reverted to the unmistakable threat—for it was nothing less—which the Head had uttered regarding the scholarship. If the fighting wasn't stopped, then it was good-bye for him to an Oxford career, his chance of getting his cricket blue, of becoming a double-first, or holding the Union entranced with his eloquence—good-bye to the dream which every fellow with any ambition in him has when he enters upon his 'Varsity career. Well, he must stop the fighting—those were his orders. He knew that the Head, like the captain of a ship or the colonel of a regiment, must be obeyed implicitly—without delay, without a murmur. The Head's word was law, and the first man to uphold that law must be the captain of the school. Wardour set his jaw firmly and walked on. One other thought entered his mind. For the sake of his home-people he must retain his right to the "schol." His father could ill afford to send him to Greyhouse—but he did, being an Old Grey himself; still less could he afford to pay for him at Oxford, with five other

sons in all stages of knickerbockers and peg-top trousers coming on.

"It's a sad business," thought Wardour, "but I must do it."

And so, on his way to his study, he soundly cuffed two Lower School brats who were having a go in at each other at the end of a long corridor, and went on in a happy frame of mind. That cuffing was the thin end of the wedge.

II.

"Now, young man, just you listen to me for a few moments!"

The speaker was a fat, good-tempered-looking person, whose name was Joseph Soames, and whose profession was that of a solicitor. He was in evening dress. Opposite to him, at the other end of the dinner-table, sat a faded lady in green silk, thin, silent, tired-looking. This was Mrs. Soames. On Mr. Soames' right hand was a boy of twelve—a delicate-looking fellow, with regular features and fair hair. This was Mr. Soames' ward. The ward's name, to give it in full, was Sir William Percival Travers, Bart., only surviving child of the late Sir Augustus Percival Travers, whose death had taken place in Italy quite recently. This event explained the boy's black clothes. There being no relatives or friends that the late Sir Augustus had not quarrelled with, the only son and heir to the baronetcy had been consigned to the care of the family lawyer.

"DON'T 'SIR' ME, INDEED," ADDED THE SOLICITOR, WITH A CHUCKLE, "I OUGHT TO 'SIR' YOU, AS YOU ARE A 'BART.' HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING A BART, EH?".

"Henceforth," began Mr. Soames, as he skinned a walnut, "you are to regard me as your pa."

"Yes," said the boy.

"I am your pa—in the eyes of the law—until you're twenty-one," continued Mr. Soames, "so you must do as I tell you and not give any trouble. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Oh, don't 'sir' me. Indeed," added the solicitor, with a chuckle, "I ought to 'sir' you, as you are a 'bart.' How do you like being a bart., eh?"

"I don't like it at all," returned the boy, as his mouth quivered just a little.

"Pooh! You will well enough when you get older. It's wonderful how respectful the world is to a bart. Why, I've got any amount of money, and you've been left — next to nothing, and yet my own servants pay you more attention than they do me. Don't they, Eliza?"

"I have not noticed it," replied Mrs. Soames, wearily.

"That's because you never notice anything — sort of bat-woman. Well, William, my boy, I'm going to send you to school—to a fine, thumping, English public school, where they wouldn't stand any nonsense from a duke, much less a bart. It'll be a bit different from your soft tutor chaps. Greyhouse—that's it. Regular old place—ivy-clad walls, a history, and a ghost. And a pretty dear place, too. There won't be much left out of your income when your school bills are paid. You'll stay there till you're eighteen or nineteen, and then we'll send you to Oxford or Cambridge—or perhaps into the army——"

"Hadn't you better be going round to the Wardours'?" interrupted Mrs. Soames; "they are early people, you know."

"To—be—sure," replied Mr. Soames. "William, my boy, finish your wine—why, bless me, you haven't touched it! Never mind; put on your hat and come along."

The boy obeyed with alacrity, for he was itching to get away from the dinner-table. Mr. Soames donned his overcoat, and they sallied forth.

There were very few people about in the old county town of Belsert, as the stout solicitor and his slim snip of a companion walked at a smart pace through the silent streets. Those who knew Mr. Soames stared curiously at his companion—the small boy in the black clothes, with the broad white collar that ladies love so. The good folk of Belsert had heard something of the boy's history. Kind hearts in Belsert felt sorry for him; kind eyes glanced pityingly at him as he pegged along by the solicitor's side.

A big house, with rather worn steps. A peep over the wall at the garden disclosed an old football, this and that of boy life, a disused rabbit-hutch, an old shoe or two, and a rag of a cap. This in the moonlight; but the boy took it all in, and sighed in his heart for brothers—even if they licked him.

"Major Wardour at home?"

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in, sir?"

Mr. Soames and his charge entered the house. The hall—much like the garden—gave token of growing sons in abundance. A scuffle, and voices above. The visitors peered up. Five heads were visible; five pairs of bright eyes were watching them. Dimly below one observed night-shirts and bare feet.

"If you don't be off to bed you'll get the stick!" was jovial Mr. Soames' warning, as he caught sight of them.

A military-looking man, with a long grey moustache, came out of the dining-room.

"Ah, Mr. Soames. Pray come in!"

"Thanks, major. Er — this is Sir William Travers—my ward—Major Wardour."

"How are you, my boy?" exclaimed the old soldier, whose warm hand-clasp proved mighty cheering to the solicitor's young companion. "Come in—come in. Dick, here is Mr. Soames, and a future schoolfellow of yours. Travers, this is my son Dick, of Greyhouse."

"Captain of Greyhouse," added Mr. Soames, impressively.

"How do?" said Dick Wardour, carelessly shaking hands with the new arrival. "Glad to see you."

"Thank you," was all Travers could think of to say, as he looked up at the big fellow standing (as it seemed) *yards* above him. He felt that it was very kind of Wardour to shake hands with him.

"Coming up this term?" asked Wardour, as the seniors began to talk together.

"Yes."

"Um—ever been to school before?"

"No—never"

"Ah! Well, you'll be shaken about a bit at first, but you'll do all right if you run straight and don't allow yourself to be sat on. Read much?"

Travers meekly enumerated the authors he had tackled—with the help of his tame tutors. Wardour whistled.

"Crumbs! You'll be put in the Lower Fourth—easy. You'll be the youngest chap in it, too!" And he went on to explain to Travers what the forms were, the ages of the fellows, and a multitude of other school matters, what time his father and Mr. Soames chatted together.

At length ten o'clock struck.

"Well, we must be going. Come, William. It's not every boy who has the advantage of knowing the captain of his school before he gets there. I may take it that you'll keep an eye on him, Mr. Wardour?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Dick. "I'll keep an eye on him; but, of course, he must fight his own battles."

Then the visitors went, and Travers lay awake half the night, thinking what a fine school Greyhouse must be, and what a fine fellow the captain of Greyhouse was.

So the forlorn little boy was launched upon the great ocean of public school life. As Wardour had said, he had to look after himself, and fight his own battles, but he fought them very feebly, and was considerably knocked about in the course of his first term. "Sir Billy" was the nickname which he earned by innocently printing his full title:—

SIR WILLIAM PERCIVAL TRAVERS, BART.,

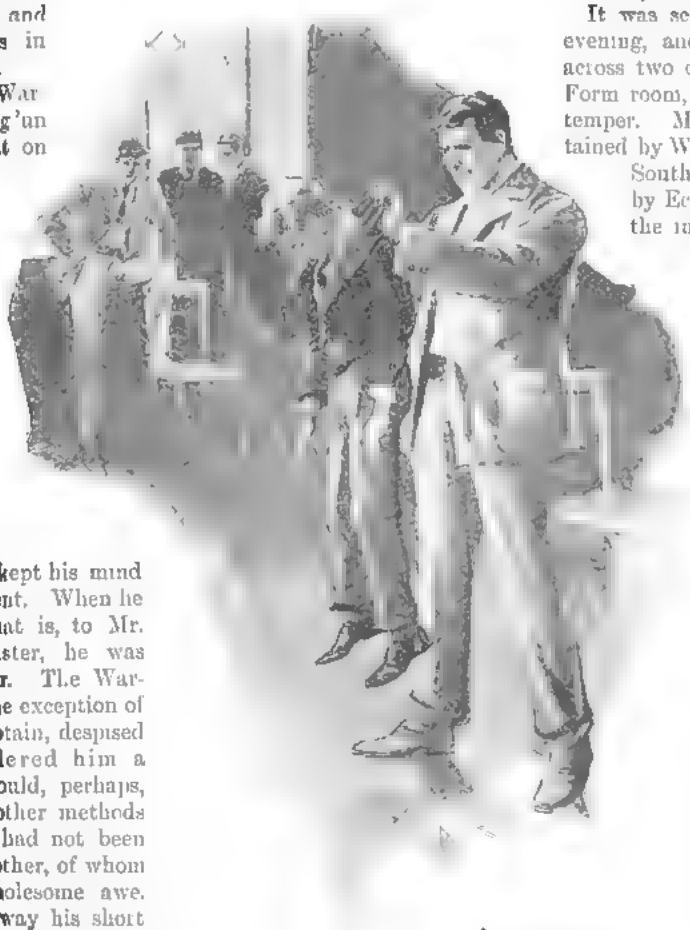
across the fly-leaf of the first lesson-book (a "Cæsar") dealt out to him. The book was shown all round the Lower Fourth, and great was the laughter, greater the storm of jeers, and overwhelming the number of sly kicks, pushes and ear-pullings he received from those of his classmates who were of a malicious and bullying disposition. The lad was soon taught that a simple "Travers" was all that he was to be known by at Greyhouse, save when he was addressed as "Sir Billy," which was most always—out of school, that is to say.

A worse fate befel Sir Billy than the teasing of the Lower Fourth. Idling along a corridor one day, thinking how nice it must be to be dead, he was hailed in stentorian tones by Eccles, captain of "footer," whose rightful fag was in hospital with mumps. Eccles wanted somebody to pull off his muddy boots, and otherwise lend assistance in his toilet, and he bagged Sir Billy forthwith. Eccles, whose hand was as heavy as his shoulders were broad, retained Sir Billy after his fag proper was released from hospital, and

Wardour felt sorry for Sir Billy. Wardour knew Eccles' nature. Eccles was rich, exceedingly strong, popular (in a way) on account of his prowess as a three-quarter back, had very little respect for the masters, and lorded it over every fellow, big and little, with the exception of a few in the Sixth, chief of whom was the captain of the school. Eccles was envious of that position. He knew that the captaincy would have been his had he possessed those very desirable things called *brains*. As it was, he had only been promoted to the Sixth because, having turned nineteen, he was really too big to remain any longer in the Upper Fifth, where he had stuck for three years, gaining marks by the simple process of making the clever fellows do his exercises and coach him in his construing.

So Sir Billy, never at all happy, became most despondent, and let his mind dwell more than ever on the pleasures of lying in a quiet grave where he would be out of reach of Eccles and the smaller bullies in the Lower Fourth.

Now and again Wardour gave the young 'un an encouraging pat on the back, and told him to cheer up. Every fellow, he added, must go through this sort of thing at first; it would be all right afterwards. But Sir Billy derived little joy from looking forward to the future; his present aches and bruises kept his mind intent on the present. When he went "home"—that is, to Mr. Soames' — for Easter, he was very little happier. The Wardour boys, with the exception of the Greyhouse captain, despised him, and considered him a "moke"; they would, perhaps, have resorted to other methods than taunts if it had not been for their eldest brother, of whom they stood in wholesome awe. Sir Billy sighed away his short Easter vac., and with a deeper sigh returned to Greyhouse for the summer term, to find his master no whit changed. Eccles knew Wardour took an interest in his fag, and bullied that fag accordingly. This was Wardour's term, he being the chief cricketer in the school. Footballs were put away, and Eccles' popularity was consigned to limbo with them. He formed part of the tail of the First Eleven. Wardour was the idol of Greyhouse in the summer; he was the big scorer and the mighty hitter. Eccles was nobody. Therefore, Eccles took it out of Sir Billy, knowing that this method of retaliation could not fail to annoy the captain of the school, who, by the way, had not forgotten his orders, and since January had been putting down all fighting with a stern hand.



HE GRIPPED SIR BILLY BY THE COLLAR AND LIFTED HIM CLEAN OFF HIS FEET

III.

"Hi! Tomlinson!"

"Yes, Eccles?"

"Send Travers to me, and look sharp about it!"

"Yes, Eccles."

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and Eccles, lounging across two chairs in the Sixth Form room, was in a very bad temper. Middle House, captained by Wardour, had beaten South House, captained by Eccles, in the final of the inter-house matches. Eccles had been bowled third ball for a duck's egg. Middle House had wrested the championship from South House by an innings and seventy-four runs. Furthermore, not having worked up his Plato from a crib that morning, Eccles had made hopeless blunders in his construing, and had been severely hauled over the coals by the senior classical master, who had used words which plainly evinced the fact

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that he considered the mighty Eccles a dunce. Add to this that, on the previous afternoon, Eccles had been found coming out of a public-house down town by no less a magnate than the Head himself, and had been promptly gated until the end of term, and you will understand, perhaps, why he was in such a bad temper.

"Please, Eccles, I've looked everywhere, and can't find Sir B——I mean Travers."

The small boy had come back without executing his errand, and now stood trembling before the great man.

"You *can't?* Come here. Closer, *closer!* Wait, though. Get me that drill-stick."

It was whimperingly fetched from the corner.

"Now bend over. No, you're too near. Further off—*further*, I tell you! Now then—take that—and THAT—and THAT! And now," flinging the stick at the sobbing urchin, "go and find Travers, and don't come back without him."

Several of the Sixth, preferring the airy class-room to the stuffiness of their studies, were standing near the window, talking over the events of the match. They took no notice whatever of Eccles; such scenes were only too common to call for any comment. Besides, Eccles was not a person to be interfered with, and they knew it.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which Eccles remained silent, and nursed his wrath. Then the urchin Tomlinson reappeared, with Sir Billy at his heels.

A growl from Eccles.

"Oh, here you are at last! You can go, Tomlinson. (Exit Tomlinson in a great hurry.) Come here, you—you sneaking, white-lipped, cringing little *beast!*"

Sir Billy did not cringe or whimper, however; nor did he look his fag-master boldly in the face. The fellows by the window, more interested in the new arrival than they were in Tomlinson, could not help observing that Sir Billy wore a dazed, puzzled expression. There was no sign of fear in his eyes; he regarded Eccles—as it seemed to Eccles—rather curiously, vaguely, as if he were calculating what amount of fresh torture might be in store for him.

"Now," said Eccles, heaving himself up, and glaring at the Lower School boy; "now, Sir William Percival Travers! now, you young *pig*, I have an account to settle with you! When I changed for cricket after dinner I found that my boots had not been cleaned, and were covered with mud. I had to scrape them myself. Now then, what have you to say?"

Sir Billy, having nothing to say, said it.

"What have you to say?" thundered Eccles.

Still Sir Billy gazed blankly at his persecutor. He could not have spoken then had you offered him twenty pounds a word. He seemed to be dreaming. What with the heat — some young tease in the Lower Fourth had pitched his hat over the playground wall—and what with Eccles, and the Lower Fourth fellows, and grinding for exams., he felt a little bit queer. He was conscious that Eccles was talking to him, but did not quite know what Eccles was saying. Once he fancied Eccles' lips shaped the word "boots," but Sir Billy didn't know anything about boots, or anything else for that matter at that moment.

Some curiously, some a little pityingly, the big fellows by the window awaited the issue of this very one-sided conversation. They had not long to wait.

Quite overcome with passion, Eccles lifted his heavy hand and struck the little boy across the face with all his might. Sir Billy tottered back, but did not utter a cry.

"Oh, sulky, eh?" cried Eccles, springing off his two chairs; "I'll teach you."

He gripped Sir Billy by the coat collar, and lifted him clean off his feet. Then, letting him fall to the floor, he bent down, and mercilessly struck his fag across his white cheek again and again. Then, by way of finishing the task he had in hand, he picked Sir Billy up and flung him into a corner.

But as he did so—as Sir Billy fell all in a crumpled, limp, forlorn heap—as the fellows by the window turned away feeling sick and disgusted, even the hardest of them—Wardour entered the class-room. One glance showed him the situation. His heart jumped into his mouth when he caught sight of Sir Billy's white face, with blood coming from the lips. He confronted Eccles.

"You're a brute and a coward!" he said, and let his left fist fly out straight and true. It met Eccles between the eyes, and Eccles reeled over the chairs he had been recently lying on, breaking the back of one of them in his fall, and so measured his length on the floor.

But with a bellow he was on his feet again.

"You shall pay for that——"

But before he could spring upon Wardour, half-a-dozen fellows had interposed between them.

"Not here, Eccles — not in the class-room. Hang it, man!"

"I'll meet Eccles," said Wardour, quietly, "behind the gym. after tea. I'm going to see what's wrong with this kid now."

So saying, he knelt down by Sir Billy. Eccles still struggled to get at the captain, but the others held him back, remonstrating with him as they did so.

"Not in here, Eccles; it wouldn't do. There'd be an awful row."

At length Eccles ceased his struggles.

"Very well," he muttered; "behind the gym. after tea — and I'll treat him as I've treated his little pet."

With these words he allowed himself to be led out of the room.

"Travers, what's up?" murmured Wardour kindly, as he bent over Sir Billy. "Come—can't you hear me? Get some water, one of you chaps — he's fainted."

Water was promptly brought, and soon Sir Billy's fair hair was a draggled mass, and his collar and shirt were soaked, but still he did not open his eyes.

"I'll take him to the matron," said Wardour, lifting the little chap very gently. "Poor old man, he's had a rough time of it."

When Mrs. Rendle, the matron, saw Sir Billy, she sent for the doctor straight away.

"What has happened, Wardour? Poor little boy. He's not been at all himself lately. He should never have been sent here. What with his lessons and the other boys' unkind ways, poor dear! But he's bleeding — who has done this?

"He—he fell down," said Wardour; "some rough play, or something. I'm—I'm inquiring into it. It's all right, Mrs. Rendle; I'll see into it. Please say nothing to any of the masters or the Head until I've seen into it."

"I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE MATRON," SAID WARDOUR, LIFTING THE LITTLE CHAP VERY GENTLY.

IV.

One of the monitors must have been indiscreet, or perhaps the row in the Sixth's room was observed by a boy in the corridor—at any rate, the news ran round the Hall, as quietly but as surely as possible, that Wardour was going to fight Eccles behind the gymnasium directly tea was over.

Half-an-hour intervened between tea and prep., so there would be plenty of time for the "mill."

There came an unwonted hush over the Hall, and the solitary master on duty, sitting at the high table with a book—according to custom—wondered greatly thereat. Appetite vanished; the greediest Greys reaped a perfect harvest of "slabs." Stealthy whispering took the place of the usual hum and babble. Under ordinary circumstances the final house match would have been the subject of excited and high-voiced discussion; but the coming fight far, far transcended the house cricket in importance. Such a thing had not happened in the memory of the oldest there—the captain of the school fighting with another monitor!

The Greys could only gulp their tea—they couldn't eat — and when the master on duty hammered the table for grace, every Grey was on his feet in a second, quivering with excitement.

The meal was returned thanks for, and then pell-mell the Greys poured out of the Hall, down the long length of corridor into the playground, across it, and brought up finally on the old milling-ground behind the gym. It was a suitable spot. No window overlooked it. It was a bare space, with a tall, dense hedge on one side, and the back of the gym. on the other—about as private and as nice an arena as you could well wish for.

Conversation was still carried on in low tones. It soon got to be known that the fight was all about Sir Billy. Sir Billy's guardian had asked Wardour to keep an eye on the "beastly kid," and all that, and Wardour couldn't very well do anything to another monitor for licking his fag, or he'd have seen to Eccles long ago, but this time Eccles had been extra brutal, and Wardour had knocked him down.

"And gave him a couple of pretty eyes—didn't you see them getting black at tea?"

"The Head won't give Wardour the school now."

"What does Wardour care? He's always got plenty of tin."

"No; his people are jolly hard up."

"Well, he's going to fight Eccles."

"D'you think he'll lick him?"

"Can't say—hope so. Eccles is beastly strong, and bigger than Wardour."

"But Wardour has knocked him out with the gloves."

"But this is fists, you silly kid different. If Eccles gets his weight into a good crack on Wardour's jaw, Wardour will be knocked out."

"Not he—he's too quick."

"Well, it'll be a jolly good mill—hullo! here's Eccles! Don't he look savage, just! Glad I'm not his fag."

"Shut up! Look—here's Wardour. I say, isn't he white?"

"It's not funk. Look here, I'll bet you all my chink next Wednesday he licks Eccles."

"Oh, you never pay up—no good betting with you. Here, let's get near the front—shove up, Greyhouse!"

"We can see—here, get back, they want more room. Doesn't Eccles look wild?"

"Don't jaw — look — they're stripping. By Jove—Eccles *has* got some arms! Look at the muscles!"

"Look at Wardour's!"

Such were the *voces populi* that preceded a dead hush. Wardour and Eccles, who were still in their flannels—as were most of the fellows in the First and Second Elevens—had removed their coats, and rolled up the sleeves of their cricket-shirts. Harvey, a chum of Wardour's, was holding the captain's coat; Milward, one of the chaps who knocked under to Eccles, was looking after his man. The other fellows in the Sixth were pushing back the crowd and making the ring larger.

"Greyhouse rules," said a big fellow, with a watch; "each round to last two minutes, with one minute interval, and fight till one has had enough, and says so, or is knocked out and can't come up to time. Stand back, will you—get back, I say!"

The crowd receded like a wave. There was now a complete silence—every Grey present was on the tip-toe of expectation.

"Get ready!" said the umpire, looking at his watch, "and don't forget to break away when I call 'Time' at the end of each round."

Wardour and Eccles faced each other, Eccles with a dark look on his heavy face, Wardour pale and determined. The silence was so intense that the ticking of the referee's watch could be heard distinctly by those near him. The referee gave the signal, and stepped to the side of the ring.

Eccles immediately lunged savagely at Wardour, who stepped quickly back, so that the other's blow fell short. Eccles followed him up and lunged again. Still Wardour simply avoided him. Three or four times Eccles let go from the shoulder with all his force, but Wardour coolly turned his head, parried the blows, or dodged nimbly out of the way. Eccles stood still, breathing hard, and looked at him. Some of the young 'uns were beginning to think that Wardour was funking it. Why didn't he go in and finish Eccles off? The oldsters knew better, and didn't ask absurd questions.

"*Time!*"

There was a breathing space, and then they faced each other again. Eccles, whose seconds had given him a tip or two, didn't rush in so wildly this round. He stood and waited for the other. Nothing loth, Wardour danced round him, hit him on the neck, then rapped him over the nose, and was giving quite a scientific display of what agility can do with more brute strength, when Eccles hit out with extraordinary force and just got home over Wardour's heart. The captain fell back against the ring of spectators. Seeing his advantage, Eccles followed up with another of his bull-like rushes, but Wardour had just enough breath to be able to dodge the savage blow Eccles intended to plant on his jaw. Had this reached its destination, the fight would have ended then and there, and Eccles would have bullied Greyhouse, great and small, with impunity for the rest of term.

A great gasp of relief went up from the crowd

when it was seen that Wardour had escaped the blow, and luckily the round ended at that moment, and Wardour gained a minute's respite.

"*Time!*"

The third round commenced.

Wardour looked as confident and even more sternly bent on thrashing the other than he did at first. Eccles had plucked up spirit after getting in that straight left. It was evident that he intended to force the fighting. They sparred swiftly for a few seconds, and then Eccles brought his left round with an ugly swing. He forgot his guard, but Wardour saw his chance, and jumped in with a smart right and left over the body, and finished with a crack between the eyes which made the welkin ring. Eccles lunged wildly. Wardour parried the great swings of his adversary, and hammered away for dear life, now on the nose, now on the jaw, on the body, on the neck, and again between the eyes.

"*Time!*"

But as Wardour turned towards his corner, Eccles, forgetting all the laws of honourable combat, rushed madly at his opponent.

"Look out, Wardour!" cried a hundred voices.

The captain twisted round just in time to dodge his head. Eccles' huge fist shot past his cheek, just grazing his hair. Then Wardour put all his muscle and knowledge and righteous rage into a tremendous hook-hit which took Eccles just beneath the chin, and fairly lifted him off the ground. Then he fell in a heap, and lay still.

"I declare Wardour the winner," cried the referee. "Eccles fought foul."

But it was all serene. Wardour was the winner in any case. Eccles couldn't get up.

When it was seen that Eccles was unable to renew the combat, a tremendous cheer broke out. Again and again it pealed out. The terror of Greyhouse had been vanquished. Every kick or blow he had ever inflicted was avenged.

Wardour put on his coat and walked over to Eccles, who was just coming round.

"Here, take my arm, old man," he said; "I hope you're not hurt."

Another Sixth Form fellow assisting, he raised Eccles to his feet, and gave him his coat. Eccles sulkily took the frankly extended hand of his conqueror.

"It was a fluke," he said, scowling; "next time it will go differently."

And then he walked away, leaning on the arm of his chum Milward.

As for Wardour, he, as in duty bound, went straight to the Head and told him that it had been his painful duty to thrash Eccles for brutality to a junior.

V.

Sir Billy went home a week after the other fellows did; he looked pale, certainly, but the doctor had pulled him round. Mr. Soames met him at Belsert station.

"Well, William," cried the stout solicitor, "what's all this I hear about you getting into trouble?"

"It wasn't my fault. I couldn't understand him," said Sir Billy, meekly.

They began to walk along the quiet streets towards Mr. Soames' house.

"Somebody knocked you down, didn't they?"

"Yes; at least, I had a licking."

"Queer way of licking a kid, must say. What's his name—Freckles, Meccles, Teckles——"

"Eccles," corrected Sir Billy, with a faint smile.

"Ah! Nice sort, wasn't he—gentlemanly and all that, but quick tempered?"

"He was the biggest cad at Greyhouse!" cried Sir Billy, with unwonted wrath. "He bullied everybody, and almost killed me; and Wardour stuck up for me, and licked Eccles, and they took his scholarship away; and—and—and—and it was all my fault, and I don't care if I die now—I've ruined old Wardour!"

And with this Sir Billy burst into tears for the first time in the solicitor's memory. Never before had he seen his ward so distressed.

"Here, cheer up, William. It's not so bad as that. Here, don't cry, little man; we'll put that right. Tell me all about it."

So Sir Billy dried his eyes and told him all about it.

It had been common talk at Greyhouse that Wardour had lost the scholarship all owing to the plucky way he had championed Sir Billy, because he had promised to look after Sir Billy. When Wardour sadly took his departure from Greyhouse he was escorted to the station by all the fellows who were catching later trains. There never was such a "send off" since old Gardiner left—you've heard of Gardiner—the man who formed the long white line when the makeshift hospital was ablaze and the patients couldn't see for ophthalmia?

Well, Mr Soames heard Sir Billy out, and then, going home, hunted up the printed particulars he possessed of Greyhouse School, and found out who all the committee were. Then Mr. Soames wrote letters, and held interviews (working very quietly), and actually went as far as Scotland to interview the Rev. the head master of Greyhouse. All this time Wardour was stewing up for a Civil Service exam., his dreams of a 'Varsity career having been dispelled by the Head's decision regarding the Greyhouse Schol., which was given to Manners,

the second boy in the school—a quiet, studious sort of a chap that nobody cared much about.

A committee meeting of Greyhouse School was held a few days before the winter term began, and Mr. Soames attended it by invitation of the chairman—General Lord Chilvers, V.C.

Mr. Soames talked, and the committee listened, and then Lord Chilvers turned to the Head.

"It seems to me, sir," said he, "that this Wardour has the right sort of stuff in him—the sort of fellow we want at Greyhouse."

"He was an excellent captain, and helped me in every way," said the Head, "but, after enforcing the rule I made about fighting, he broke it himself most flagrantly at the end of the term. I could not recommend him for the scholarship. I put it to your lordship—do you think I could?"

"You acted quite properly," said the chairman; "quite properly. He could not take the scholarship after breaking the rule in that way. Rules must not be broken. But, sir, the scholarship is given, I believe, to the captain of the school if, during the past twelve months, he has conducted himself well and upheld the rules in a creditable manner. Briefly, the captain of Greyhouse gets it if he has run straight during the three terms previous to his leaving."

"That is what it amounts to," said the Head.

"Then," replied Lord Chilvers, gazing round at his brother committee-men, "what do you say, gentlemen, to letting Wardour stay another year at Greyhouse? That will obviate the difficulty. *Wardour!* His father must have served under me in Afghanistan—'pon my word, it was Wardour who saved my life! Now, gentlemen, I put it to the vote. If Wardour behaves himself during the next three terms, we'll give him the scholarship."

There was no dissentient voice. The head master was quite agreeable to this arrangement, as he really liked Wardour, and valued his services as captain.

So then Lord Chilvers wrote to Major Wardour, and they lunched together and talked of old times, and then, if you please, the general made an offer which the major hardly liked to accept—but he did so, for his son's sake.

So Wardour went back to Greyhouse for another year—at his lordship's expense.

As for Sir Billy, when he got to know what his guardian had done for Wardour, he wondered how on earth he could ever have disliked Mr. Soames.

As for the Greys, when they found that Wardour was going to put in another year at Greyhouse, they danced jigs and yelped for joy.

R. Shannon Bell

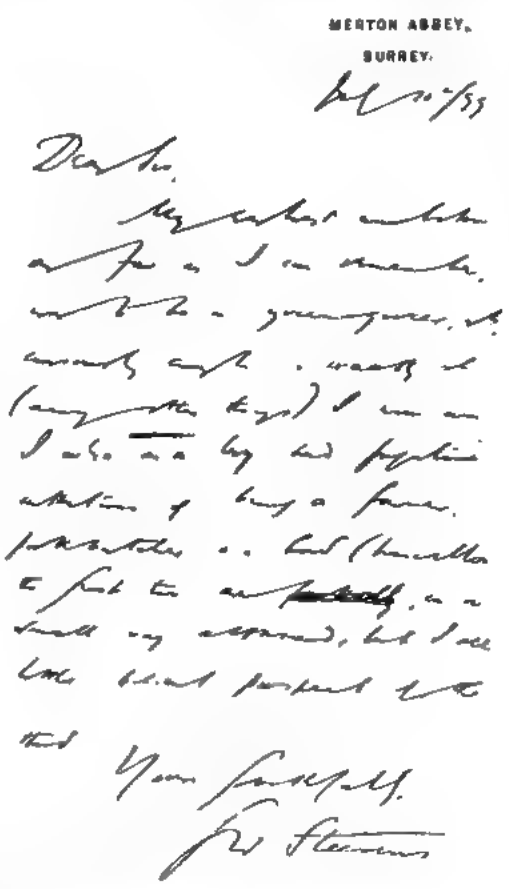
[***The second story of this series will appear next month.***]

"And this, after five years' devotion, after countless sleepless nights, after heartaches innumerable, after spending every halfpenny I ever had on her, *is my reward!* Oh woman—*fickle* woman!"

WHAT I WANTED TO BE.

Mr. G. W. STEEVENS.

Mr. George Warrington Steevens is known to the great bulk of the public as the author of "With Kitchener to Khartoum"—one of the most popular and widely-read "war books" ever written. In this work Mr. Steevens, with astonishing vigour, knowledge, and wit, describes his experiences during the recent campaign in the Soudan, whilst acting as war correspondent to the *Daily Mail*, the book mainly being a reprint of his telegraphic dispatches to that journal—elaborated, of course, and revised when he returned to this country. But Mr. Steevens had made a big name for himself before he ever saw the Soudan. For some years he has been regarded as one of the most capable journalists on the London Press, as a scholarly and thoughtful writer, and as one of the quickest workers in Fleet Street. He can write a brilliant and finished column in forty minutes, it is said.


MERTON ABBEY,
SURREY.

Mr. Steevens was born on the 10th of December, 1869, and educated first at the City of London School, and afterwards at Balliol College, Oxford. He is a B.A., both of Oxford and London. He joined the editorial staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1893, and in 1897 went to the *Daily Mail*.

Since he left Oxford he has published half-a-dozen works. After "With Kitchener," his best-known books are "The Land of the Dollar" (an account of his tour through America), and "With the Conquering Turk." Mr. Steevens lives among the Surrey hills, and is fond of pigs, poultry, and kitchen gardening. He is a breezy gentleman, popular with his colleagues, can tell a good story, and cook his own dinner if need be. In brief, in the terminology of the British school-boy, he is what is known as a "jolly good fellow."

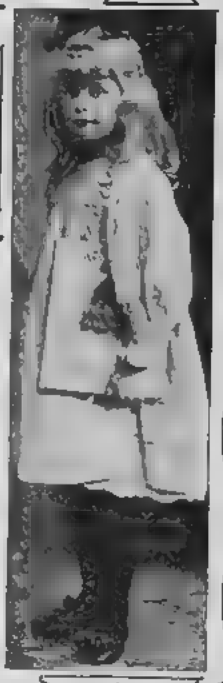
TRANSLATION OF ABOVE.

Dear Sir,—My earliest ambition, as far as I can remember, was to be a greengrocer, which curiously enough is exactly what (among other things) I now am. I also, as a boy, had fugitive ambitions of being a farmer, a pork butcher, and a Lord Chancellor. The first two are, in a small way, attained, but I see little present prospect of the third. Yours faithfully,

G. W. STEEVENS

Some Pretty Sisters

culled from July Competition No. 2



LOYALTY.

I MADE them lay their hands in mine, and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ.
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her.

TENNYSON.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The laws of friendship we ourselves create,
And 'tis simple villainy to break them.
But faith to princes broke is sacrilege.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I would serve my King,
Serve him with all my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in the wars;
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him, die for him;
As every true-born subject ought.

OTWAY.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Heroes of Corunna's field,
Ye, who perished there,
Be your names for ever dear;
Yes, tho' dewed with many a tear,
Yet triumphal was your bier:
Who like you the sword could wield?
Deathless trophies grace your shield,
Bright and fair.

HEMANS.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

BUTLER.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

SHAKESPEARE.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Be England what she will
With all her faults she is my country still.

CHURCHILL.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

. . . Faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.
Nor number nor example with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Tho' single.

MILTON.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Follow the Christ—the King!
Live pure! Speak true! Right wrong! Follow the King!
Else, wherefore born?

TENNYSON.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There was a day when loyalty was hailed with honour due,
Our banner the protection wav'd to all the good and true,
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in honour's tie,
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our powder dry.

COLONEL WILLIAM BLACKER.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Cottage home and courtly hall may borrow
The jewel of example from their Queen,
To throw a radiance round their own fireside.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

'Tis not the walls or purple that defends
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends.

HERRICK.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

National Anthem.

By Arthur King.

Illustrated by Sherie.

A sultry day at the end of August, 1651, was drawing to a close, and the shadows were lengthening through the leafy lanes of Warwickshire.

It was seven o'clock, and, save for the cawing of rooks and the ripple of the brook which bordered the white road, no sound came to the ears of the boy who was making his way steadily towards the west.

Dressed in black velvet, with a broad sash of yellow silk around his waist and a plumed hat upon his fair curls, he walked as though some purpose other than a boy's aimless rambling were animating him.

Suddenly he stopped, and, lifting his head, appeared to listen, and as he did so the distant beat of horses' hoofs became audible, and, rapidly increasing in volume, betokened the approach of a large company of mounted men.

At intervals snatches of song were borne upon the evening air, and soon the words themselves could be fitfully distinguished: "The Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts," and then, "Who giveth us the victory."

"'Tis a party of Roundhead soldiers," said the lad, "and they are coming into this road round Ashdown Hill."

For a moment he paused irresolutely, and then stepped on again, his eyes full of excitement and defiance.

Ere he had traversed another furlong the leaders of a troop of cavalry, the sinking sun glinting on their corselets and morions, circled into the road almost at his side.

"Ha! Seest thou, Dalton?" cried a harsh voice. "A young Cavalier, forsooth; and mark how he strides along. Even the spawn of these Malignants ape their accursed forbears."

"Yet 'tis a pretty lad, Holmes," replied the officer addressed, reining in his horse, "and, as I think, one not like to work us overmuch injury. How sayest thou, Sir Cavalier?" he continued banteringly to the boy, who had stopped, and was becoming the centre of an increasing crowd of soldiers. "Have we your permission to proceed this way? We trust so, for we are somewhat spent with travel, and would avoid, if possible, any serious conflict ere nightfall."

There was a guffaw from the troopers at this pleasantry, and Captain Dalton proceeded: "Having business presently at Worcester with the young man, Charles Stuart, we have been compelled to pass through this charming neighbourhood, but we should be loth to think that our doing so has caused you any displeasure."

"If," replied the boy fearlessly, "there were but a handful of His Majesty King Charles the Second's faithful soldiers here, they would give you some sharper work to do than mocking a defenceless boy; but perhaps you are wise to amuse yourselves *before* you get to Worcester. I'll warrant your time for jesting will be short eno' then."

"Young imp of Satan!" growled Holmes. "Had I my way thou shouldst swing from yonder oak for crows to peck at those bright eyes of thine. What saith the Scripture? 'Thou shalt utterly destroy them, root and branch.'"

"Hold thy peace, Captain Holmes," exclaimed a stern voice behind him. "Thou art overmuch given to austerity. Take five

men and ride thirty yards in advance; the rest will follow me at a like distance. Boy, ride by my side."

A trooper brought up a spare charger, and, after he had helped the young Royalist into the saddle, the cavalcade proceeded, the boy on the massive war-horse now and again stealing a sidelong glance at his grim companion, who rode in gloomy silence for awhile.

Turning at length, he said abruptly: "How

"AYE," REPLIED DICK, SIMPLY, "YOU ARE OLIVER CROMWELL. I KNEW YOU AT ONCE—BY YOUR PORTRAIT, WHICH HANGS AT HOME."

do we find thee wandering here? The night is falling, armed men are abroad, and thou hast not many years, methinks?"

"I am eleven," replied the boy, quickly, "and shall be twelve ere Yule."

Then, as his face clouded over, he went on: "My mother lies grievous sick at home; they fear she may not live, and I came this way thinking to meet my brother, who has been summoned from Worcester to receive her last commands should she not get well again. I could not stay within doors," he added, mournfully; "all is so sad there now."

"From Worcester dost thou say? Then thy brother is perchance a soldier?"

"One of the King's most trusted captains, though the youngest of them all," was the answer, with a proud smile.

"So? And what is thy name?"

"My name is Dick Leigh, of Leigh Manor."

"And thy father?"

"Was Sir Rupert Leigh. He died a year agone; he had been ill a long, long time"—and the young lips quivered for a moment. "He was shot in the throat when fighting the rebels at Preston."

"'The rebels!' Thou art bold, young Richard. Know you to whom you speak?"

"Aye," replied Dick, simply, "you are Oliver Cromwell. I knew you at once——" He was on the point of saying "by your wart"; but young Leigh was a gentleman all through, and, remembering in time that perhaps General Cromwell was not particularly proud of that facial peculiarity, he substituted, "by your portrait, which hangs at home."

"*My* portrait in the house of a Royalist?" said Cromwell, smiling grimly. "That is an unusual honour indeed. Can you explain it?"

"I have heard my father say that he admired your courage, and your military genius, and he used to show us your portrait to remind us of the value of perseverance and ability, but after King Charles the First——"

"Well," said Cromwell, shortly, with a side glance at the boy, "go on."

"After King Charles—died," said Dick, "my father had some words written beneath your picture, and turned it to the wall."

"What were the words, boy?"

"'This is the head of a traitor, who might have been a patriot,'" blurted out Dick, with all the recklessness of youth.

For a moment the general's stern, impassive face was broken up into waves of emotion, as when a breeze stirs the placid surface of a lake, and makes it dark and gloomy.

He bit his lip fiercely, and, turning in the saddle, glared savagely at Dick, crying, "Unjust, unjust!"

Then, resuming his position, he muttered, "Bah! 'Tis but a child who babbles what his prating sire has taught him."

Holmes and his men were now nearing a sharp bend in the road, and when some fifty yards still separated them from the corner the sound of a horse approaching at full gallop was heard, and in another instant there came riding furiously towards them a horseman, whose apparel proclaimed him to be an officer attached to the Royalist forces. Perceiving the oncoming cavalry too late to change his course he drew his sword, and, with what seemed the fury of despair, came charging down upon the nearest trooper. For a moment the two were locked together; then with a rattle and clang the Roundhead swayed heavily from his saddle on to the road, sending up a cloud of white dust in his fall.

WITH A RATTLE AND CLANG THE ROUNDHEAD SWAYED HEAVILY FROM HIS SADDLE ON TO THE ROAD.

Brief as the time had been, Cromwell had noticed the small hands beside him tighten on the rein they held, had seen the sparkle in the blue eyes, and heard the cry of "Bravely struck, Ralph! Oh Ralph, how he went down!"

More was not needed to tell the general that this fiery Cavalier was his young companion's brother, and, rising in his stirrups, he shouted lustily, "Take him alive and harm him not!"

The order came in time to save the Royalist from being cut down, but not before Holmes had joyously run him through the sword-arm, near the shoulder, ere he could recover from the impact with the fallen trooper.

Cromwell, whose blood was always warmed by any deed of bravery or conflict, galloped quickly up to the group and said, with a smile, "Captain Leigh! though a valiant, thou art scarce a wise man methinks; 'tis not oft a single swordsman is bold or mad enough to charge a whole troop of my cavalry."

"The business I am about brooks no delay, general," replied the Royalist, with a look of surprise at being addressed by name, which deepened into amazement as he recognised the boy who rode by Cromwell's side.

"Ha! What thinkest thou of the latest recruit to my ranks?" cried Cromwell, noting his bewilderment. "Shall he not some day make a lusty swordsman?"

"He rides not in arms, I see, general; nor will he ever against his King," replied the young soldier simply, his eyes resting fondly on the boy's flushed face.

"Humph! Now, two of you, pick up that man; there is life in him yet, is there not?"

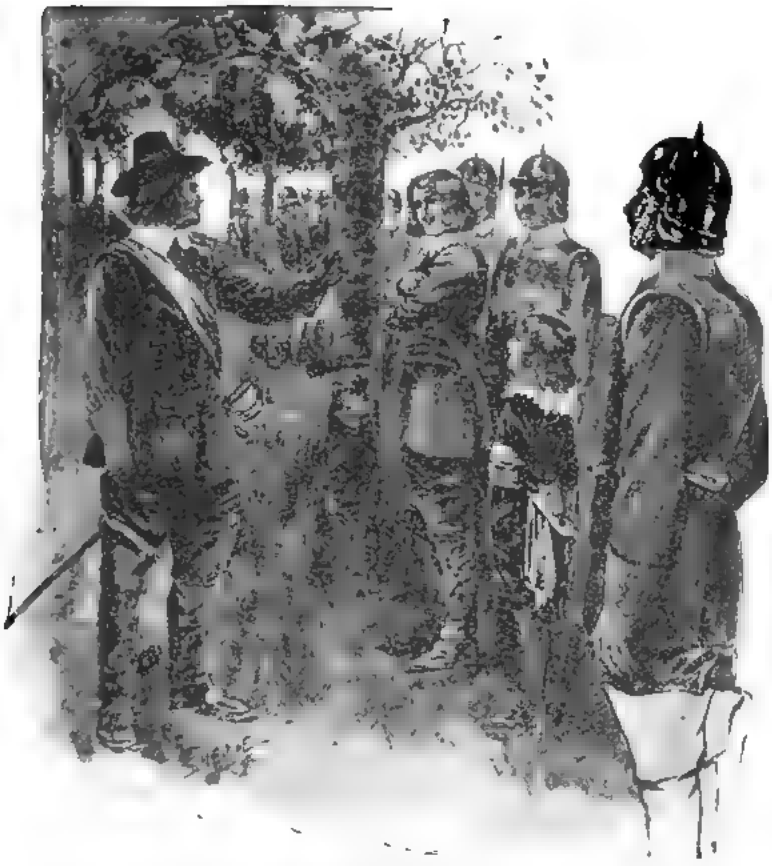
"Yes, general; he is but stunned."

"Strap him to his horse, then, and follow with him slowly. We camp on this side of yonder slope, Captain Leigh; when we dismount thy wounded arm shall have attention."

"Tut, general! I thank thee for thy courtesy, but it is no more than a scratch."

"Nevertheless," said Cromwell, looking keenly at him, "it shall be bound; my men do not play at needlework when their swords are drawn."

And, indeed, the young



"BIND THEM SECURELY, AND BRING THEM BEFORE ME AT SUNRISE," SAID CROMWELL.

Royalist's pallid face and the broadening stain upon his sleeve belied his words, for the thrust had been a shrewd one, and Ralph Leigh well knew that his right arm would be useless for a time.

At a brisk trot the company proceeded, and, sweeping up the slight incline, they dismounted near its summit, and the camp was speedily formed.

When all was in order Ralph was brought before the general to be questioned as a prisoner of war, while his young brother was placed by his side.

"Now, Captain Leigh," began Cromwell, "thou hast business which permits of no delay. What is the nature of this business?"

"It is of a private nature."

"If that is to be my sole answer thy burial will resemble thy business, and will be completed more expeditiously," said Cromwell bluntly.

"Oh, Ralph," broke in the boy, "I told the general you were coming to see our mother, who——"

"Then," interrupted Ralph, "the general knows my business, and if he will not believe your words neither will he mine."

"Why should I credit this tale of thy sick mother?" said Cromwell, sternly. "Perchance thou bearest despatches, or a message of import to be transmitted by thy young brother here, who, by virtue of his tender years, would pass unchallenged. Nay, nay, such things have chanced ere now. Why not again?"

"And stood the matter so," replied Captain Leigh with equal sternness, "thinkest thou that even torture could open my mouth? The army of the King, though less large than thine, contains no *traitors*, General Cromwell."

"*Twice* within the hour," exclaimed Cromwell furiously. "Oh, bethink thee, sir, bethink thee! Art thou wise to brave me thus? By all the laws of warfare thy life is mine to deal with as I choose. I find thee riding hot-foot from a hostile camp, intent upon some errand whose nature thou wilt not divulge; thou fallest unprovoked upon my troopers, and one of them thou hast all but killed."

"Would that it had been quite, and two instead of one," replied Leigh haughtily. "'Twas done in open combat, and they were six to one."

"Enough! Bind them securely, and bring them before me at sunrise," said Cromwell. "If the Malignant will not then disclose the true purport of his journey he shall die."

"Stay but a moment," cried the elder Leigh, as they were being taken from Cromwell's presence. "For myself I ask nothing, but I pray thee to set my brother free. Men wage not war with children, and should his mother learn his absence——"

"It runs not with my humour to let him go at present," briefly responded Cromwell, turning his back upon the prisoners, who were immediately hurried away.

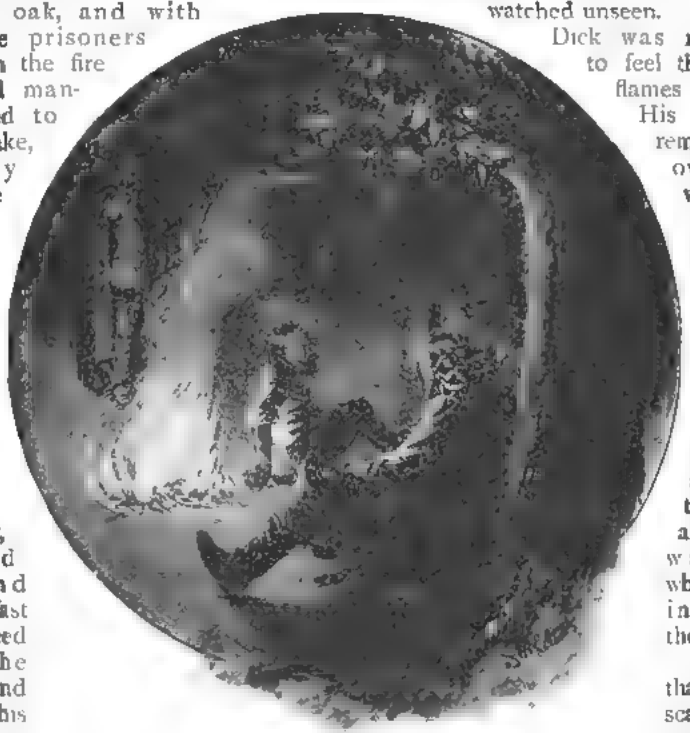
* * * * *

Three hours later the Roundheads' camp was

silent, and the young moon shone white upon the upturned faces of Cromwell's soldiers, sleeping soundly after their long march, yet not so soundly as many of them were destined to sleep within the week around the walls of Worcester.

A few sentries were posted to guard against surprise, but these knew that their duty was, for at least this night, more or less a sinecure, since the position of the Royalists was accurately known, and there was scant reason to anticipate an attack.

The trooper who had been told off to guard the Leighs had seated himself with his back to a huge oak, and with one eye on the prisoners and the other on the fire before him, had manfully endeavoured to keep himself awake, but, gradually yielding to the general sense of security and his own fatigue, the influence of the night had overcome him and he was sinking into slumber, starting now and again to glance at the two brothers, until at last, murmuring, "A wounded Malignant and a child, both fast asleep—small need to watch them," he closed his eyes, and a minute later his regular breathing proclaimed that he was unconscious of all around him.



CROMWELL DREW A PISTOL FROM HIS BELT, AND LEVELLED IT, NOT AT DICK BUT AT HIS OWN SOLDIER.

At the same instant a burly soldier wrapped in a long cloak came noiselessly into the shadow of a neighbouring tree and fixed his gaze on the sleeping brothers.

But were they sleeping?

Truly the elder was, with a soldier's calm indifference to the morrow, and nothing but an occasional twitch of the lip, or a passing frown, showed that his dreams were troubled; but the eyes of the younger, whose head was pillowed on his brother's uninjured arm, reflected the glow of the dying fire, and from his lips there came the whisper, "At last the soldier sleeps. They shall not kill my brother now; they *shall* not kill him now."

"Nor shall they, Master Richard, nor shall they, but how canst *thou* prevent it, boy?" said the watcher softly to himself

As he spoke Dick raised his head, and began to roll slowly towards the fire. His hands were tied behind him, and when he reached the edge of the ring of flame, he looked over his shoulder, and, choosing a small branch which was glowing brightly, he placed his wrists firmly upon it.

"So, so! He would burn his bonds," whispered Cromwell, for he it was who watched unseen.

Dick was now beginning to feel the scorch of the flames upon his flesh. His tunic had been removed and thrown over him for warmth, and his arms were bare to the elbows, but not for a moment did he flinch, only increasing his efforts as he felt the cords becoming slacker.

"He will be scarred," muttered Cromwell, anxiously, as he watched the white arms ploughing deeply into the embers.

"Yet, what of that? They will be scars of which he may well be proud, and 'tis in this fashion *men* are made."

And now the general drew a pistol from his belt, and slowly raising it, levelled it, not at the writhing Dick, nor at Dick's sleeping brother, but at his own soldier, who lay just beyond the light of the fire, for the fear had fallen on him that the man might suddenly awake, and, finding the boy on the point of escape, might kill him before he could prevent it.

And still Dick struggled silently with his smouldering bonds, keeping his gaze fixed upon the sleeping soldier, until at length the agony of the burning strands forced a stifled groan from his white lips.

The cry of anguish, suppressed though it was, made glistening beads stand out upon the iron general's brow, but still he *would* not interfere; the boy should conquer by himself. He would not rob him of his victory, not now that he had borne so much; *not now that he was free!* For as he watched he saw the last piece of glowing rope fall asunder, and Dick's hands were his own once more.

The boy sat upright with a shuddering gasp.

"It hurt me," he said, ruefully; "it hurt me a little more than I thought it would even, and, oh, how my arms are scorched!

"Ralph must not see them now," he went on with a low laugh, "or I know he will want to stay and kill someone for it."

Rapidly rolling down his shirt-sleeves, he bent forward and quickly unfastened the thongs which bound his ankles.

Then, slipping on his tunic, he crept to his brother's side, and, placing one hand upon his forehead, called softly, "Ralph!"

"Why, Dick, boy," said Ralph Leigh, waking quickly, "what are you doing here? Ah, I remember now. We are prisoners."

"Hush! Speak low, Ralph, the guard is fast asleep, and we can escape if we are quiet. See! I can untie all your bonds."

"But the knaves had bound you also. How comes it you are free?"

"They had not tied me very tight, Ralph, and I wriggled myself loose; but quick, your horse is here by this tree! Mount, and away!"

"Flight, Dick? I like not that," said Captain Leigh, rising to his feet as the last knot which had secured him yielded to his brother's eager fingers. "And yet, they had bound us," he continued, frowning, "and I am not on my parole. Yes; come, Dickie; thanks to you, we will escape them. Steady, Prince, good nag, stand quiet, then; quiet, I say! But can I mount, I wonder? My right arm hangs stiff and helpless by my side."

"Yes, yes," said the boy, feverishly, "you must mount the wrong side for once. See! your left arm over Prince's withers, so; now give me your right leg and you can scramble into the saddle."

Ralph could not see, or guess of, the awful pain in his brother's face as his weight fell on the boy's blistered arms, but Cromwell saw it, and the hardened warrior shivered as he looked, and dug his heavy heel into the ground to keep himself from breaking silence.

One more moment of agony, and Dick was seated behind his brother, clasping his belt; then, as Ralph touched his horse with the spurs, they bounded away; but in the sudden start one of the charger's hind hoofs tore up a piece of turf, which, flying in the air, fell full upon the sleeping trooper's face.

With an imprecation the soldier sprang up instantly, wide awake, and, seizing his musket, he was levelling it at the fugitives when it was struck sharply upwards, and a voice, which, despite its unwonted tremor, he recognised as his general's, cried, "Stay thy hand—on thy life stay thy hand! Dost thou not see that the little lad rides behind his brother? I would not have that gallant boy's young blood upon my soul, so stay thy hand!"

* * * * *

"And, Fletcher," continued Cromwell, when the last hoof-beats of the horse which bore the brothers homeward had died away, "thou hast slept upon thy post; for one other such breach of duty I will have thee shot. See thou to it!"

Some Hints to School Football Captains.

By C. B. Fry.

Portions of this article may be reproduced in School Magazines provided the source of quotation be acknowledged.—Ed., Captain.

ARE captain of football! Very good; a pleasant and interesting berth, and one you will have cause to enjoy long after you vacate it—if, as no doubt you will, you do your duty. The editor says you would like some general hints, in case there is anything you happen not to know. Well, then, the first point to note is that your position differs from a club captaincy; you ought to keep in view the interests of the football throughout the school as well as the production of the best first eleven or fifteen. The formation and development of the school team are

YOUR IMMEDIATE AND IMPORTANT DUTY,

but you must not forget that the games all through the school require looking after, both for the sake of the athletic welfare of your fellows and in the interests of future school teams.

The chances are that the system of football at your school is a good one, suited to the particular conditions of the place, and well organised. If not, it ought to be. System there must be, or the game cannot flourish. Whether the game is compulsory or not there are practically two bases of organisation; either the whole school is divided up into teams, so that the first and second teams play together in the first game, and the third and fourth in the second game, and so on with internal variations; or else

A CONTINUOUS ARRANGEMENT

of matches is based on such sub-divisions as house, dormitory, or form. Experience is in favour of the second alternative, because the useful element of *esprit de corps* is involved, and because, quite apart from the exigencies of football, the units of division are stable and satisfactory.

The two most important points to secure in the general football are, first, that opposing sides be as far as possible composed of boys of about the same size, and, secondly, that the games be good and interesting. The first point can be achieved by arbitrary arrangement into teams, but this may preclude variety and interest. Both points can be secured in schools where there are several boarding houses by having two or three teams in each house and establishing

SOME FORM OF THE LEAGUE SYSTEM.

Where it has been tried the league system has worked extremely well in schools. It is not very difficult to organise where there are enough boys, and is open to none of the evils current in professional football. Its great advantages are that a continuous interest is maintained, and that all the games are real matches, with something depending on the result. Whatever the system, its success depends greatly on how the authorities support it. A good system may be badly carried out. The captain must make it his special duty to show interest in what is going on.

HE OUGHT TO GO ROUND THE MINOR GAMES

and be seen taking an interest. And nothing does more good than the publication of results of minor games in an honourable and conspicuous place, such as the School Games Notice Board. By far the best way to keep ordinary games in a keen state is to make all who play feel that their doings are regarded as of importance. A school captain who sees this point, and aims at securing it, can entirely revolutionise the football. He can make dry bones live—he can confer a lasting benefit on his school. It is not enough to feel an interest, he must make everyone see that he is keen and interested. Last, and not least, he should take tremendous trouble to delegate authority wisely and well.

THE CAPTAINS OF ALL THE TEAMS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY CHOSEN,

be made to feel the honour and responsibility of their posts, and be kept well up to the mark. It pays to make them keep records and send in reports. Remember that the future football depends on the present minor games.

It may be mentioned here that beyond all doubt the future school teams will be much

improved if foreign matches are, as far as possible, arranged for the second and third teams. The advantage of keen football just outside the first team cannot be over-emphasised. As a parallel in cricket, look at the value of the Surrey Second XI. to the county club. There is, too, another provident possibility. There are always in every school a number of very promising boys whose size keeps them in Lower games, but who in ability and skill are far in advance of their fellows.

THEY ARE SWELLS WITH TOO EASY A JOB

in the Lower games, yet they cannot be put up with the big chaps. Nothing pays better than to collect these scattered young "pros" in a team and provide them with suitable foreign matches. Such a team becomes a regular nursery for future school champions.

Now for the more immediate problems of captaincy: How to find the material for the school team, and how to get it into the best possible shape.

First of all, you must have a clear conception of what you require. Do you want a team that will do well all through the season against visiting teams mostly composed of men? Or do you wish to work up a side that will win an inter-school match somewhat late in your season?

I HOPE THE LATTER OBJECT

is yours. But your procedure will be rather different in the two cases. In the former you must each time select the best team you can make up for present purposes, and must prefer, other things for the moment being fairly equal, the elder and bigger player to the younger and lighter. In the latter, you will do well to go for the material that will train on and pay for cultivation—that is, you will select the younger player, who, though hardly as useful at present as the elder, is nearly sure to improve and surpass him during the season if given full opportunities. A captain is generally liable to give

RATHER TOO LONG A TRIAL

to the old stager who was just outside the team the year before. The chances are that members of the third and fourth teams have come on no end, and are much more useful material. But you must exercise your judgment. Beware, however, of keeping an old stager in the team till late in the season, and then finding a youngster who is far better, but whom you cannot very well draft in at that period.

You will generally find that young players come to the front in house cup ties, or similar matches, rather than in the ordinary games. Do not fail to

CAST YOUR EYE BACK ON SUCH MATCHES OF LAST SEASON,

to recall any exceptional promise and keep a place or two open, if you can, to be filled up from the new blood of the present season, which may not be discovered till the cup ties come on.

Remember that you are aiming at getting the best team, not the best set of individual players; so be careful in choosing your men that they fit into the eleven or fifteen, and are imbued with a proper spirit of co-operation.

Nothing is so common among young players as choosing a wrong billet. A boy often elects to be a forward when he is by nature a back. Look out for this. It is specially useful in dealing with a member of last year's team who is likely to lose his place in favour of some new comer. You can often keep him and

USE HIM TO ADVANTAGE IN ANOTHER POSITION —

back instead of half-back, or half-back instead of forward.

You cannot hope to make a good team unless you are a good captain. To be this you should be an enthusiastic and keen player, have a knowledge of the game, and possess certain qualities of leadership. You need not be the best player on the side, but you must see that no one tries harder, or plays more keenly. It is not likely that, with your limited experience, you have a great knowledge of the game, but you can increase it greatly by reading and thinking. Read the best books on the game, and

THINK OUT THE REASONS OF THINGS.

Talk over the problems of the game with experienced players, and ask their opinions, and the grounds on which they are formed. To be a good leader you must have confidence in yourself, and inspire it in others; and the only way to do this is by merit. You must have a clear idea of what you want, and pursue your object with consistency. You must have a will of your own, and a mind of your own. This does not mean that you must not ask advice and profit by it, or that you must be autocratic and opinionated. A keen desire to do your best for and with your side, a clear conception of the means to employ, and an enthusiastic perseverance in carrying them out, will give you all the

DETERMINATION AND SELF-RELIANCE

you require. Remember that the best general

is he who uses every proper means for the end in view. To listen to other opinions does not in the least prevent your having one of your own.

Just a hint here. If there is a good footballer, an old blue, perhaps, among the masters, he will be able to help you no end. But he will like to be asked to do so, and to be thanked if he takes trouble for you. Masters are human beings, and do not like their attempts to help you taken as a matter of course. If a master plays in your games, be sure and make things pleasant for him, otherwise you may lose him.

TRIAL GAMES ARE USEFUL IN TWO WAYS--

for discovering talent and for getting your team together. But the two objects require rather different arrangements of sides. For finding new men you had better make up matches such as North *v.* South, Sixth *v.* School, and so on —that is, matches that give keen games with mixed sides. For developing your first team the best way is to play your eleven or fifteen together against the next best lot, strengthened with masters, old boys, and any available talent. Or you may play the first team backs and second team forwards against the second team backs and first team forwards.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO AVOID MONOTONY;

so it is advisable to vary the games. Practice games should not, as a rule, be played full time; thirty minutes each way in Rugby and thirty-five in Association.

In the matter of giving advice and coaching, it pays to explain fully before the game to individuals and the whole team exactly what you want done, where they failed last time, and where you hope for improvement. If things are radically wrong, stop the game and have the matter understood. While the game is going on do not be lengthy or nagging in your style of coaching. It is best to supply encouragement during play, and

ADMINISTER REPROOF IN QUIET

when the game is over.

You must use tact in dealing with individuals. Remember that you want to get the best out of your men. If reproof is necessary, do not make the party feel that it is a personal matter between you and him; rather let him feel that you are only speaking in the interests of the side, and with a view to improving it. There is a world of difference between "I can't have you missing passes like that!" and "We shall get licked by the Wanderers if you chaps do not improve in nipping on to the ball."

IN FOREIGN MATCHES,

you will do well not to do more shouting and coaching than is absolutely necessary. Remember the visiting team plays for the fun of the game.

Use your influence to create a proper attitude from the spectators. The lookers-on should cheer good play impartially. There is no patriotism in an unceasing and meaningless shout of "School!" Let good play be cheered and appreciated; let a win be enthusiastically received. But do not let the visiting team be left out in the cold.

C. B. Fry

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Novice.—I do not understand the quotation from Mr. Grace's book. If you stand, as he does, with both feet close together, how can you draw back the left foot? You would have to twist it behind the right one if you kept that still and fixed. Try, and see for yourself. Arthur Shrewsbury, Mr. A. C. Maclaren, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Willie Quaife, and nearly all strong back-players, move the right foot a half step towards the wicket in playing back. If you get "The Book of Cricket," published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., you will see that nearly all the great batsmen depicted in the act of playing back have taken a step with the right foot towards the wicket, and are balancing thereon as they play the ball.

W. V. Stevenson. There is no better exercise than walking. If you feel all right, and are not jaded, you are doing yourself no harm. I should say you are doing very well, indeed, and will benefit by your walking. Jumping requires practice, but no rigorous training. You must be well and strong, of course, to do yourself justice.

X. Y. Z.—I wish you had come and asked me at Brighton. I would have done my best to help you. It is too late now, I am afraid.

James Finlay. Boys rarely play erratic fast bowling well. I am inclined to think you run away a bit. Play as if the bowling were slow, don't funk it, and keep your bat straight. It is impossible to give advice about your action in bowling without seeing it. Let the arm swing loose and free, and deliver the ball quite naturally. I expect you have a laborious action. Do not try to bowl too fast.

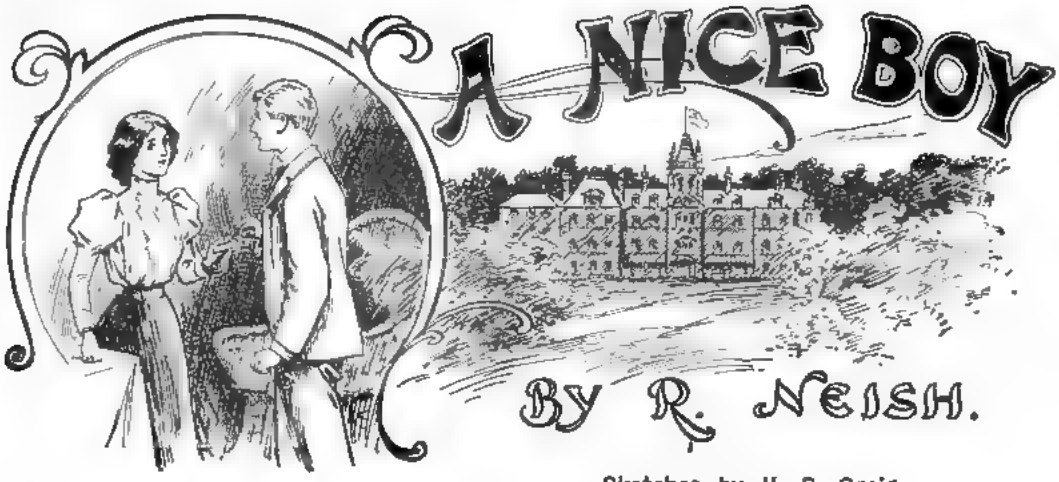
E. C.—You must practise bowling systematically till your stamina increases. If you bowl twenty balls, and then rest, and then go on again, you will find your staying power will improve.

J. A. S.—A professional runner is a man who runs for a money prize, or competes against a man who, to his knowledge, is a professional. A man is also a professional if he gets money from teaching athletics or selling athletic appliances.

C. B. F.

NOTICE.

In Volume I. of THE CAPTAIN, now ready, price 6s., there are FIVE ARTICLES ON SCHOOL ATHLETICS by MR. C. B. FRY.



Sketches by H. S. Greig.

It's astonishing how easily girls can spoil a chap's holiday if they aren't careful. I mean careful in what they say—not about their clothes, they are a jolly sight too fussy about them as it is—but they never think before they speak. Girls make awfully poor diplomatists because they have no tact.

They think they have, but that is only because they are inclined to be deceitful. My sister Dot hasn't any tact, and she quite spoilt my holiday last Whitsuntide.

We were staying at a hydro up in Yorkshire, where the governor was taking some beastly cold water cure. It wasn't half a bad place; they gave dances and theatricals every Wednesday and Saturday evening, and there were some jolly decent people staying there, and one awfully good-looking girl called Elsie Burton.

I COULDN'T VERY WELL AFFORD TO GET HER A RING, SO I GAVE HER SOME GOLD SLEEVE LINKS.

She was rather taken with me, I think, because she gave me a box of cigarettes which I should have smoked only the mater found them and threw them away. But Dot could not bear her; I suppose the reason was that girls are so beastly jealous of one another. But, luckily, she and the mater went to stay at the "Palace Hotel" with the Harrisons, and so Elsie and I had the place to ourselves. I had a rattling good time, and took her and her mother about, and bought them flowers and things—(luckily Dot had lent me a sov. before she went away)—and generally looked after them.

Elsie's mother saw I was very gone on her, but she did not seem to mind; in fact, she was rather pleased, as she was very nice to me, and took a tremendous interest in the profession I was going in for. I told her I thought of going into the House, like the pater, and I said so partly because she seemed very keen about politics, not because I think much of the House myself; and I gassed away no end about the

rotten way things are managed in France, and about the beastly underhand Russians, and about trade and things, and she listened like anything. The best of it was she and Elsie thought I was twenty-four, but I suppose I look a good bit older than I am, and when Elsie's mother guessed I was twenty-four, of course I wasn't such an ass as to tell her I was only seventeen; but I let her think she was right, which pleased her and didn't hurt me.

It makes such a difference to a chap's enjoyment if he is thought a bit older than he is, and, of course, I can't help looking twenty-four.

There was only one other fellow staying at the hydro that I was at all afraid might cut me out with Elsie, but luckily he turned out to be an effeminate sort of an ass, and if there's one thing girls bar it is a chap who isn't manly. I spoke to Elsie the Friday before we left about liking her, and asked her if she would care to marry me. I told her she would have to wait a bit, as she was only sixteen and a-half, and too young to marry, and I wasn't well enough off to marry her yet; but she said she didn't mind waiting a scrap, so we got engaged.

SHE BEGAN TO CRY.

I couldn't very well afford to get her a ring, so I gave her some gold sleeve-links the mater had given me at Christmas, and she was jolly pleased.

Everyone at the hydro was nice to me, and I had a splendid time at the dances, because I was one of the few men staying there who knew how to dance, and you know what a fuss girls make over a chap when there aren't many about.

But Dot came back on the Monday and spoilt everything. I was sitting on Tuesday afternoon in the conservatory with Elsie, telling her all about my future plans, when Dot and Elsie's mother came in at the opposite end and sat down, and began talking.

I hoped they would go out again in a minute, so I squeezed Elsie's hand, and gave her a look not to speak; not that I wanted to hear a word of what they said, for it is only girls who listen, and I thought they would be sure to talk about servants, or Dot's new dresses, or some rot of that kind, but I didn't want her to see me sitting there, because she is so fond of chaffing a chap, and I hate Dot's chaff—it is always so cheap.

They talked a good bit about dresses, and hats, and stuff like that, and then they began to talk about me. It was jolly uncomfortable, I can tell you, but I couldn't very well get up and pass them without looking a fool, so I just sat where I was and bore it.

Mrs. Burton began by saying, "What a very nice young man your brother is, Miss Anstruthers!" And Elsie squeezed my hand; but Dot said, in that beastly patronising way of hers that she uses even on the pater:—"Yes, he is a nice boy, isn't he?"

"I hear he intends going into the House of Commons, like your father," said Mrs. Burton; and Dot laughed—such a sickening snigger it was, too—and said:—

"Really! And who told you that?"

"Oh, he told us himself," said Mrs. Burton. "He has very pronounced views about politics, and has quite interested us. How clever he is!" she added, and Elsie squeezed my hand even harder.

Then a most awful thing happened. Dot laughed again, and said, "I'm afraid Bob will have some time to wait before he can air his views in public. You see, he has to go to college first." And Mrs. Burton answered:—

"To college? I thought he had just left. Isn't twenty-four a little old to go to college?"

"Twenty-four!" echoed Dot, while I went hot all over, knowing what was sure to follow. "Why, Bob is barely seventeen—he is still at school—he hasn't left Rugby yet!"

Then Mrs. Burton burst out laughing and said, "Barely seventeen! Why, he told us he was twenty-four. How very funny boys are!" And she and Dot laughed until I felt fairly sick. Then they went out into the garden again.

For a moment after they had gone there was a dead silence, and then Elsie drew her hand away, and said stiffly, "What a story-teller you are!"

"That's right," I said (for I felt quite desperate by that time). "Go on! Hit a chap when he's down; it's only what one expects from a girl. I suppose you're going to throw me over?"

I never thought she was, but she began to cry, and said, angrily: "Of course I am. I don't want to be engaged at all, but if I am I'd rather have a man. It's no fun being engaged to a school-boy."

Of course I got up after that, and gave her one look as I left the conservatory. Then I went to look for Dot. When I told her that she had blighted my life for ever, she just gave a silly laugh, and told me not to be a goose.

I have decided never to speak to Dot again.

Things that Money Cannot Buy.

Money is a very desirable and useful possession. It is absurd to despise it, or to try to minimise its power. It can give most of the things that make for happiness. It can surround one with beautiful objects, and give one a chance of travelling and seeing the most of things.

But the tendency nowadays is not to minimise the power of money, but to magnify it until it seems the one thing in life worth striving for. This being so, it is well to think of some of the things that money cannot buy. Here are some of them.

Contentment. The more money you have, the more, probably, you will want. Your desires will increase with your power of gratifying them. A very great deal of money will cause much anxiety, and trouble, and responsibility. Anyhow, money alone will never give contentment.

Health. This should, perhaps, have come first. Without it everything else is more or less useless. Money cannot buy health. It very often destroys it. The lust of gold is a wearing and degrading passion. The possession of too much is not conducive to health. Money can give the best medical skill, change of air and scene, but if the mind or body be diseased, it cannot cure the sufferer.

Friends. Money will bring you any amount of acquaintances, but it will never bring you one real friend. Friendship cannot be bought, and money more often alienates a friend than otherwise.

Honour. You can buy newspaper "puffs" by the dozen. You can advertise your name all over the world. You can get a certain cheap fame—notoriety—but money alone will not bring you honour. You may be celebrated for your magnificent entertainments, for your horses, and so on, but it requires character to win honour.

By JOHN MACKIE.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

CHAPTER I.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

I WALTER DERRINGHAM, was sixteen years of age, and had come home from Harrow for my summer holidays. Perhaps I should not use the word "home," for my real one had been broken up years before, on the death of my father and mother, so when not at school I lived with an uncle, Gilbert Derringham, a well-to-do, middle-aged bachelor, at his comfortable old country house in Middlesex. He loved to slip through life so quietly, and was so accustomed to getting his own way, that no one dreamt he would risk his independence by taking to himself a life-partner. When one day, however, he married a society-loving widow, who was reported to have a mind and very decided opinions of her own, and who had, moreover, a family of three, it must be confessed that I, like many more, was considerably astonished, and felt not a little sore on the subject.

I was not at the marriage, but when I stood at the hall door with a few others to welcome my uncle and his wife on their home-coming, I felt instinctively that the Cedars was no longer my home, and that I was considered an intruder. Mrs. Gilbert Derringham might have been good-looking once upon a time, but when she looked one up and down sharply, with those hard, calculating blue eyes of hers, I wondered what a man could see in a mere mask of flesh and blood, with nothing behind it but what was soulless and sordid.

She must have begun soon to carry things with a high hand, for within a few days she made my position plain to me in the presence of my uncle. Her assumed air of kindliness and candour never for a moment deceived me, if it did Gilbert Derringham, who, it must be admitted, seemed rather ashamed of the interview, which I will now relate.

She was loth to speak to me so soon, she said, but thought it only kindness to let me know my exact position. She did not know whether or not I was aware that all that was left to me of my deceased father's estate was a number of worthless shares in a Queensland gold mine, which for years had yielded no dividends, and which, indeed, was being worked at a loss in the pursuit of a forlorn hope. Perhaps I was not aware that I had all along been living upon the charity of my uncle.

Gilbert Derringham here lifted his hands deprecatingly and as if to stop her, but the woman went on.

That had been all very well so long as my uncle was unmarried, but now that he had new responsibilities it was not to be expected that he could afford to pay the heavy expenses of a public school any longer. I was now in my seventeenth year; did I not think it was time to go out into the world and do something for myself, seeing that I could hardly expect the same help as heretofore?

I turned hot and cold on hearing these things. I had always been morbidly sensitive, and my pride had received a severe shock. My uncle looked ashamed, and decidedly ill at ease. I think he was going to say something, but his wife looked at him, and the words died upon his lips. What

followed is not particularly edifying. I lost my temper, and told his wife that if I had lived upon my uncle's charity, it had been done in ignorance of my true position. He had allowed me to think that the money he gave me, and what he paid for my education, was only what was due to me from my poor father's estate. It had been done out of his goodness of heart, but it had turned out cruelly for me. I would take nothing from either of them any longer, and so far as she, my uncle's wife, was concerned, her motives were obvious enough; she wanted to send her two sons to school, and was afraid there would not be money enough for all of us. I wound up by saying that as she had lost no time in showing her hand, and had taken such an evident pleasure in putting the truth before me as brutally as possible, I made no apology for speaking as I did.

Never before in my life had I spoken so plainly to anyone, and it sometimes puzzles me now to know where my courage came from. I seemed to have changed from a boy into a man on being brought face to face with the grim reality of her words. For the moment Mrs. Derringham seemed so taken aback by my boldness that she was incapable of speech. My uncle looked more distressed than ever, but I had sense enough to know that he was in the woman's power, and so hurried from the room. Had my two new half-cousins been like some of my late school companions, I would have gone to them at once and told them of my troubles; but although there was not a great deal of difference in our ages, they aped the ways of men in a manner that was ludicrous, and seemed to prefer the companionship of stable-boys and grooms to that of their social equals, so they were not to be thought of.

I was passing through a side door to my favourite nook in the plantation when I almost ran against my third new cousin, whose existence, I admit, till then had hardly given me a thought. Properly speaking, she was not Mrs. Derringham's daughter, but a dead brother's child who had left her fairly well off, and it was currently supposed that it was her income which had kept the whole family going until her scheming aunt's second marriage. She was about the same age as myself, and had what I considered to be red hair. There was certainly lots of it, and though I had heard my uncle say it was very wonderful hair and much admired by people who knew about such matters, it would be outside the truth to say that I did. She was a shy girl, with large hazel eyes, which gave one the idea that she was always terribly in earnest and thinking of all sorts of things. I fancy there was something in it when people said they were fine eyes. There could be no doubt about the clearness and the softness of her skin; but that could only have appealed to girls who put such an incomprehensible value on complexions; such a thing could hardly interest me, a boy. She had hitherto barely spoken to me, but I liked the look in her eyes; they seemed to say such a lot, and I felt certain that, despite the colour of her hair, she was a nice girl.

I expected she would stand aside shyly to let me pass, and so she did at first; but the moment she looked into my face with those great uncanny

"WALTER," SHE SAID SOFTLY, "WON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT?"

eyes of hers, I never saw such a change come over a girl in my life. Her painful embarrassment left her in a moment, and she stepped right in front of me.

"Let me pass!" I demanded, somewhat sulkily I daresay.

"Walter," she said softly, and perfectly at her ease, "won't you tell me about it? Has Mrs. Derringham been saying anything to you? I know she has—Oh, what a shame! I didn't think she would have had the courage to."

"She got something back that she didn't quite like, anyhow," I interrupted, watching the girl's face curiously. It had not struck me before that there was so much in it, and she really had wonderful eyes. That was doubtless why she was able to sum up the situation at a glance. Whichever way it was, there was something so genuine and kindly in her manner that I could not pass by without appearing to notice her as I had at first intended.

"What did you say to her?" asked the girl anxiously.

"Oh! it's a long story, and wouldn't interest you," I replied. "By the way, what's your name? I forget it."

I somehow began to think I should like to know her name; there was something so frank and honest about her. I began to feel sorry that she was only a girl and not a boy. Otherwise, I am sure she would have made a splendid chum.

"Muriel," she replied, "but surely it cannot interest you!"

She had used my own words and paid me back in my own coin, just as a boy would have done. I thought it rather plucky of her, so told her in as few words as possible what had occurred. She seemed greatly interested, and never once interrupted me. When I had finished, she rather abruptly asked:—

"What are you going to do, Walter?"

"Clear out," I replied, "and at once. If they won't let me, I'll run away."

"Come into the garden," she said, "and talk it over. I know where there's such a jolly, quiet place."

CHAPTER II.

CAST ON MY OWN RESOURCES.

We reached the lonely spot she spoke about, which was simply an old summer-house at the far end of the garden overlooking a little stream, and she led me into it, sitting down opposite. The little table was between us, but I hoped that no one would come and find us there; I always hated being chaffed about girls.

Muriel Wray broke the silence by saying that I was talking nonsense about going away all at once; neither my uncle nor my new aunt dreamt that I should do such a thing. Of course I could stop at the Cedars until I had made up my mind as to my future career, and then go off to London or elsewhere like any other sensible young fellow. I might have to board with people or go into lodgings while I was learning my business, but that was a matter of course. She knew Mrs. Derringham was exaggerating my poverty when she declared that I was utterly dependent on my uncle. She had heard that I had interests which might at any time bring me in lots of money.

I did not know until long afterwards that Muriel had gone to my uncle and tried to persuade him to use some of her own means on my behalf on the sole condition that he was never to say a word about it to anyone.

As for my running away, she expressed the hope that I would do nothing so foolish. When I told her that the one great ambition of my life was to travel in strange countries, and experience some of the wonderful adventures I had read about, the warm blood mounted into her white skin for a moment, and her eyes gleamed like two stars. I went on to say that, if I were condemned to sit on a three-legged stool in a musty office, I would never have any such opportunities, and that, even if I became rich as a Rothschild, I should still regret not having followed my natural bent.

The girl's small hands twitched nervously on her lap, and her eyes wandered away to the opposite bank as I spoke like this. I believe that, in her heart, Muriel was brimming over with romance, and that, had she been a boy, she would not have hesitated one moment to pursue the course I now meditated. But it is my belief that with that odd vein of practicality, which I am told some women possess, she advised me against what she herself would have chosen, for my own good. As I watched her, sitting looking out into the dim depths of the pine wood opposite, with a thoughtful look in her eyes, I began to wonder how it was I had hitherto seemed to look upon her only as a girl who was hardly worth the passing notice of a boy in his seventeenth year. She seemed to have grown ever so much older than myself, and when a little shaft of sunlight straggled in through the lattice-work, and flooded the silky tangles of her hair as with a glory, I wondered how I could ever have called it red and seen no beauties in it. Red it was not; it reminded one of that rare, soft, golden tinge that the setting sun leaves behind it in the fleecy clouds after the rain. I began to be rather ashamed of having treated her in such an off-hand way, and I wondered if she had noticed it. The situation, I fancied, required some explanation.

I cleared my throat to attract her attention and

said something, but what it was it is impossible for me now to remember. I came to a dead stop, conscious of having wandered from the point, and thought she looked at me with a gleam of awakened interest in her eyes.

"I'm afraid I haven't explained myself very clearly," I observed, wondering what it was I had said, and feeling my utter inability to explain the delicate nature of what was in my mind.

"Then I wouldn't trouble to, if I were you," she rejoined, laughingly. "I really didn't think there was anything rude in your manner towards me. I did think you were just a trifle awkward, but when you know me better you won't be; boys generally like me."

"I should fancy they did!" I said in a sudden burst of frankness, and then I pulled myself up short, and found myself thinking it was an awful piece of cheek on the part of the other boys to like her. It was doubtless natural enough on their part, but it seemed to me that if I should get to like her very much, I would not care about sharing her with other fellows.

In a few minutes more I was talking to her just as if she had been an old school-fellow; it was difficult to believe that a girl should know so much, and seem to enter so heartily into the plans and projects of a boy. In a quarter of an hour I had agreed to respect the powers that were, and not do anything rash, until at least I had proof positive they were going to force me into some line of life utterly unsuited to my tastes.

We must have been some considerable time in that summer-house, although, strangely enough, I hardly noticed it, for she told me a good deal about herself that considerably interested me, and it seemed to give me an odd sort of consolation to think there were others who felt a good deal alone in the world, and who accordingly had to make the best of things. I began to think that girls were not so very bad after all, and that she had not bored me in the least. It was she who first rose to go, and then I felt myself in an awkward fix, as all my old prejudices sprang into life again. I didn't care to be seen going with the girl to the house. When she looked up into my face with those wonderful eyes of hers, I could have sworn she guessed my thoughts, for she came towards me, and, holding out her hand as if to ratify our agreement, said:

"Now, don't forget your promise. You needn't trouble to come to the house with me. I'll see you again at dinner. Be good to yourself till then."

When she had gone I sat down again, and it was as if a new interest had come into my life. I had always felt very much alone in the world, for my uncle, although kind to me, seemed everlastingly engrossed in his own pursuits; and what with having no one older than myself to talk to and advise me as to my future, it is more than likely less thought was bestowed on the matter than is usual with boys of my age. I had been an insatiable reader of books of travel and adventure, and I had never entertained any idea other than that of leading an out-of-door, free, stirring existence. I had lived in a world of books and dreams, and had lost sight of the stern practicalities of life. It was but natural that I should have my views corrected in the world of which I knew so little.

But to be brief, Mrs. Derringham had prevailed upon my uncle to find a situation for me in a lawyer's office in the City. This was done without consulting my inclinations in the slightest, and though my uncle, when he told me the news, was somewhat shamefaced, and hinted vaguely about finding something better for me later on, I felt that the time had come to shift for myself. I felt that an indoor life, such as was proposed, was something quite irreconcilable with my nature. I thanked my uncle for all his past kindness to me, and begged him either to find some out-of-door work, to let me go and take my chance in the Colonies, or let me shift for myself. I believe he would have given into my wishes if it had not been for his wife, for she at once tried to ridicule what she called the unreasonableness and absurdity of my plans, accused me of ingratitude, and began to exercise a series of mean little restraints over me that was galling in the extreme. Even her sons would have nothing to do with me, and I believe they were only prevented from showing their dislike in a more marked fashion by the obvious fact that I was rather a strong, well-set-up lad for my years, and would be likely to resent an insult.

But things came to a crisis at last. One day I told Muriel that I would like to see her after lunch in the old summer-house, as I had something important to communicate.

What I meant to tell Muriel Wray was that on the following night I meant to leave my uncle's home, make my way to London, get on a ship going abroad, and strike out for myself. I had no very decided plans, but I at least had made up my mind that go I would, without any further delay.

CHAPTER III.

I RUN AWAY.

I HAD not been long in the old summer-house before Muriel Wray came. She doubtless saw at a glance that something very serious was the matter with me, but she did not affect a concern

she could hardly be expected to feel. In a quiet, matter-of-fact way she said :—

"What is it, Walter? Tell me all about it."

I did, and it amounted to this: My uncle had told me in the presence of my aunt that within a week I was to be prepared to take up my residence in London, as he had found an opening for me in a solicitor's office, and I would be duly articled within the next few days. Again there was an unavailing appeal on my part, and when it was received with contempt I somewhat indiscreetly remarked that I would take good care never to cross that solicitor's threshold. Whereupon I was forbidden to leave the grounds until such time as it came for me to take my departure. To cut a long story short, I had secretly gone to my room, overhauled my small stock of personal effects, written a letter to my uncle, which would be found next day on my dressing-table, put such clothes as I would be likely to need into a small black bag, and finally resolved that as soon as the family had retired for the night I would quietly depart to seek my fortune in foreign lands. I knew it was not a nice thing to do, to steal out of my uncle's house at dead of night, like a thief, but no other course was open to me. They would not let me go of my own free will, and I hated making a fuss.

Muriel Wray waited patiently until I had finished, and then, by every argument she could think of, she tried to shake my determination. It must be confessed some of the questions she put rather staggered me. Where did I intend going? What training and knowledge had I to prepare me for the plunge into a rough, wide-awake world? And, lastly, what money had I to enable me to get out of the country?

The money question was what cornered me, for I had only a five-pound note in the world.

"Then you've got to take a loan from me," she said, when she saw that I was determined to go. "Only a twenty-pound note, and you must promise to write and tell me how you are getting on, and I will write to you."

But it was only when I plainly enough saw that the good-hearted girl would be deeply hurt by my refusal that I consented to take the money, on the distinct understanding that it was to be repaid.

I confess that during the interview I had to keep my head turned away from Muriel Wray lest the sight of her wistful eyes might turn me from my purpose. My friends always considered me of a disposition not likely to be easily moved. In reality I was impressionable to a degree, only it went against the grain to be demonstrative.

Muriel Wray insisted on being up to say good-bye to me that night when I left. I was not going to leave the old place, she said, as if I were an outcast without a friend in the world. There need be no difficulties in the way. It was a large, old-fashioned house, and our rooms were both in the same wing; a separate staircase, and a door at the far end of the passage were pretty certain to be free from interruption. When it struck twelve on the old clock over the entrance to the stables, and it was safe to hazard that the household was asleep, it would be time for me to be off.

We discussed many things in regard to the future in a somewhat sad and half-hearted way, and then the girl took her departure.

I shall never forget as long as I live the pain it occasioned me to go round the old place, and say good-bye to everything; for I had looked upon

I KNELT DOWN BY MY BEDSIDE AND SAID MY PRAYERS.

the Cedars as my home, and the familiar surroundings of our boyhood make a deeper impression than those which come with the years. I confess I almost cried on looking for the last time at the pigeons on the stable-roof, on patting each of the horses, and allowing Cæsar, the old watch-dog, to push his cold nose into my hands. I was glad when it was all over; I had hardly thought that parting from my dumb friends could be so bitter.

How that evening passed it is not difficult to remember now. All preparations for my departure had been made, and my condition was one of feverish excitement as the hours wore on. I really felt sorry to leave my Uncle Gilbert in the way I intended, for, despite the stern measures he had of late adopted towards me, I knew they were not the outcome of his own inclinations. There was still a very soft spot in my heart for him and that evening in the drawing-room I tried to show this by being as attentive to him as possible. As for Muriel Wray, she sat in a great chair apparently reading, but I knew well she did very little of that, for the expression on her face was subdued and thoughtful, and several times I caught her looking at me over the top of her book. Once or twice she made an evident effort to rally and say something cheerful, but the result was anything but successful. When I thought of this afterwards I felt rather glad it was so. I was very thankful indeed when that last evening at the Cedars came to an end.

With what an ominous deliberation the old clock at the stables struck the twelve hours that night. To me each stroke seemed full of prophecy, and to herald the beginning of a new life. And a new life truly it was to be, for when the hammer fell for the last time I realised that the past was done with for ever, and the new life with all its possibilities had begun.

I rose from the bed on which I had flung myself, made sure that one precious relic—a small locket which had belonged to my mother—hung safely on my breast inside my shirt, and then—and the boy who is ashamed to say as much is a fool—I knelt down by my bedside and said my prayers. Picking up my slender belongings in the small black bag, I went on tip-toe along the corridor and down the old-fashioned winding stairs.

Muriel Wray had said she would be up to see me off, but surely it was more than one could expect. She was only a girl after all, and girls were always saying things they did not mean. Perhaps she repented of that burst of generosity in which she begged me to accept the loan of a twenty-pound note; girls often did such unaccountable things.

I was heartily ashamed of such thoughts before they had almost passed through my mind, for in the moonlight that streamed into the hall from the fan-light above the door I saw the shadowy figure of the girl. I approached her without speaking; in another moment she had caught me by the hand, and, bringing her face close to mine, whispered:—

"Think better of it, Walter—think better of it. No one need be the wiser if you change your mind now. You don't know what you're going to."

There was something like a catch in her breath as she spoke these words, and it required all my courage to resist them.

"Come outside into the Lime Walk," I replied; "we can speak better there."

We passed out into the bright moonlight and the warm summer's night, and soon were out of sight of the house.

"Now we have gone far enough," I said; "but, Muriel, I can't go back. I've gone so far now that the thing's impossible. I'm not a girl——"

Then I stopped short, and doubtless looked foolish as I saw her great dark eyes gazing wonderingly into mine. But she ignored the latter part of my speech, and it was the best way in which she could have punished me.

"If you find you don't get on, and things go wrong with you, Walter, will you come back? Don't let your pride stand in the way of your future. Remember your uncle is really very fond of you, and would be only too glad to have you back. As for Mrs. Derringham, you need not consider her in the matter at all."

I told her that such a course was impossible. Unless I could come back with an assured competency or position I could never come at all; but I hoped to come back. And, looking at her, the desire to make my fortune and prove myself no weakling was very strong within me. As I spoke it seemed to me that for a moment a pleased look struggled through the wistfulness on her face; but it was gone again, just as a ray of sunlight is lost in a weary sky. It was quite evident to me, although she did not say so, that she was not over sanguine in regard to my future. But it was time to be off.

"I must be going," I observed. "Let me see you back to the house."

But she would not hear of it.

"I can go back quite well by myself," she said. "There is just one thing more I want to speak to you about, and I am sure you won't mind me mentioning it, Walter—you see, there's no one else to do it. Promise me you'll always walk straight, and never do a mean or dishonourable action!"

I felt hurt for the moment, but the girl had

caught my hands in hers, and was gazing steadily into my eyes. Her face was very close to mine. It was impossible to be angry with her; she was obviously sincere, and so terribly in earnest.

"Yes," I replied, "I promise you." And the memory of that promise kept me straight more than once in my stormy after-life, when I was sorely tempted to take advantage of the moment, without considering whether I was pursuing a strictly honourable course or not.

As we shook hands she pushed a small packet into my jacket pocket. "It's the loan, Walter," she observed; "if you never repay it, it won't matter in the least, and should you want more you've only got to write to me. I've got more than I require."

I had wrung her hand, and turned to go, but she still held my hands. I looked into her great brown eyes, and saw something suspiciously like tears in them. I wondered why she delayed me, but the next moment I learned the reason.

"Won't you kiss me, Walter?" she asked. And I did; and now that I think of it, this thought is borne home to me. Had it not been for Muriel Wray and her disinterested love for me I might have gone into the world that night a veritable Ishmael, and with the spirit of Ishmael in my heart—with the thought that there was not a human being who cared for me, or who had the slightest interest in my life. I almost fear to think of what might have happened had this been so.

SHE WAS STILL STANDING THERE, A GHOSTLY FIGURE IN THE MOONLIGHT, WATCHING ME.

When I had kissed her I turned away with a great lump in my throat, unable to say a single word, and made off through the trees. I turned when I had gone some fifteen or twenty yards and looked back. She was still standing there, a ghostly figure in the moonlight, watching me. Both of us at the same moment raised our hands to our lips, and then I turned and fled. I walked sharply down the avenue until I came to within a hundred yards of the lodge gates, but I was afraid of being seen or heard, so made a détour, and scaled the old brick wall some hundred yards to the east of it. In a few minutes more I was walking briskly eastwards on the high road to London, with a certain amount of regret when I thought of those, and the old life I had left behind, but with no slight degree of hope and elation in my heart. I was fairly launched on the world now, and all its romance lay before me.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ODD ADVENTURE.

It may seem strange to some people that I should have chosen to run away at night when the chances were I would have to walk the whole fifteen miles to London, instead of taking train through the day, and journeying comfortably in half-an-hour right into the metropolis. Had I pursued the latter course, however, I would most assuredly have been seen, and probably stopped, before I got to the end of my journey, whereas now, even if I walked, I would be in London long before I was missed, and would have booked a steerage passage to Australia or South America before anyone on the look-out for me could interfere. I was not particular as to which of the two countries named I went to; I would take the first boat to either, and keep out of sight until they sailed. My main desire was to get out of the

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country. Never did a boy place himself more at the disposal of chance than I did.

It was a lovely night and at first I enjoyed the walk so much that it seemed folly to hail any of the market gardeners' wagons that rattled past, loaded up with all sorts of fruits and vegetables for Covent Garden. But my well-packed black bag, although small, soon became irksome to carry; it was a case of shifting it too often from one hand to the other. At Colnbrook my boots began to hurt, and I sat down close to a watering trough by the roadside. Before many minutes a wagoner drove up. He had a load of cabbages piled up so high that I wondered they did not topple over. I asked him if he would give me a seat on the front of the wagon with him as far as Covent Garden, and I would pay him for the ride. Before many minutes he was the richer by eighteenpence, and I was sitting with him on what might be called the box-seat of the wagon. I began to feel rather sleepy, and at times dozed off; it is more than likely I would have fallen from my seat had it not been that the wagoner, who was a good-natured sort of man, put his arm over my shoulder and held me in my place. On one occasion I must have slept for some considerable time, for on opening my eyes I was astonished to find that it was broad daylight and we were jogging smoothly and silently over a wooden pavement, with houses on either side.

We were in London at last. Then I recognised Holland Park and the High Street, Kensington. A little farther on and Kensington Gardens was on our left. How strange it was to see the Row in the broad light of day without a single human being in it. In Piccadilly there were a few hansoms and carts in the roadway, but only a solitary policeman on the pavement. It was only when we came to the Strand and approached Covent Garden that any considerable signs of life were apparent in the sleeping city.

Saying good-bye to my friend the wagoner, I took my black bag and strolled about the market, watching with interest the tons upon tons of fruits, vegetables, and flowers, that came pouring in from the remotest parts of England and the Continent, to satisfy the needs of the greatest conglomeration of human beings on the face of the earth, and I found myself wondering what would happen if this supply were suddenly to cease. As yet it was only four o'clock in the morning, and, though the sun was beginning to show itself, I felt cold and somewhat stiff, doubtless owing to having slept on the front seat of the wagon. A good wash and a cup of coffee, with something to eat, appealed to my imagination very powerfully then, but as yet, so far as I knew, there were no hotels open, so I would have to make the best of things for two or three hours at least.

Wandering into a little side street, I caught sight of a coffee-stall, and made straight for it. There were a few rough, furtive-eyed men, who looked as if they had been up all night, loafing round it, but I did not mind that. The coffee stall seemed cleanliness itself; the steaming urns and the bread and butter were just what my system was craving for just then, so, going up to one end of the long wooden counter, I boldly asked for refreshments, paid my twopence, and was soon enjoying them as I had seldom enjoyed a meal of the kind in my life. I remembered when at school turning up my nose at exactly the same fare, and the old saying came home to me with peculiar force that hunger was the best sauce. While I stood, slowly eating a second round of bread and butter, and drinking another cup of hot coffee, it came rather in the nature of a surprise to me to see a tall, countrified-looking man, in evening dress and loose, unbuttoned overcoat, step up to the far corner of the stall opposite and order the same refreshments as I had done, But, remembering that all sorts and conditions of men in London, from sandwichmen to peers, are not above patronising coffee-stalls, not to speak of hot potato and roasted chestnut barrows, I overcame my surprise, and lazily watched my companion. He puzzled me; he certainly was not a man-about-town, for his dress clothes were obviously ill-fitting, and he wore a bowler hat. The man himself had a pleasant, open countenance, he was bronzed and bearded, and I at once put him down as a country cousin who had run up to town on a short visit, and who, having been out all night at some dance or other, had come on to Covent Garden in the early morning, as many people do, to see the wonderful market.

So far I was right, only, as it afterwards transpired, the country cousin came from Canada. I noticed that he wore a rather heavy gold chain, and, as he unconcernedly drank his coffee, the little crowd of rough, shady-looking youths drew up to the counter and jostled each other against it. Suddenly, and before I had the slightest suspicion as to their intentions, one of them made a sudden snatch at his heavy chain, and in another moment made off with it and the watch.

Now, and I say it without boasting, there were few fellows at Harrow who could come near me in doing a hundred yards, and that accomplishment stood me in good stead on the present occasion. I flung the cup from my hand, and was after him before the others could prevent me. Before he had gone fifty yards I had sprung upon him, and seized the hand in which he held the watch. He tried to throw it from him, but I succeeded in

BEFORE HE HAD GONE FIFTY YARDS I HAD SPRUNG UPON HIM, AND SEIZED THE HAND IN WHICH HE HELD THE WATCH

clutching it. Then we both rolled over together, and I was conscious that the other roughs had come to the assistance of their comrade, and were trying to wrest the watch from me. But I stuck to it for all I was worth, and tried to keep them off. Someone kicked me on the side, and I was beginning to feel queer, when *thud! thud!* and the roughs went spinning right and left as the man who had lost the watch came up and dispersed them with his big fists in a way that was edifying to witness. He had been tripped up by the thief's confederates, which accounted for his delay in coming to my rescue sooner. I still held on to the culprit, but I was only too glad to hand him over to the stranger, for one of the roughs had served me a cowardly trick, and all I was good for was to sit down on the stone pavement, speechless and gasping for breath. But the stranger did not trouble much about the thief; with his open hand he boxed his ears in a way that made me feel thankful it was not my ears that were being boxed; then, taking him by the nape of the neck, he flung him half across the road and turned his attention to me. Without being able to speak, I handed him his watch; and then everything seemed to spin round and round about me, and I fell forward on my face. When I came to myself again, which must have been in a very few minutes, I found myself propped up against the strange gentleman's knees, while a porter stood in front of me sprinkling water on my face out of a pail.

"You'll be all right in another minute, my boy," said the stranger, in a voice that sounded very friendly indeed. "Just sit quietly until you get your breath back again."

In a few minutes more I struggled to my feet, feeling not a little stiff and dazed.

"Where are you going to?" asked the stranger, slipping his arm into mine.

"To the coffee stall for my bag," I replied, "and then to an hotel—it doesn't much matter which one I go to."

"Then you'll come to mine and be my guest," said the big man in evening dress. "I'm in your debt more than I can tell you. That watch was a presentation one, and I wouldn't have lost it for five hundred pounds."

But there was no bag at the coffee-stall; the thieves had spirited it away as soon as I had started in pursuit of their mate. A horrible presentiment possessed me. I thrust my hand into the breast-pocket of my jacket, only to discover that the packet which Muriel Wray had given me was gone. The thieves had effectually relieved me of it in the scrimmage. I searched for my purse, but it had been in the same pocket as Muriel Wray's money, and I realised that I was without a penny in the world. Something like a

groan escaped my lips. This came of helping a stranger! And what was the stranger going to do for me? Nothing, of course; if I told him, he might only think it was a scheme of mine to get money out of him. I remained silent and leant against the coffee-stall to think. The stranger must have seen the look of blank despair upon my face, for he asked:—

"What's the matter, my boy? Have those chaps gone through you?"

"Yes," I replied, "for every penny I possess. I can't go with you to any hotel. I haven't even got a spare shirt to my back—they've taken my bag, too."

"And I saw them take it, but was too late to stop them. Never mind; I'll see what can be done—you've got to come with me. Here, boy"—he turned to a bare-legged urchin standing hard by—"call a cab. You'll come to my hotel."

In three minutes more we were sitting together in a hansom, bowling up Regent Street, which was now beginning to show some signs of life. The drive through the fresh morning air seemed to put new life into me. My companion asked no questions. He merely laughingly remarked that when we got to the hotel a good tub would do neither of us any harm, and a good breakfast afterwards would do us still less. After that we could have a rest if we felt so inclined. And then we pulled up at the "Langham."

In an hour's time we were sitting together at a most excellent breakfast. My newly-found friend had exchanged his evening dress for a well-made, orthodox morning suit, and at once I put him down as a country squire or gentleman farmer; but what puzzled me about him was that he occasionally used a form of speech which was quite unfamiliar to me. Once or twice I thought I detected Americanisms. Breakfast over he asked me, in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, if I belonged to London, and what I intended doing. Now, I had been wondering what on earth I should do, seeing that my means of leaving the country had been so unexpectedly taken from me. Back to the Cedars I could not possibly go—I would have broken stones by the roadside before doing that—but what to do under the circumstances, that was the question. He looked like a man I could trust. Surely he would not give me away after what had occurred. In ten minutes he was in possession of my story.

"I thought it was something of that sort," he said, smilingly. "Of course, you can't go back to your uncle's. How much money did you lose this morning?"

I told him, remarking that, of course, I did not do so under any expectation that he would make it good.

"Look here, Derringham," he said, "you did me a good turn this morning, and you did it as pluckily as anything I ever saw done in my life, and I'm in your debt. Now, I'll give you the choice of two things. I'll either pay you back that money in full, because I know that every word you tell me is gospel truth, or I'll take you with me to Canada. My name's Dunbar—Colin Dunbar. I own a cattle and horse ranche on the Cypress Hills in the North-west Territories, and I sail from Liverpool to-morrow with some valuable prize stock I'm taking out to the ranche. It's a pretty wild sort of place, remember, and there are a good few Indians—mostly renegade Sioux—knocking around, not to speak of horse-thieves and whiskey smugglers, but if you care to come out to it I'll give you a berth and look after you. I'll pay your passage out, and rig you out as well when you get there. There are two other men going out with the stock, but you can lend a hand, and that will keep you from wearying. Now, what is it to be?"

"I'll go with you, sir," I exclaimed, and my heart beat fast with the thought of it.

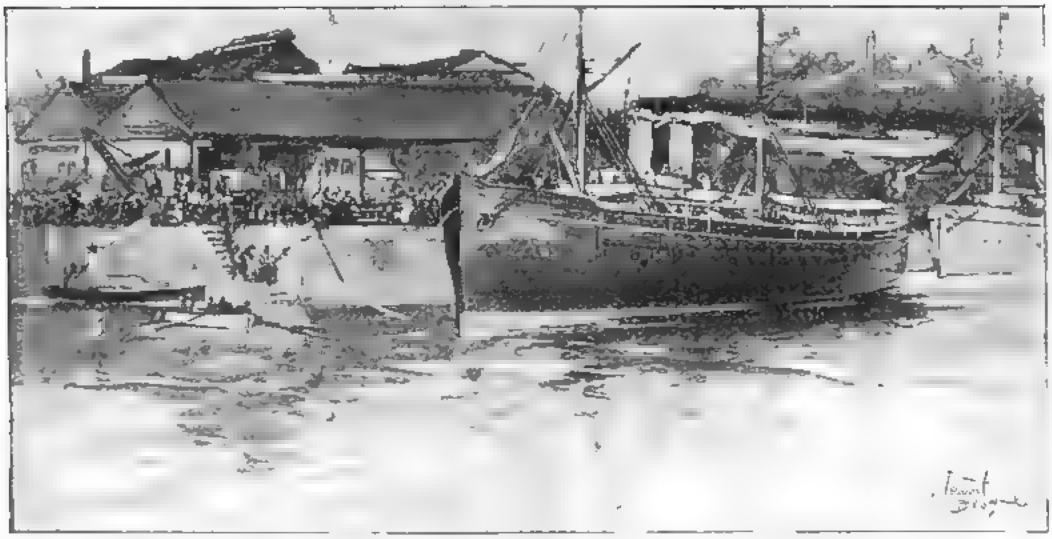
"Then here's a fiver in the meantime," he said. "You may want to buy some things. I'd advise you not to go out more than you can help. We'll leave to-night at seven for Liverpool."

CHAPTER V.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

That same evening we drove to Euston, and it must be admitted I did not breathe freely until the train was steaming out of the station. Fearful of being recognised and taken back to my uncle's, I only ventured once out of the hotel that day, and that was to go a few doors down Regent Street, and buy a bag, some underclothing, and a few necessary articles for the voyage.

We arrived in Liverpool about midnight, and went straight to bed in the hotel. Mr. Dunbar had been very kind and considerate, speaking to me as if I had been an equal, or as old as himself. There was a bluff heartiness about him that inspired confidence. Next forenoon was a busy one; we went down to the docks and got the cattle on board. Being very valuable animals the greatest care had to be exercised. There were two hands, odd, nondescript-looking men, who earned a living by going backwards and forwards across the Atlantic with cattle; they managed the timid creatures with a skill that was truly wonderful. Still, on one or two occasions a suspicious Red Rose cow would deliberately sit down, and prop itself up with its front feet when half-way across the gangway, and refuse



A WAVING OF HATS, HANDS, AND HANDKERCHIEFS, AND WE WERE OFF DOWN THE MERSEY

to budge. Then Mr. Dunbar and I would have to go behind it, and push for all we were worth.

By three in the afternoon all preparations had been completed; the whistle blown warningly three or four times, the gangway withdrawn, the cables cast adrift, and the great screw had begun to revolve, causing a strange quiver throughout the ship. Then the little group on the pier seemed to swim before my eyes and recede. There were a few cheers that died away in a dispiriting fashion, a waving of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs, and we were off down the Mersey. There was not a soul on that pier to bid me good-bye or God speed, but I knew that in a certain old country house in Middlesex there was one who was doubtless thinking of me then, and the thought was comforting. I was glad that I had seized an opportunity of writing to her that morning, telling of my unexpected fortune, and giving her the address of the nearest post town to the ranche, which was that of Maple Creek. I felt sorry to leave England, but, of course, not so much as other boys would have been who were leaving father, mother, or relatives behind. While I was watching the receding shore, and thinking about these things, Mr. Dunbar came up to me.

"Well, Derringham," he said, in his hearty way, "are you wishing yourself ashore again? If you do, it's not too late yet."

"No, sir," I replied, "there's nothing to keep me in England. I'm only too glad to get away."

"That's right, and if you don't like the ranche you needn't stop there. Let's go down and get some tea from the steward."

It would weary the reader to give an account of my voyage in the *Cambrian* across the Atlantic. Suffice it that for the first three or four days the weather was rough for the season of the year, and most of the time I was sick. The cattle were knocked about considerably, but still there were no deaths among them. Despite my sickness, I forced myself to crawl about the pens in which they were confined, and tried to make myself generally useful. Two or three times the rancher, Mr. Dunbar, told me to go and lie down, but I did not care to see the other two men working day and night while I lay in my bunk. It is my belief that forcing oneself to keep moving, and thus distracting the mind from the ailing condition of the body, is more conducive to getting over sea-sickness quickly than anything else, although perhaps it may slightly aggravate the sickness for the time being. Upon the whole I enjoyed the voyage, and when we got to Halifax my appetite was simply appalling.

A few days' rest, and then we put the cattle on the cars, or, as we would say in England, the cattle-trucks. Then for three days and nights we ran right on to Winnipeg.

Leaving Winnipeg, we entered the prairie country, and to me it was a remarkable sight. Far as the eye could reach the country was as flat as a billiard table. There was nothing save an occasional farm-house to break the dead level—the unfettered expanse of that seemingly illimitable prairie land—not a tree, a stick, nor a stone to relieve the appalling sameness. The horizon seemed to creep up and up as the train sped along, and meet the sky-line. It was for all the world like being at sea. And in truth, this great prairie is nothing after all but an old ocean-

bed, and almost anywhere in it, if you dig, you can find fossils of fish and shells. It stretches in a series of steppes from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of nearly a thousand miles.

The little towns we stopped at amused me immensely. They were mostly built of wood, with raised side-walks, and when a train came in, all the inhabitants in their shirt-sleeves turned out to gaze at us. The engine-driver told me it was their one excitement of the day, and principal amusement. Three more days and nights in the train, and nothing but that seemingly endless prairie, saving a few shallow lakes covered with wild-fowl. At last we arrived at our destination, Maple Creek, and heartily glad I was to find myself once more on good solid ground; and I am quite sure the cattle were just as glad as I was.

IN ANOTHER MOMENT IT HAD PLUNGED FORWARD AND FALLEN ALL OF A HEAP, SENDING ME FLYING OVER ITS HEAD.

Maple Creek consisted of one little street of wooden houses and stores on the south side of the railway line, or track, as it is called in North America. It was here I saw my first cow-boys, and very picturesque and strange they seemed to me, with great, heavy-fringed leather leggings, like trousers, called chaperegos, reaching to the waist; revolver pouches, in which were weapons with highly ornamented handles, from ebony to mother-of-pearl; buckskin shirts, covered with a mosaic wrought in silk and beads, the work of some half-breed or Indian woman; great, jangling Mexican spurs, with rowels an inch and a-half in diameter, and broad-brimmed wideawake hats, the like of which I had only seen in pictures. Some red-coated members of the North-west Mounted Police were on the platform; they were of a girth and stature that made me wonder how they managed to get horses strong enough to carry them. They wore the uniform of the British dragoon. I saw the fort, or post, gleaming white about a mile and a-half from the town.

But what interested me most of all was a glimpse of rolling hills away to the south. They were the Cypress Hills, and the first ranching country of any importance in Assiniboia. After having passed over hundreds of miles of dead level, these hills were a very refreshing sight indeed. I was glad to hear that Mr. Dunbar's ranche lay far away across them to the south-west, beyond civilisation, in a wild, uninhabited country, where one could travel for days and days right into Montana and not see a living soul, save predatory Indians or horse thieves and murderers fleeing from justice, and of whom it was as well to be very wary indeed. More than one cow-boy had gone out from Mr. Dunbar's ranche and never come back again. Indeed, even on the ranche a large supply of firearms and ammunition, and a sharp look-out was always kept, for occasionally large bands of Blood, Piegan, and renegade Sioux Indians were seen hovering about in the neighbourhood. As yet they had never attacked the ranche buildings, but they had several times wrought devastation amongst the stock, and of late there had been rumours of a general uprising amongst the tribes. This had

made the rancher somewhat anxious. I found the cow boys had come to drive the cattle to the ranche. There was also a wagon with four horses, to take out certain necessary stores, and a couple of spare saddle-horses with a pack-horse.

I was not long in finding out for whom the latter were meant.

"You'll come on with me," said the squatter; "the wagon will travel with the cattle. They won't get to the ranche for four or five days at least. If we start off now we can do twenty miles before dark and camp at Waller's, Greyburn Coullee."

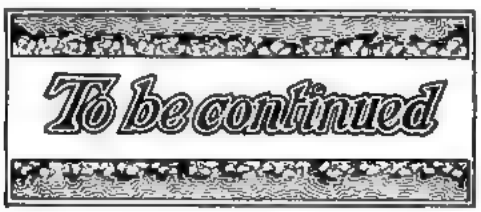
A Californian saddle with a high peak was something new to me, but I had been accustomed to horses, and was considered a good rider. When we had got some ten miles from the little town, the country began to get hilly with a vengeance. We came to deep, wooded ravines, called "coullees," dark, still lakes, high, steep hill-sides, and great plateaus called "benches."

It was in following up one of the pine-clad ravines that the first real adventure I ever had in my life occurred. Mr. Dunbar was riding on ahead along the narrow path, or trail, when *puff! ping!* and a bullet struck the cantle of the rancher's saddle and ricochetted into the opposite bank. It was a narrow shave if there ever was one. My companion coolly turned his horse and came galloping back to where I was leading the pack-horse. He got behind it, and, taking a short whip from the horn of his saddle, cracked it vigorously behind the latter.

"Now then, Derringham," he cried, "we've got to get out of this! It's the Indians, and we haven't the ghost of a show here. On with you!"

I dug my heels into the sides of my riding-horse, but before it could gather itself together and spring forward, there was another sharp *ping!* I felt the poor brute quiver beneath me; in another moment it had plunged forward and fallen all of a heap, sending me flying over its head.

John Machu



WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

Conducted by A. E. Manning Foster.

(This month I have secured an article by Mr. J. Harper Scaife, LL.B., Barrister-at-law.)

VI.—The Law as a Profession.

"The study and practice of the law" (to use the expression of the eloquent Sergeant Buzfuz) does not appeal to the imagination of boyhood like the profession of the soldier and the sailor. There is no spirit of romance or daring about it, and whoever decides to enter upon it must be prepared for the prosaic and humdrum; but then we must be prepared for these in all the stay-at-home professions.

The legal profession is divided into two branches—barristers and solicitors—and each body has its own peculiar sphere of action.

A barrister has the exclusive right of appearing in all the superior courts, whilst, generally speaking, the solicitor is limited to the county and police courts. The barrister is primarily an advocate, the solicitor is not. Indeed, the majority of solicitors do not practice advocacy at all.

The Bar offers many attractions to the ambitious youth, with visions of the woolsack. The Lord Chancellor, the Law Lords, the Judges of the High Court, and County Court Judges, are all chosen from the Bar. The leaders at the Bar make large incomes. A barrister at the top of the tree may make anything from £10,000 to £15,000 a year; but then there are very, very few at the top, and the average man is not likely to get within sight of it; yet, as in all other professions, there is always more room at the top than at the bottom. What are the chances for a young man of good average ability, and with plenty of hard work in him, to make a decent living at the Bar?

We will assume that he has had a liberal education, is clear-headed, possessed of great industry, and has in him the makings of a fair speaker; that is, one who can put what he has to say into a clear, orderly, and terse shape. Given these things, he should not think of the Bar unless he has the means of living for five years from the time of his call without being under the necessity of earning anything. By the unwritten law of the Bar, no member of it may receive a brief or instructions directly from a client, but only through the medium of a solicitor.

In considering the suitability of the Bar as a profession the question as to what influence or connections one has amongst solicitors is a most important one. But, even with the advantages of such a backing, the barrister only gets a start, and work will come slowly until he has proved his fitness and forced himself into notice as a reliable and rising junior.

If a barrister is without friends amongst solicitors, to give him a start, it is difficult for him to get a chance of appearing in court, and the best thing for him to do is to get the opportunity of doing work for other barristers who are busy and cannot be in two places at the same time. This is called "devilling," and the privilege of appearing in court and being seen and heard by the solicitors there is considered a sufficient remuneration for his labour.

The majority of men who go to the Bar have probably no intention of practising, and of those who have that intention only a small proportion succeed in making a position.

But if a man has a taste for law, is prepared for laborious days, has patience, and is blessed with abundant spirits and energy, he may do worse than adopt the Bar as a profession.

In order to become a barrister one must enter as a student at one of the Inns of Court, keep twelve terms, and pass certain examinations.

There are four such Inns: Middle Temple, Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

The Middle and Inner Temples are generally supposed to be the homes of the Common Law barrister, and Lincoln's Inn is regarded as the domain of the Chancery lawyer. As a matter of fact, a man generally joins the Inn at which he has friends, and as there is one common scheme of education and examination for all the Inns it really does not matter much, for practical purposes, which one he joins. Each Inn has a first-rate library and comfortable common rooms for its members.

The Common Law barrister is a gentleman whose principal function is to convince juries that his client's case is the best one; and a ready tongue, a persuasive manner, a knowledge of human nature, and a good temper are all important matters tending to success. The Chancery barrister is engaged either in trying to convince a

Articles on the Civil Service, Engineering, City Employment, and Agriculture have already appeared. Back numbers can be obtained from the publisher.

judge that his case is good (a very different matter to appealing to a jury), or he is what is termed an equity draughtsman and conveyancer, which means that he devotes his attention to matters connected with real property law, seldom or never going into court.

To become a student of an Inn of Court you must be proposed by two barristers, members of that particular Inn, on an "admission form," to be obtained from the under-treasurer of the Inn, and for which a sum of £1 is charged.

Then, unless you have passed a public examination at a university, or for the army, navy, or Indian civil service, or for an Eastern cadetship, a Preliminary Examination must be passed in (*a*) the English language, (*b*) the Latin language, and (*c*) English history.

This examination is of an easy character.

After admission a student must keep twelve terms (there are four in each year) by dining "in hall" six times (or, if he be a member of a university, three times) in each term. In addition he must also pass an examination in

(1) Roman Law.
(2) Constitutional Law and Legal History.
(3) Law of Contracts and Torts.
(4) Principles of Equity.
(5) Evidence, Procedure, and Criminal Law.

A student may take Roman law at one examination, and constitutional law at a second; but the other subjects must be taken together.

The examinations are not of a very difficult kind, and the Council of Legal Education provide skilled lecturers and teachers to give instruction on all these topics, for which the student pays the modest sum of £5 5s., which is included in the fees payable on joining his Inn.

The keeping of terms by eating dinners is a pleasant part of a student's life. He renews old 'varsity friendships and makes new friends. The dinners are good, if plain, and each mess of four men has a couple of bottles of light wine provided by the bounty of the Inn. The Inns, too, are not without their recreations:—There is an Inns of Court Rifle Corps (otherwise known as "The Devil's Own"); Lincoln's Inn has a school of arms and gymnasium; at the Temples tennis and bowls are played in the gardens. Oratory can be practised at the Moots in Gray's Inn Hall, and at the Hardwicke Society in the Inner Temple.

The question of cost, though not of the first importance in deciding whether to go to the Bar or not, is still a necessary one. The fees vary somewhat at the different Inns, but, in round figures, they are:—

Middle Temple,	admission and call,		£140
Inner Temple	,,	,,	£135
Lincoln's Inn	,,	,,	£134
Gray's Inn		,,	£129

To these must be added sundry fees for keeping terms and dinners, which also vary from about £3 12s. a year at the Middle Temple to £8 a year at Inner Temple. There are no examination fees to pay, and therefore the total cost of being called to Bar will not exceed £160, and may be less.

But attending lectures and classes and passing examinations do not teach a student the practical part of his business. To learn that he should go into the chambers of a barrister with plenty of practice, and for this privilege he generally pays an honorarium of one hundred guineas, which will bring his total payments up to some £260 or so. It is better to postpone going into a barrister's chambers until the examinations are passed, as the knowledge then acquired will enable a student to make much better use of his opportunities.

The prizes open to students are not very numerous, but each year two studentships of one hundred guineas a year, tenable for three years, are given to the students who pass the best examination in all the subjects. A special prize of £50 is also given to the student who passes the best examination in constitutional law and legal history.

In addition there is the "Barstow Scholarship," tenable for two years, the holder of which is entitled to one-half the income produced by £4,718 4s. 4d. consols. This prize is awarded once a year to the student who, on obtaining his certificate for call to the Bar, passes the last examination in Jurisprudence (including international law, public and private), and constitutional law and legal history.

Two of the Inns, Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, encourage their students by giving a prize of £50 to each one who obtains a certificate of honour.

Gray's Inn offers some special scholarships to its own scholars. A Bacon Scholarship of £45, a Holt Scholarship of £40 (both tenable for two years), a Lee Prize of £25 for an essay, and an Arden Scholarship of £60 a year for three years.

A copy of the "Consolidated Regulations," which govern admission, examinations, and call, may be obtained from the under-treasurer of any of the Inns, who will also give information as to the fees of his particular Inn.

The procedure to become a solicitor is entirely different from that which a future Lord Chancellor has to go through.

He who would be a solicitor must be bound as

an apprentice to a practising solicitor, under what are termed "Articles of Clerkship," and pass two examinations in law. But before he can be "articled" he must pass a Preliminary Examination in English, arithmetic, geography, and history, elementary Latin and two languages, or one language with Euclid or algebra; but, as these subjects are liable to change from time to time, it is as well for an intending candidate to write to the Secretary, Incorporated Law Society, Chancery Lane, London, for the regulations (which are always issued at least six months in advance) and for a list of the examinations which are accepted in place of it.

Some of such examinations are the Matriculation at London and Dublin Universities, the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, Responsions at Oxford, and the "previous" examination at Cambridge.

What is the cost of becoming a solicitor?

The usual premium to a solicitor of good standing is three hundred guineas; there may be a few cases in which a higher premium is asked, and there are others in which a smaller one is given, but they may be taken as exceptions to the general rule. There is, further, a stamp duty of £80 to be paid to the State on the articles of clerkship, so that the initial cost is close upon £400, and the fees for examination and admission amount to a further sum of about £38. The term to be served under articles is five years, reduced to four years for those who have passed the Matriculation at London University in the first division; and to three years for any graduate in arts or laws.

The profession of the solicitor does not offer such a brilliant career or such big prizes as the Bar. Yet, to the youth of average abilities, with no special influence in the legal world, it offers a more certain chance of making a living. If a young solicitor has not the means of starting on his own account he can become an assistant to another solicitor, and thus gain further experience whilst drawing a salary that will vary with his worth, and also with the employer.

A solicitor's business is not all law, and it has probably more variety about it than many professions. A town or city solicitor will be likely to have business men, banks, and companies, for clients; a "family" solicitor is consulted on a great many matters that have nothing to do with law, and he is the depository of more secrets than the family doctor. A country solicitor may often have a very mixed business.

When (but not before) an articled clerk has served one half of his term, he can present himself for the Intermediate Examination. For several years past this examination has been upon certain portions of "Stephen's Commentaries on the Laws of England."

The Final Examination is a much stiffer ordeal. No books are prescribed, and no course of study is laid down, but the subjects are:—

(1) The Law of Real and Personal Property, and the Practice of Conveyancing.

(2) Common Law and Bankruptcy and Practice.

(3) Probate, Divorce, Admiralty, Ecclesiastical and Criminal Law and Practice.

An articled clerk will certainly find it of advantage to begin reading steadily for this Final Examination directly he has passed the Intermediate, and he will probably find it useful to go to a "coach" for the last four or six months—indeed, it is generally to this latter personage that the articled clerk owes most of his knowledge of the principles of law.

There are several minor prizes, consisting of gold medals and books, open to candidates who pass high in the honours examination at the Final, but the only two of any pecuniary importance are the Travers-Smith Scholarship of £50 a year, tenable for three years, which is awarded after the November Final Examination, and the Scott Scholarship, worth from £50 to £60.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dens. You will require (1) three years' instruction in dental mechanics under the direction of a qualified dental surgeon; (2) At least two years' professional and hospital study. You have to pass three examinations before receiving the diploma in dental surgery.

E. W P.—You can obtain information about London County Council clerkships by applying to the Secretary, London County Council Office, Victoria Embankment, W.C. I am glad that you like THE CAPTAIN so much, and hope that you will recommend it to your friends.

E. C.—Full particulars about the Whitworth Scholarship and Exhibition can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W. The scholarships are open, in competition, to any of Her Majesty's subjects under twenty-six years of age on May 1st.

H. T.—(1) If a clerk is attached temporarily to any office his pay is made monthly for the same. (2) A clerk should be willing to take any post offered, but he can eventually select a department in the service he desires. (3) A candidate may select for himself the language he will take.

Medico.—The entrance fee at Charing Cross Hospital for medical students is £115 10s. in one sum, or £126 payable in five instalments. The course extends over a period of five years, and there are four examinations to be passed. You will find an article on your subject in next month's CAPTAIN.

W. A.—It seems to me rather a mistake for you, at the age of nineteen, to take up a totally different profession to that in which you have hitherto interested yourself. Should you, however, persist in your desire of entering the Post Office you must pass the necessary examination, full particulars of which you can get from the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

G. G.—You should try to get a nomination from one of the Masters of Trinity House for a clerkship. The limits of age are between eighteen and twenty-five, and the subjects for examination are the same as for the Second Class College of Preceptors. A firm of solicitors could get a nomination for a clerkship in the High Court of Justice for candidates between the ages of twenty and thirty. English subjects only. The candidate must certify beforehand that he has had a course of teaching for it. With reference to the post as assistant inspector of factories, a nomination must be obtained from the Home Secretary. The limits of age are from twenty-one to forty, and the subjects include writing, spelling, arithmetic, and factory law.

(Owing to exigencies of space it is only possible to reply to a limited number of correspondents in our pages. Mr. Manning Foster will, however, be pleased to answer by post any letters addressed to him, provided a stamped envelope is enclosed.)

THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

By W. W. Mayland.

I.—I Get a Big Idea of Myself.

SINCE my famous ancestor, Lemuel Gulliver (of whom, I am sure, most of you have heard and not a few read), departed this life, the Gulliver family has been a very quiet one, notable for its modesty, benevolence, and retiring disposition.

But over this seemly state of affairs has come a change, for I, William Orange Gulliver, aged twenty-eight, recently won a foot-race, and went to bed feeling that I was indeed a very great man, and superior by many yards to the poor remnant of my fellow beings.

Now in the night these fancies of my swollen brain must have been communicated physically and actually to my body, for when I awoke my head crashed through the ceiling and quite ruined the hotel in which I had put up.

There was, as you may imagine, a great commotion in the neighbourhood, and a prize-fighter who was putting up in the vicinity was sent along to quell me. But I took the famous pugilist in the palm of my hand and talked to him like a father. Certainly, he struck me with his tiny fists most furiously, but I could hardly feel his blows. Finally I hung him on my watch-chain and went to breakfast. As I found it impossible to get more than a portion of myself into the breakfast-room of the hotel in which I was staying, I was obliged to take my meal in the yard in front of the building. I need hardly add that my bill for the repast was an exceedingly heavy one.

SO I SAVED THEM FURTHER TROUBLE BY DUSTING IT MYSELF.

Walking out later on in the morning, I found them erecting scaffolding round that grand old edifice, St. Martin's Church. I was informed that they were going to clean the exterior of the church, so I saved them further trouble by dusting it myself with my handkerchief.

So gratified were the contractors because of the labour and expense I had saved them that they immediately engaged me as their foreman at a salary of £12,000 per annum. I said I would take my first month's salary in advance, and so, having pocketed a thousand golden sovereigns, I went for a brisk ten minutes' walk and found myself at Epsom. My emotions on surveying this chalky hamlet—as it appeared to me—from so great a height may well be imagined. Recollections of my last visit surged up in my mind. Then I had travelled down in a third-class compartment, hustled by low bookmakers and race-course swindlers—one of whom threatened to bash my hat in for treading on his toe, and I remembered

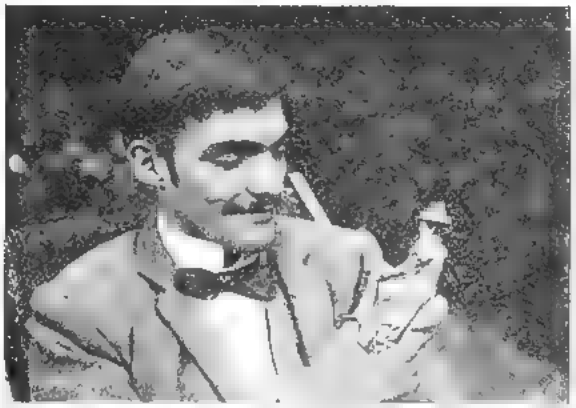
I TOOK THE FAMOUS PUGILIST IN THE PALM OF MY HAND AND TALKED TO HIM LIKE A FATHER.

IT WAS DERBY DAY, AND I HAD TO WALK VERY CAREFULLY FOR FEAR OF CRUSHING MY FELLOW-CREATURES.

with shame, how meekly I had begged his pardon. The ruffian replied with a retort to the effect that "beggin' pardon wouldn't mend a broken big toe, nohow!"

It was Derby Day, and I had to walk very carefully for fear of crushing the thousands and thousands of my fellow-creatures who were swarming on to the Downs. Later on, I suppose, I must have got on to the course, for, becoming aware of a commotion round about the region of my boots, I looked down and found that a score of mounted policemen were trying to take my legs into custody. Having brushed them off, I seated myself near the road along which I knew the coaches and carriages would pass on their way back to London. Here, then, I sat, and amused myself by tripping up the horses with my fingers, and passing the time of day with the various occupants of these equipages.

At last along came a magnificent coach-and-four. Causing it to halt when it arrived opposite me, I took stock of its occupants. The lady on the box was very fair to look upon, and so I lifted her very gently off the seat—in spite of the remonstrances and shrieks of her friends—and, putting her in my tobacco-pouch, took her home



I THEREUPON PROPOSED MARRIAGE TO HER, AND SHE ACCEPTED ME SAYING THAT SHE LIKED BIG MEN.

with me, just as a school-boy would take home a moth or some other insect that he was desirous of adding to his play-box collection. I made as if I would capture several little figures dressed in red, but they drew tiny swords and pricked me, and so I let them go again.

Sitting in the garden in the evening, I bethought me of my capture, and, drawing her forth, held her up for inspection. She was a little crushed, but she soon recovered, and seemed rather to like sitting in the chair I made for her with my thumb and forefinger. She told me that her name was the Lady Matilda Lilliput, and that the gentleman driving the coach was her father, the Duke of Deanswift. I thereupon proposed marriage to her and she accepted me (saying that she liked big men), and it was agreed that I should return her to her parents and call for her again in three weeks' time. What else happened to me during the period that I had a big idea of myself I will tell you on another occasion.

(To be continued.)

HERE I SAT AND AMUSED MYSELF BY TRIPPING UP THE HORSES WITH MY FINGERS.

THE YOUNGSTERS, WHO HAD THEIR BLOOD UP, SHOWED NO MERCY, PITCHING DOWN GLASS AND CROCKERY, AND EVEN PIECES OF FURNITURE, ON THE HEAVY CAVALRYMEN AS THEY CAME UPSTAIRS. IT WAS AN UNENGINEERED POSITION FOR THE SOLDIERS, AND THEY HAD TO RETIRE, UNDER DELIRIOUS CRIES OF JOY FROM THE UNDAUNTED BOYS. (See page 69.)

THE BAR OUT AT THE LYCÉE ST. JACQUES.

BY GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

[The author of this story was educated in France, and informs us that the following narrative is to a great extent founded on fact. "The Bar Out" also affords an excellent picture of life in a French *lycée*.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

ONE scorching day, the sun's rays beating down vertically turning the deserted streets into veritable furnaces—white and glaring—the Rev. Arthur Lee, with his son Edgar, drove from the station to the Grand Place, St. Jacques. Jerkily the coachman pulled up his jaded horse before a huge edifice—the *lycée*, chief school in a charming provincial town in the far south of France. Imposing it certainly was, but very depressing. In former years the *lycée* had been a monastery, and now looked uncommonly like a gaunt prison

Before alighting, father and son looked up at the long, high façade, pierced by many square windows. A flight of steps led up to a huge doorway. Edgar jumped out, running up the steps, and was followed by Mr. Lee, who rang a heavy bell, the deep tones of which reverberated mysteriously in the distance, as though in a deep cavern. Mr. Lee looked doubtful. He wondered whether he had done wisely to bring his young son away from a good Brighton preparatory school to launch him on the unknown world of French *lycée* life. But he was the English chaplain at a neighbouring seaport town, and wished to have his son near him. Reflections were cut short by the opening of the great doors. A surly porter bade them enter a marble-paved hall, with white alcoved walls and heavy pillars. On the wall in front of them was a glazed palm-crowned frame, marked "*Cadre d'Honneur*," now blank, but later on to be filled with weekly reports on the literary success and good conduct marks of the boys. To the right was the porter's lodge, a glass box close to the door, and there were two oak benches against the wall—that was all. Four dark passages led off into the interior of the building. The porter hurried away. Quickly returning, he conducted them down a long, white-washed corridor to the Principal's office. Monsieur le Principal was a benevolent old gentleman, who welcomed his visitors cordially.

"You will be comfortable here, and I hope work hard and do us honour, as well as please your good father," he said, turning to Edgar. "You will not feel quite alone, for we have a compatriot of yours—John Smith," an announcement which put Edgar more at his ease, and greatly softened the leave-taking with his father.

When Mr. Lee had gone—swallowed up in the blinding glare outside—Edgar was turned over to an usher. He mustered up courage to ask, in his broken French, for John Smith.

"Come this way," said the taciturn fellow, delighted at the opportunity to get rid of his awkward charge. Passing down more long white-washed passages, with rows of numbered doors on each side, they descended a cold, well-like staircase; opening a door, the usher pushed Edgar into a large room.

"Here, Smeeth, take charge of this English boy and show him round." With this brief direction in French, he departed, banging the door behind him.

Edgar found himself in a square room, with white-washed walls and a deep dado of chocolate-coloured oil-paint, lighted by well-barred windows placed near the ceiling, and furnished with benches, school desks, a raised platform for the master's table, and a blackboard. Several shock-headed, dark-eyed boys, in blue uniforms with brass buttons, slouched about and sprawled over benches. Reclining on the master's easy-chair, tilted well back and with his feet on the desk, was an unmistakably English lad of about sixteen. His ruddy cheeks, golden curly head, and blue eyes somehow did not fit in with the ugly blue-black frock coat, ornamented with red piping and brass buttons. John gave Edgar a deliberate stare, "sizing him up." Edgar, standing where the usher had left him, with a quick glance took in the cold aspect of the room and the grinning, amused looks of the French boys; then he looked at Smith, and returned that young gentleman's stare with interest. Some of the boys crowded round the new comer, bewildering him with a whole string of rapidly uttered questions. John Smith gave a condescending nod, and, removing his feet from the desk, stepped off the platform, and frankly held out his hand.

"Come, let's get out of this," said John, when they had told each other their names; and, shoving past the rest, he dragged Edgar off to the porter's glass box.

He burst open the door and slapped the porter soundly on the back, as he leant over his desk, writing.

"*Sapristi!* Behave yourself!" cried the man, jumping up, and turning very red in the face.

He was small and stout, wore his hair close cropped, and a formidable pair of pointed moustaches, and he looked most comical, dancing about, and making indignant grimaces.

"Never mind, old chap. But, look here; tell me where this new fellow has been placed!" Smith rattled off his French as though to the manner born.

"He is in Dormitory 6, Bed 19."

"Splendid! That's my dormitory, Lee, and my bed is No. 20. Come along up and see what the prison looks like."

They bounced off, unheeding the command to shut the door. Clattering over the marble floor, Smith led the way up a staircase, along intricate corridors, to Dormitory 6. It looked even more bare than the class-room. With John's help, Edgar put his traps to rights, while a regular cross-fire of questions and answers was kept up. When all was settled to their mutual satisfaction they inspected various class-rooms, the refectory, and finally the gravelled playground, surrounded on three sides by walls 9ft. or 10ft. high, and on the other by the *lycée* buildings. One end was fenced off, and that, John said, was the "kids' pen"; at the other was a set of elaborate gymnastic apparatus.

"Where are the playing fields?" demanded Edgar, glancing with ill-disguised contempt on the gravelled yard.

"Bless you, my boy, you won't get anything but this for five days out of the week! On half-holidays and Sundays they take us out in batches down some beastly dusty roads, and we have to walk in files, like a lot of big school-girls."

"Oh, but how can a fellow play cricket or football here?"

Smith leant against the wall and fairly roared, much to the amazement of Edgar. Then, pulling himself together, and making a wry face:—

"Ugh! This is a vile hole, as you'll soon find out. Why, man, these French chaps don't know what cricket or football mean; and if they did the ushers would never let them play, for fear of their hurting themselves."

"But one hears of French school football matches and athletics!"

"Yes; they are beginning that sort of thing in the Paris colleges and schools up north, but not here. No such luck."

This was a new light to Edgar, and it was with difficulty that he could be made to understand that every well-conducted French boy was supposed to be contented with his playground, where he might walk about and talk politics, have a game of marbles, leap-frog, or prisoner's base, or, failing these pastimes, amuse himself in the gymnasium. It was not a lively look-out.

"It is wretched slow," John acknowledged; "but there are a few decent fellows among these Frenchies, and one can manage to exist somehow until the holidays come round."

"What about the masters?"

"Some of the professors are a decent sort, though mostly awfully stuck-up. The ushers are cads; they're sneaks—always crawling and creeping about the place and making reports to the Principal!"

"Those are the chaps that take us out for walks?"

"Rather! They watch us in the class-rooms, keep an eye on us in the recreation ground, and see that we don't get more than our shares of sawdust bread and black coffee or slushy soup. They're regular dry nurses."

A bell rang, and John hurried Edgar off to the lavatories, where they found some fifty or sixty

EDGAR LOOKED ABOUT, RUBBED HIS HANDS, AND PUT HIS HEAD UNDER A TAP OF RUNNING WATER. OF COURSE HE WAS A GOOD DEAL STARED AT.

boys. Several of them came and clapped John on the back, shook hands with him, and chattered merrily. Edgar looked about, and, doing as others did, pulled off his coat, put his head under a tap of running water, rubbed his hands, and had a polish on a coarse towel hanging from a nail. Of course, he was a good deal stared at and pestered with questions, which he answered in outlandish French. John came to his rescue; giving cuffs right and left, he linked his arm in Edgar's and marched him into the refectory, securing a seat between himself and a friend of about their own age. To Edgar, fresh from a good English school, the meal was a poor one; thin bean soup and a hunch of coarse bread, followed by a glass of pink wine and water. However, being hungry, he ate up all that was set before him, and felt that he would have liked to imitate Oliver Twist, and ask for more; not knowing what might happen if he did, he refrained. It was well, for French school-boys are allowanced by Ministerial decree. There was a good deal of noise, the boys all talking at once; for on school reassembling a little laxity was allowed, and there was much to tell about holiday adventures. The meal over, there was a rush to the studies. Edgar now felt much less awkward than he had expected. A little chaff did not ruffle his temper.

At a quarter to nine the great bell rang again—a signal for the younger boys to retire to their dormitories. At half-past nine once more the bell pealed forth discordantly.

"Come along, Edgar; our turn now, no time to lose."

Most of the boys trooped out with them, only a few youths of seventeen and upwards remaining behind. The dormitory was lighted by a solitary tallow candle, and the boys commenced undressing with great haste. Before Edgar had half undressed an usher came in and, taking up the candle, disappeared.

At first all was quiet, but presently some of the boys began talking in whispers. Gradually the whispering became general and louder.

While they were talking the door was thrown open, and about a dozen big fellows came in with lighted candles in their hands, smoking cigarettes. With a calm, business-like air they deposited their candlesticks and advanced to the new boys' beds. Edgar and half-a-dozen more were speedily bundled out on the cold, tiled floor, their companions sitting up in bed, grinning as they watched the fun. Blankets were pulled off, and four of the stronger lads getting hold of the corners, Edgar was unceremoniously tumbled in; then a few shakes, and he was tossed high up in the air, three times in quick succession. It was not a comfortable sensation. Edgar felt as though he were going to leave his stomach and brains behind him, sticking to the ceiling, but he had the good sense to take the whole matter coolly, winning thereby the praise of his tormentors and the gallery of white-robed spectators. His turn over, Edgar scuttled back to bed. Some boys struggled to get free, and they fared badly, the big fellows using their belts unsparingly on the refractory youngsters' legs and bodies. During this "licking" there was not a word of chaff, no laughing. It was as though some important duty had to be carried out with all due formality.

"Bravo, Edgar, old chap! You behaved splendidly, though you did look queer, sprawling up in the air."

"It was nothing. I only feel a little giddy. Didn't they lick those poor beggars over there! I wonder their blubbering didn't bring somebody up."

"Oh! the servants and ushers never interfere on the first nights. The big chaps do what they like. Sometimes they do lick the youngsters awfully with their waist-belts, and then they have a way of tossing two boys together. Of course, one of them generally tumbles out and hurts himself. I've seen it lots of times."

"And were they injured?"

"Oh! pretty well. They do say they killed one boy here some years ago. They tossed up two brothers together; the youngsters clutched each other up in the air, and they fell outside the blanket; one of them breaking his neck."

"Fond of chestnuts? I've heard that story before. It's rather old, you know."

"Well, they say it's true enough, and happened here."

Edgar was roused out of a sound sleep by John pulling the clothes off his bed. He rubbed his eyes and jumped up. It was six. Getting a hasty rub down, he buttoned on his uniform frock coat and dashed after John while he buckled on his belt. They assembled in a big class-room, and Edgar was handed a pile of books and told to glance over them. All was so new and strange to him that he felt positively pleased to dip into his Latin and Greek books — the only things that seemed to wear familiar faces. At a quarter to seven the bell rang, and the boys filed out to breakfast, consisting of dry bread and a large bowl of black coffee. Then they had a few minutes in the playground, Edgar renewing acquaintance with several of John's friends. Back in the class-room, Edgar, in spite of his shyness and bad French, showed up well in the examination, and to his great delight was placed in the same class with his English comrade. Work in the class-rooms, a meagre dinner, a dull time in the playground, more school, followed by another turn in the gravelled yard, supper, and study, brought his first day to an end. In the evening he told John that he was now quite convinced that the old Lycée St. Jacques was a "beastly hole."

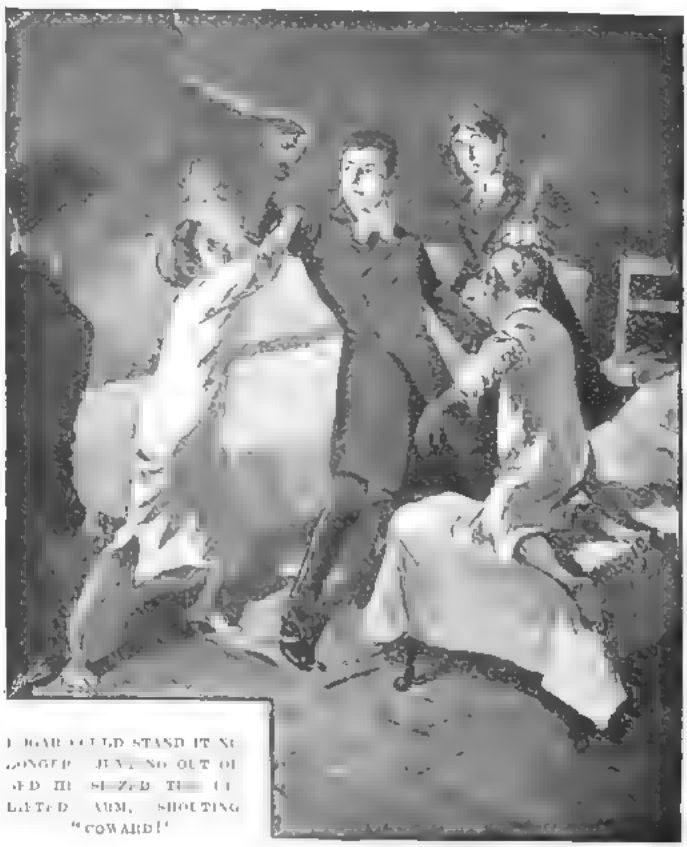
"Right you are; but we can't mend it. Only look here, don't peg away too hard or you'll leave me behind. I'd no idea you were a genius."

"I'm not a genius." He repudiated the soft impeachment with much indignation.

"Then I suppose I'm a dunce!"

Edgar was too polite to contradict his friend.

Bed-time bell was a most depressing knell to Edgar. He felt miserable when he thought of being boxed up for long months in the prison-barracks, with a crowd of mostly uncongenial companions. School life was bearable when there were active outdoor games to be enjoyed, and a boy was treated as a rational being. The continual spying supervision in the *lycée*, where every usher was an open enemy, was galling; the prospect of such a system for a whole term filled the lad with dismay. He was in a bad temper when the elder boys made their appearance at ten o'clock, proceeding to lay hold of five or six youngsters who had arrived that day.



EDGAR COULD STAND IT NO LONGER. JUMPED OUT OF BED, HE SEIZED THE CLOSEST ARM, SHOUTING "COWARD!"

A timid little fellow had been allotted a bed on Edgar's right; it was probably his first night away from home, and his half-stifled sobs had helped to upset our friend's equanimity. No warning had prepared this youngster for his ordeal, so when four of his big schoolfellows came to his bedside to haul him out, he was terrified, and from sheer fright could not obey their orders. One of his tormentors, Lebrun, a stumpy chap, scarcely seventeen, with a close-cropped bullet head and an incipient moustache, annoyed by the little fellow's blubbering, seized his arm roughly, and began beating him with a waist-belt. The small victim roared with pain, and Edgar cried out "Shame!"

"Very well, I'll come to you presently, my friend."

With those hasty words, the big bully proceeded to lay on the strap with all the greater force, disregarding the remonstrances of some of his companions.

Edgar could stand it no longer; jumping out of bed he seized the uplifted arm.

"Coward!"

His action was so unexpected that the intruders were completely taken aback. Speedily recovering, several fellows threw him on his bed, and half-a-dozen vigorous arms rained down a shower of blows. John had called out to his friend to mind his own business, but seeing how matters were going, he caught up a bolster, and rushed to Edgar's rescue.

"Boys, to your belts and bolsters, and let us beat these bullies out of our room!" he yelled.

A number answered to the call; seizing bolsters and belts they fell upon the invaders. There was soon a battle royal. The elder boys being fully dressed, armed with belts, had a decided advantage, doing considerable execution on the unprotected persons of their juniors. Bolsters and belts were pitted against belts and strong arms, but numbers prevailed, and the invaders were driven out. Beds had been stripped and overturned, chairs were thrown about, and all the crockery smashed to atoms. So tremendous was the noise, far exceeding the usual discreet scufflings of "first nights," that the ushers deemed it necessary to interfere. They appeared at a critical moment, for the juniors, flushed with victory, had emerged into the corridor. As the masters came running upstairs, the seniors took to flight; the victors made a disorderly retreat, tumbling back upon each other, leaping, helter-skelter, for their beds. Edgar, John, and a few others who had been well in the van of the fight, now found themselves in the rear of the retreat, and were so conspicuous with torn shirts and blood-stained faces, that the ushers could not overlook them. Asking no questions, they said that they would report to the Principal, and retired, locking the door.

From that day, Smith, Lee, and three of their French friends had no peace; and they used their sharp wits to annoy the chief usher, Legris, who, feeling savage at the humiliation he had often to undergo, seized every opportunity for revenge. The chief trouble was that Legris protected certain boys in the school who were known to be sneaks. They listened to private conversations among their companions and repeated everything to their masters. Shrewdly guessing that damaging reports against certain boys would be welcomed by Legris and his associates, they took good care that evidence against the "English faction" should be highly coloured. With inventive embellishment innocent chaff and larking could be magnified into grave offences. Whatever the sneaks said Legris accepted with avidity, either punishing the boys or sending them to the Principal. Of course, the sneaks were hated by their schoolfellows, who called them *mouchards* (spies) and *cafards* (black-beetles). The Principal knew the character of the pupil spies, but he thought that discipline must be maintained, and he did not see how it was going to be done without spying on the part of boys and ushers. So he listened to all exaggerated tales.

But, by some unlucky chance, the enemy betrayed themselves. Lebrun and one or two others enticed two younger boys to smuggle brandy into the *lycée*, and then had denounced them. Caught red-handed, the youngsters confessed everything. But Lebrun and his companions only acknowledged joining in the drinking bout, and then going off to fetch the ushers, who watched the whole proceedings through the door key-hole. The two small boys were sent to the lock-up, awarded every bad mark, and deprived of all privileges for that term. Every other boy in the dormitory was awarded punishment, while the sneaks got off scot free. There was a prodigious hubbub, the younger boys being in a perfect turmoil. They hooted and pelted Lebrun and the other *mouchards*, and hissed the ushers. Edgar and John led the opposition. They held a playground meeting and drew up a petition to the head master demanding that the *mouchards* be expelled and the ushers dismissed. Many of the elder boys looked on approvingly, though abstaining from active part in the proceedings. When the petition was duly signed, every boy declined the perilous honour of presenting it. John and Edgar volunteered.

"No," protested Bertrand, "it would only get you into more trouble and spoil the whole affair. The Principal would be down upon you, and say you got up all the fuss. Post it."

This was done. Meanwhile the turmoil

continued, the boys openly or sullenly opposing the ushers. They went to bed discussing the possibilities of the next day. The Principal making no sign, the boys attended school in orderly fashion, behaving exemplarily while the professors were present; but, as soon as they had gone and the ushers reappeared, Legris at their head, there was an uproar. Hooting and hissing ended in a shower of books, which drove the ushers away. The boys flocked out to the playground, where a noisy mass meeting was held. An ultimatum was drawn up, again demanding the expelling of the spies and sending adrift of the ushers, and was sent up to the Principal by a college servant, who had come out to remonstrate. In answer the school secretary appeared. "Their impudent demand was rejected. They must instantly return to the class-rooms." Shouts and hootings greeted him. Instead of obeying, the boys raided refectories and kitchens, carrying away all food they could find. With derisive cries of triumph they then rushed upstairs and took refuge in the two junior dormitories.

"We've got plenty of food, and we can stay away until our conditions are accepted."

"Bravo! No surrender! Down with the ushers! Expel the *mouchards!*"

These two dormitories were placed in a wing of the building, one on each side of a landing, and were approached by only one staircase. Most of the boys belonging to the middle forms had joined the malcontents, leaving the elder and younger pupils on the side of the properly constituted authorities. Beds and bedding were dragged out on the landing, and placed in the guise of a rampart at the stairhead. Ushers and servants followed the Principal to the scene of action. Summoning the rebels to submit, the Principal was met with cries of "Expel! Dismiss!" Irritated by this obstinacy, he ordered ushers and servants to storm the barricade. They came boldly leaping upstairs, but were greeted with a warm fire of books, crockery, and other portable articles of a hard nature. Dodging the missiles, the besiegers halted, and then hastily ran down, amidst derisive shouts from the besieged and the ill-concealed enjoyment of the neutrals (the elder and little boys), who stood in a compact mass looking on. Retiring out of sight and range, the Principal had a long consultation with his staff, while the boys adjourned to the dormitories to feast.

FILLING A BASIN, HE RUSHED TO THE WINDOW AND DASHED THE WATER ON THE ADVANCING FOES.

"At least we shall have a regular blow-out this time," said Edgar, with his mouth full. "I declare it's the first square meal I've had since I came here."

"Go slow! We may have to hold out some time, and we mustn't consume all our provisions at the first go off."

One of the stair guards came running in.

"Victory, you fellows! They are sending a flag of truce."

"Bravo!" they shouted, rushing to the landing.

A professor was coming upstairs with a white flag. He was rather popular with the boys, chiefly because he invariably treated the ushers with easy contempt.

"Come on, sir. He will expel Lebrun and kick out the ushers?"

"Not quite that. Listen to reason, *mes enfants.* The Principal offers to pardon all you mad

monkeys with the exception of Smith, Lee, and Bertrand."

"Oh! Oh!"—"Don't listen to him!"—"Go back!" they yelled frantically, and refused to let the professor speak. "Go back—go back!"

Back he went, and the attack was renewed, a determined attempt being made to reach the barricade. The besiegers defended their position with their broad belts, armed with heavy brass clasps, and also with long poles. Nasty knocks were given and taken on both sides. Ewers and basins full of water were brought and dashed down on the advancing foes, who looked like drenched rats, slipping about on the flooded marble stairs. While this fight was going on in front, an assault in the rear was being quietly organised. Suddenly one of the smallest boys raised a cry that ladders had been placed against the window-sills. A rush was made to the dormitories, about a third of the party defending the stair-head. Two ladders were seen protruding into the rooms, and, on looking out, the boys found their enemies swarming up as fast as they could.

"Basins of water, boys!" cried Edgar.

Filling a basin, he rushed to the window and dashed the water on the advancing foes. This drenching was kept up briskly, while boys from other windows pelted the assailants with anything suitable. Under such a spirited defence the attack became somewhat dangerous. The besiegers slid down the ladder much quicker than they had come up.

"Hurrah!" yelled Edgar.

Seizing the ladder and helped by John, it was sent flying to the ground, the masters and ushers scattering hurriedly to right and left, to the intense amusement of the onlookers. From that moment the windows were guarded quite as carefully as the stair-head, though no further attempt was made to use the ladders, which were left lying in the yard, just as they had fallen. Even the staircase attack had ceased; and the enemy seemed to be in full retreat at all points.

"Hurrah!"—"Bravo!"—"*Victoire à nous!*"

It was beginning to get dark. Luck seemed to be favouring the rebels. Whatever further proceedings were contemplated, the Principal and his satellites retreated to their own quarters and left the boys unmolested. Feeling that this meant mischief they formed themselves into two bands, one to rest and the other to watch.

As the morning bell clanged through the quiet house, the boys started up, rubbing their eyes. Recollecting themselves, they turned over on their beds with yawns and grunts, to have another snooze. In due course, the second bell rang, and almost immediately after the signal was repeated. Then the Principal appeared alone. Standing at the bottom of the stairs, he ordered the boys at once to their class-rooms.

"I give you ten minutes' grace, and shall expect to find you all in your class-rooms by then."

He was a sanguine man. As no terms were mentioned, every boy joined heartily in defiant cheers. They had no intention of submitting, whatever the Principal might think.

"Justice, justice! Give us justice!" they shouted, as their head master walked away, watch in hand.

No masters or servants were to be seen. The rebels wondered what would happen next, feeling sure that hostilities were about to be reopened. They had not long to wait. Twenty minutes had hardly elapsed when they heard the heavy tramping of many feet, accompanied by the clink of spurs and clanking of sabres. It was the captain of gendarmes (or military police) at the head of about half-a-dozen of his men. They looked magnificent and terrible in their light blue uniforms, cocked hats and high boots. This display of the military force disturbed most of the boys, but John, Edgar, and Bertrand received them with ringing cheers. Once more the Principal ordered the boys to come down, and go straight to their class-rooms. He was answered by a demand for the old terms. Then the captain, a handsome old soldier, with a scarred face and heavy white moustache, marched up the stairs, calling upon the boys to obey.

"Look here, sir; if you knew the rights of the whole affair you'd be on our side."

"I'm an old soldier, and accustomed to obey my chief. I thought every true boy would do the same."

"Yes, yes! But old soldiers are not *mouchards*. We won't have spies!"—"Down with the spies!" "Dismiss!"—"Expel!"

With his moustache bristling up, his eyes flashing with indignation, he attempted to remonstrate, but he was received with such hostile shouts and displays of energy that he had no alternative but to retreat and order his men to clear away the obstruction. The youngsters, who had their blood well up, showed no mercy, pelting down glass and crockery, and even pieces of furniture, on the heavy cavalry men as they came upstairs. Nasty blows were received, and the men found it impossible to reach the besieged. The big men, hardly relishing their work, dared not use extreme measures with boys, though the youngsters themselves had no scruples about dealing out hearty knocks and thumps. It was an undignified position for the captain and his men. They had to retire, under delirious cries of joy from the undaunted boys.

The suspension of hostilities which followed was delusive. As obstinate as his pupils, and having the strong arm of the law on his side, the Principal was bent on bringing the rebels to reason. He decided to play his last card. There was a delay of nearly half-an-hour. A fresh detachment of gendarmes arrived, bringing with them a number of *sapeurs pompiers*, or firemen, dressed in their waterproof uniforms and armed with long coils of hose. The besieged looked on completely puzzled. What could they be up to?

"They mean to flood us out. Quick! John, Bertrand, close the windows!"

Flying to the dormitories, the windows were closed. The firemen were getting ready, hose being fixed to hydrants. There was a deafening noise of water rushing against the house, and rattling at the windows.

"If they keep this up they'll break the glass. We must try and block them with mattresses."

This was done, but soon the force of water brought to bear was so tremendous that the glass was shivered to pieces. Mattresses were beaten down, and one or two boys knocked over by the impact of the water as they rushed forward to try and keep up the blockade. The dormitories were speedily flooded, becoming quite untenable. Cowed and alarmed, the boys huddled together on the landing, watching the water rushing out of the dormitories, and, sweeping over the landing, leaping down the stairs in a cascade. The hall and passages below were empty, though soon the captain of gendarmes and the mayor came to remonstrate, urging the boys to give in.

"Let's stick to our guns to the last."

THE WATER AT SUCH CLOSE QUARTERS CAME WITH TERRIFIC FORCE. CROUCHING ON THE GROUND THE BOYS TRIED TO ESCAPE THE DIRECT DISCHARGE. THE FLOOD BECAME STRONGER AND STRONGER; A CRY WAS RAISED. "STOP! WE SURRENDER!"

This seemed to be the general feeling, and the boys sullenly refused to obey, threatening anyone who attempted to mount the stairs. A well-aimed pillow bent the captain double; another wiped off the mayor's tall silk hat, and sent it skimming down the passage, through which the water was now pouring like a mill-race. The worthies retired, their places being at once taken by two firemen, hose in hand. A roar, half of terror, half of defiance, came from the besieged. The men, with their backs to the walls, directed their hose on the ceiling, and soon a deluge of water fell on the landing.

Desperate, the boys pelted the firemen with anything they could lay their hands upon. Basins, mattresses, furniture, poles, sticks, and belts, were hurled at them with savage force.

"Play lower, men," came the stern command from the captain of the gendarmes.

"No surrender, boys! Fight on!"

Again there was a vigorous pelting.

"Lower, men. Play on the boys!"

The water at such close quarters came with terrific force.

Crouching on the ground, the boys tried to escape the direct discharge, but many of them were badly battered. Some of the smaller chaps began to cry; the flood became stronger and stronger; they could hold out no longer. A cry was raised:—

"Stop! We surrender!

Instantly the water bombardment ceased. Slowly, and with downcast heads, the boys descended the stairs, and passed along the corridors between rows of grinning soldiers and servants.

The "bar out" was at an end.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

Stamp Portraiture.

A CLASSIFICATION of the various designs which have appeared upon the postage stamps of the world since 1840 has been undertaken by many stamp collectors.

One of the most pleasing collections I ever remember seeing was that of a friend who, by dint of a little concentration, had succeeded in accumulating almost every variety of stamps bearing portraits, classifying them according to their nationality, rank, history, etc. To those desirous of obtaining real instruction from stamp collecting I can recommend a similar course. Among the very large number of stamps bearing photographs they will find some very interesting specimens with excellent resemblances of various celebrities.

Although portrait stamps have largely increased during late years, the prevailing taste for such designs is not new. The profile of our Queen figured upon the first adhesive stamp issued (1840), and in the progress of her long reign it is no matter for wonderment that the largest number of stamps bearing the likeness of one personage is to be found in the stamps of the British Empire. Among them we have portraits of Her Majesty in almost all phases of her life. Our centre illustration gives some examples. The chaste design of the early British stamps represents Her Majesty at the commencement of her reign, the portrait being adopted from the medal struck to commemorate the Queen's visit to the City in 1837. This portrait has been the pattern for various colonial issues, as in the cases of the

½c. Canada and 12c. Newfoundland stamps, both included in the illustration; but, curiously enough, and owing to the precautions taken to avoid forgery, the design has never been exactly reproduced on any other stamps but the first 1d. and 2d. of Great Britain; the likeness for use in other countries usually being drawn afresh, or adopted from some well-known portrait of the Queen. The early Natal, Queensland, New Zealand, and other stamps, are notable instances.

The lamentable demise of the Prince Consort

Google

in 1861 is in constant remembrance by the portrait of Her Majesty adopted for the 3c. Newfoundland stamps of 1868; a still more striking likeness of the widowed sovereign appears on the current 20c. Canadian, and the 1c. Newfoundland stamps; the former considered to be one of the finest examples of stamp portraiture it is possible to obtain. All are included in the illustration.

Passing from the Queen, we have other members of the Royal Family figuring on postage stamps. The Prince Consort has appeared on two varieties only. One, an essay for the first 1d. stamp of Great Britain, and the other the early 6d. and 10c. stamps of Canada; although this portrait is generally attributed to the Governor-General of the colony at the date of issue (1851), Lord Elgin.

The charming portrait of the Highland lad on the 17c. stamp of New Brunswick, illustrated, is that of the Prince of Wales; an older portrait appears on the 10c. value of the 1866 issue; and a present-day likeness on the current 2c. stamp of the same colony. The Princess of Wales figures on the 3c. value, the Duke of York on the 5c., and Prince Edward of York on the ½c. of the same. Other portraits are to follow.

Of foreign rulers we have some noteworthy portraits. The Powers of Europe are almost, but not quite, complete in stamp portraiture. Strangely enough, two leading monarchs—the Emperors of Germany and Russia—have never figured on the stamps of their Empires; but of others we have: Italy, a pleasing likeness of King Humbert; Holland, Queen Wilhelmina, past and present; the 1 gulden stamp of

the current type having been supposedly withdrawn on account of the likeness not pleasing Her Majesty; Spain, with her baby King of 1889, now portrayed as the Boy King of 1899; Austria, a poor portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph; Portugal, an equally poor representation of Don Carlos; Norway and Sweden, King Oscar II., etc.

The stamps of the United States of America form a splendid field for portrait hunting. Nearly every variety from the commencement contains the portrait of some President or celebrity. Thus, on the present issue, we have: 1c., Franklin; 2c., Washington; 3c., Jackson; 4c., Lincoln; 5c., Grant; 6c., Garfield; 8c., Sherman; 10c., Webster; 15c., Clay; 50c., Jefferson; $1, Perry; $2, Madison; and $5, Marshall—a most interesting group of famous New England Presidents; their histories are worth studying.

It will be evident to the reader that I might continue my remarks and descriptions, going over the various South American States, with their large number of postal labels and portraits, as well as many other countries, bearing excellent likenesses of notable people; also giving instances of ephemeral portraits and their history. But, space forbidding, I must leave the amateur to work out those not enumerated for himself. The task will prove anything but an unpleasant one.

Those desiring to commence a collection of portraits will do well to provide a special book with blank pages, on which the varieties may be placed, with descriptions underneath. An excellent start can be made with the portrait set of Newfoundland, which can be obtained from dealers at a small sum over face value, if unused.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

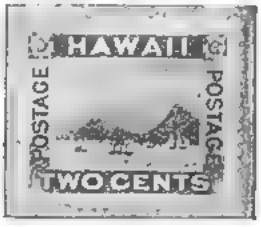
British Guiana.—The accompanying illustration shows one of the recent surcharges, three in number, which have been made on the Jubilee type. The 5c., 10c., and 15c. values have all been surcharged "TWO CENTS," as shown.

Barbados.—The stamps of this island have always possessed special attractions. The large Jubilee issue is especially pretty, and contains a ½d. value, an uncommon denomination in British Colonial stamps. I am informed that this set of stamps is to be retired from use, the plate having been destroyed. To the small type series a new value (2d.) has been added, and the 10d. and 2s. 6d. values of the same type have been withdrawn from use.—2d., slate and orange.

Gold Coast.—The 2½d. and 2s. values of the type illustrated, although catalogued, have only just been issued, owing to there being stocks of the old type to use up. I fancy the 2½d. value will have but a short life, as the Imperial Postage rate is now but 1d.—2½d., lilac and blue; 2s., green and carmine.

Ecuador.—This Republic has provided three pretty stamps for collectors to add to their album, each bearing a portrait. The 1c. represents Vargas Torres, a young Liberal, killed at the battle of Cuença, in 1887; the 2c., Abdon Calderon, the hero of the battle of Pichincha; 5c., Juan Montalvo, a Liberal journalist. 1c., blue and black.—2c., lilac and black; 5c., red and black.

Hawaii.—The four low values of the current picturesque set have been changed in colour. The 1c., formerly orange, is now green; the 2c. has been clothed in pink instead of brown; the 5c., once carmine, is now blue; and the 10c. has appeared in brown, replacing green. It is not unlikely that an entirely new set of stamps may soon be supplied to this country, now annexed to the United States of America.



Luxemburg.—The stamps of the Grand Duchy are numerous, especially the "official" surcharges. The latter have just been added to, a new method having been adopted for denoting the official stamps. The word "officiel," hitherto applied in black type is now *perforated* up the stamp diagonally. All values from 1c. to 5frs. have been so issued.

Newfoundland.—I hope to print an illustration of the new 5 cents. stamp, which bears a striking portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of York. Other portraits are to be added. When complete, the "portrait" stamps of Newfoundland will be a set well worth investing in.—5c., blue.

Porto Rico.—A new value has been added to the provisional stamps described in my last list of new issues. The U.S.A. 8c. purple stamp

has been surcharged "Porto Rico" diagonally. Collectors would do well to get this stamp.

Mauritius.—The 36c. Jubilee stamp, of which a large number remain on hand, has been provisionally surcharged "15 CENTS." Likewise bear in mind that the 18 cents. value of the small "Arms" type has also been surcharged "6 CENTS," in red. 6c., in red, on 18c., green and blue; 15c., in blue, on 36c., orange, brown, and blue.

Queensland.—For some time past this country has been making various alterations in her postage stamps, both as to design and perforation. The 2½d. value has just been issued with figures of value in all four corners, and printed, like our current 2½d. adhesive, in purple on blue paper. Given the extension of Imperial Penny Postage to the Australian Colonies, and away will go a host of stamps which at present may be obtained cheaply. The hint is worth taking!

San Marino.—This is the smallest Republic in Europe, but it has a long and increasing list of new issues. I recently described two new stamps issued for internal use, and now I have received the three low values, printed in new colours, conforming to the regulations of the Postal Union.—5c., green; 10c., carmine; 25c., blue.

Note.—The Editor will be glad to receive from correspondents, at home or abroad, news of new issues, for description in these pages.

Due acknowledgment will be given, and whenever possible the information should be accompanied by a specimen or specimens of the stamps referred to, which will be returned.

The stamps for illustration and description in above list have been kindly lent by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.

REVIEW.

The Editor will be pleased to review publications of interest to stamp collectors generally. All books or magazines should be addressed to the Stamp Editor of THE CAPTAIN, *12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.*

STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE STAMPS AND POSTMARKS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.*

This is a catalogue of the stamps of Great Britain only which the serious collector can ill afford to do without. The author and publisher, Mr. H. L'Estrange Ewen, has made the stamps of our own country his especial study for some years past. The catalogue, which fills some two hundred or more pages, deals with the various issues and varieties of the same from the 1d. black of 1840 down to the present day. Postage, telegraph, fiscal and newspaper stamps are all detailed, with much useful information, each variety being priced, unused and used. Collectors of British plate numbers will find the book invaluable.

OUR MONTHLY PACKET OF NEW ISSUES.

The October packet contains seventeen varieties, all unused, including the following: Newfoundland, 5c., portrait of Duke of York; Queensland, new 2½d.; purple on blue; Mauritius, provisional 6c. on 18c.; San Marino, 5c. and 10c. in new colours; Nepaul, ½ anna (a scarce stamp, issued for use in the Maharajah's camp only); Eritrea, new issue 1c. and 2c.; Uruguay, new 5mils.; Paraguay, provisional 10c. on 15c.; Guatemala, two recent provisionals; Cuba, new designs (these will be illustrated next month) 1c., 2c., and 3c.; Brazil, newspaper stamps surcharged for postage use, 20r. on 10 reis and 50r. on 20 reis. The packet is prepared specially for readers of THE CAPTAIN, and can only be obtained from the office. The price is 2s. 6d. (postage 1d.), which should be remitted by postal order.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tom E. E.—The stamps of Brunei are bogus.

W. S. Simpson.—From the description you give the stamp is a local, its value very small. We must always see specimens to pass an opinion.

F. Prout.—Of the albums you name, we consider the Excelsior most suitable for your purpose. Obtain a good microscope with which you will be able to distinguish the plate numbers. Cost 2s. 6d.

H. Waters.—A foreign postmark does not, in our opinion, alter the nationality of a stamp. Unless the surcharge is a type-set one of official issue the specimen remains British.

Specialite.—A good book for holding a special collection of a single country is the "Philatelic Collecting Book," price 2s. 6d. each. The publisher (F. R. Ginn, 143, Strand) will send you particulars. Mention THE CAPTAIN.

Beginner.—With a start of £5 (your uncle is generous, indeed!) you should get some fine stamps. Write to Messrs. Alfred Smith & Son, mentioning THE CAPTAIN, for particulars of their Rowland Hill "Packet Collection." A descriptive booklet will be sent you free from 37, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

A. Spencer.—We have marked and returned your stamps per post.

Exchange.—Why not join an exchange club? There are several. Try the Suburban Stamp Exchange. Secretary, H. A. Slade, "Ingleside," St. Albans.

* "Standard Catalogue of Stamps and Postmarks of the United Kingdom." Sixth Edition. Price 2s. 6d. H. L'Estrange Ewen, Norwood.

Up the Steeple.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

Illustrated by T. W. Holmes.

LEARN different lessons in different ways. Dick and I were not particularly pleased when we heard Tom Grantington was coming to spend his holidays with us at Scatwick. Father had known his father, who had lately died, and had gone to the funeral, and then left the invitation behind without consulting us. Of course, we were awfully sorry for the poor chap, and all that sort of thing, and promised to give him as good a time as we could, but it seemed likely to be a bore, having him with us wherever we went for a month or more.

We all three met Grantington, and drove him home, and a pretty fool he made of himself in our opinion before we were a mile from the station. Dick was explaining with an effort that our roads, as he might perceive, were stiff for cycling, when Grantington fixed his eyes on his own knees, trembled so that he quite shook me (I was by him, you know), and then yelled out: "*Please* to stop, Mr. Lewis!"

Father pulled up at once, but before he had got the gee to a standstill, Tom Grantington had taken a flying leap out on to the road. He gave my nose a nasty knock on the way; in fact, it began to bleed. And there he stood, as pale as an egg, shaking and staring about him. When we asked what was the matter—

"It was a spider!" he whispered, though not in any hurry.

Dick put his foot on poor Mr. Longlegs, who happened to have stayed in the cart, and the laugh was much against Tom Grantington. I didn't laugh, though; no fellow cares to have a crack on the nose even by accident, and I thought to myself that the chap must be something very like a coward to get in such a white funk over a simple spider. The fact that he said so himself, with a forced laugh of his own, didn't make me alter my views. I must say, though, that he was sorry enough about my nose.

At dinner that evening he said a queer thing. Father was chaffing him about the spider, and he replied that it wasn't his proper self, but his other self, that made such a fuss.

"I felt frightfully ashamed of myself all the time, but that other self part of me got the best of it, as it mostly does. It makes me so mad," he said.

To father this was very interesting, but Dick and I, not being great at small talk, agreed that it was a roundabout form of rot. We paid more attention to our victuals than to Tom Grantington's yarns about his emotions, until he mentioned swimming.

"Sometimes, when I'm swimming," he said, "and a rather long way out at sea, I have to fight my other self for all I'm worth to keep from drowning. It tries to frighten me, you know, about cramp and the yards and yards of water to the bottom, and I have to

turn on my back and float a bit to recover pluck."

"That's jolly queer. I never feel like that," said Dick.

"I wish I didn't," said Tom Grantington.

Then father chipped in with a remark about the difference between an Arab steed and a cart-horse, which seemed rather rough on Dick, who grinned, but didn't like it.

That was, I reckon, why Dick and I didn't take to Tom Grantington for the first two days. We ratted, and cycled, and boated, and went a-swimming together, but though Grantington was all right, *we* didn't get any for'arder with him. He'd never gone ratting before, for one thing, and though he liked the fun until Gip (our terrier) landed, he turned sick at the first squeak. He tried not to show it, but no girl could have knocked up more plainly. As for the swimming, we were both awfully eager to see him have one of his funk-fits, as Dick called them. But he could go out such a distance that we hadn't a chance of working him up for one, and he beat his other self for once, he said, in a pitch-battle.

But on the second evening we were horribly rough on Grantington, so that I hate to think of it, though, as it led up to our becoming the good chums for life we now are, I don't suppose it matters much really.

We were on the cliffs by Calloway's Wall, where they go down as straight as the sides of an isosceles triangle, and Dick said to Grantington:—

"I suppose that other self gentleman in you would stop you from going down there?"

Tom looked over and shuddered.

"I couldn't do it," he said.

"Wouldn't you if I slipped down and broke my leg?" asked Dick.

"I don't believe I could even then," said Grantington, as gravely as if he were doing Greek Test.

"Then I think you *must* be a coward. All that gammon about your other self isn't good enough," said Dick.

"You really think that?" asked Tom, gazing and staring at Dick as if he were a bogey.

"I do—fact," said Dick.

"If *I* thought so I don't believe I'd go on living," said Tom, in a whisper.

"Not you," said Dick, who is not a chap to do things by halves. "Your other self would jolly soon stop any of your games about taking your own life. I call it a rattling convenient idea of yours."

Then Tom gave Dick such a look, and left us, and we didn't call him back, but sprawled about Calloway's Wall until supper time. Our consciences pricked us a bit when Tom came to us by the churchyard just as we were going in, and said, "I want to say something."

"THEN I THINK YOU *must* BE A COWARD. ALL THAT GAMMON ABOUT YOUR OTHER SELF ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH."

Dick began to say he didn't mean to hurt Tom's feelings, when Tom cut him short.

"That's all right," he said; "but I want to do it. It's the steeple. I've been studying it. Will you think better of me if I go up it and—and tie my handkerchief round the cock's tail at the top?"

He looked frightfully desperate, but we couldn't help laughing.

"I expect your other self will say 'No thanks!' to that," said Dick.

"Then I'll do it to-morrow, before they come to work," said Tom; "and if you are at your window at six o'clock you can see me at it."

"Dear me! What a lot of gas there is about!" exclaimed Dick in his nastiest way; and then we all went in to supper. Father wasn't in a very observant humour, or he would have noticed that we were rather at sixes and sevens.

II

It behoves me to say a few words about our famous steeple. Father declares there's only

one other in our part of the country as high and slim, and I expect he knows. It goes up like a needle with a thickish base, and the old cock on the top is three hundred feet above the graves where the forefathers of our hamlet sleep. Being so tall and slender, it is bound to shake in a wind more than most others, and just before Tom Grantington came to us the whole thing had been pronounced unsafe—we'd had such a lot of storms that winter. In fact, the steeplejacks were at work on it; they were staying at the "Biddon Arms," and had got their ladders run right up to the cock, though they hadn't actually commenced operations, as the saying is.

This, then, was the little enterprise Tom Grantington had let himself in for.

"Solemn serious?" Dick said to him at "good-night" time; and he replied: "As 'solemn serious' as I can make it."

Dick and I chatted a good deal about the business before we fell asleep, and I must say I didn't like to think of it at all, especially when that south-west wind began to rumble in the chimney, and we could hear the churchyard elms tossing their branches about. Our south-westerns are simply terrific at times, and the steeple was bound to be swaying this way and that, like a walking stick balanced on a fellow's hand.

"Anyhow," I said, before departing into the Land of Nod, "I'm going to wake early and see if I can't stop him." And Dick's last words only made me the keener. "You needn't trouble, old chap; his blessed other self will do that right enough."

When I woke the sun was shining, and, my goodness, there *was* a breeze on! It was past six o'clock, too. I didn't stir up Dick till I'd got some clothes on, and had a look into Grantington's room. But when I found he'd cleared out I made jolly quick, after taking one look at the spire from the landing window. There wasn't anything on the cock then, and I could see that it was pretty wild.

It didn't strike me that Tom would really do it in such a wind, but I felt he'd try; and I felt sort of nervous, for fear he should slip or something, not being at all sure that we hadn't hurt his feelings a great deal more than we had meant to.

"Tommy rot!" growled Dick, when I invited him to dress also. "He'll not face it."

That was how I came to go out alone about five minutes afterwards.

"Mr. Grantington's been gone through the churchyard fifteen minutes or thereabouts," said Jacob, our gardener, when I questioned him. "Reckon he's gone for a bathe."

"Bathe be hanged!" said I, and ran also through the churchyard to get a squint up the steeple on the north side, where the ladders were, and there, sure enough, was Tom, seeming no bigger than a fly, about half way up, and no soul but myself to watch him. I'm not tara-diddling when I say the spire bent like a bulrush high up, but he was protected from the wind so far.

I yelled out to him to come down, but I don't suppose my voice carried even up to the belfry; and then I just stared and began to feel the "creeps" coming all over me, if you know what I mean. I could just make out a bit of white stuff in his teeth, and I knew he would die before he and that pocket-handkerchief came down together. I remember I thought what beasts Dick and I were, and then I bolted for the belfry door, which Tom had left unlocked (he'd taken the key from the hall) and just scuttled up the old stone steps as hard as I could go.

There was ghostly music in the belfry when I got there; it was the wind, you know, through the shutters, and precious dismal it sounded. But I didn't think of that. I got out on to the leads, lost my cap (the wind) and took to the first of the ladders.

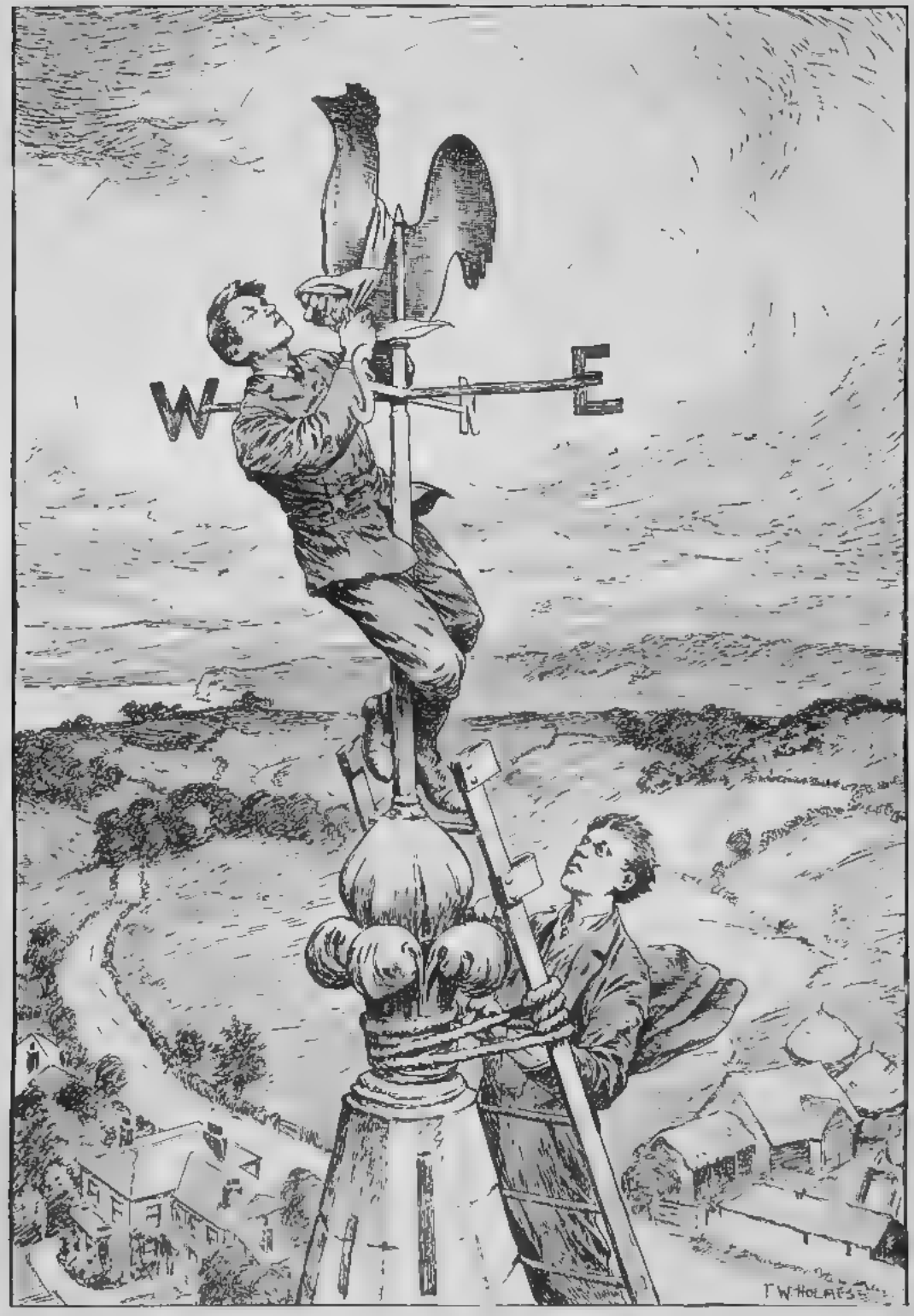
I just set my teeth for the job now, for I was determined to be as obstinate as Tom himself. There was a horrid draught *round* the spire, which, early on, tried to tear me off the ladders, but I stuck to it, and didn't feel much amiss till I happened to look down. *Then* I found out that I hadn't nearly as much nerve as I thought. I had to stop and shut my eyes a bit.

After that I didn't once look down, until afterwards.

It seemed about an hour before I came near the top part of the spire, and I fancied several times that I had heard voices shouting from below. The wind up here was like mad, if you know what I mean. I hadn't buttoned my coat, and it played Old Harry with me; but I stuck on, and began to shout on my own—"Tom! Stop it! Come down," and that sort of thing.

I dared not look up or down now, I was in such a shivering funk; and so you may guess what I felt like when, all in a moment, I touched Tom's heels, and understood that this howling, breathless, tottering spot of next-to-nothingness (if you can understand me) was the spire weathercock, and that Tom had actually got his legs crossed round the thick iron rod which supported that long-tailed bird of brass, and was at work with the handkerchief.

Then I saw Tom's face. His eyes were shut, his lips were blue, and he looked just terrible. He was tying it on *by feel*.



I DARED NOT LOOK UP OR DOWN NOW, I WAS IN SUCH A SHIVERING FUNK. THEN I SAW TOM'S FACE. HIS EYES WERE SHUT, HIS LIPS WERE BLUE, AND HE LOOKED JUST TERRIBLE.

"Tom!" I cried, and he stared at me in the most awful manner imaginable, while we both swayed backwards and forwards. I went up one rung more, and for the first time got the full blast of the wind in my face. Oh, my goodness! it makes me ill to think of it all! There's not the least doubt what happened, though Tom never has told—and I expect never will—the true tale of it. I lost my head and shrieked for fear—that I do know.

I just remember being clutched at the collar when my fingers were letting go all, and I can hear Tom whispering as distinctly as possible: "Stanfield, do hold on, or I shall have to loose you, and then we must both fall!" and that's all I do remember until those steeplejacks came to the rescue, with brandy and ropes. I expect Tom's words made me do it all right, even after I'd lost my senses.

When I got round I found I was fairly tied fast.

"Now then, you must make a move, my lad," someone said to me—his head was level with my shoulder, and he was holding my head up. "This top ladder won't stand this 'ere strain much longer, and the wind——"

"Where's Tom?" I exclaimed faintly.

I looked up; and there he was, still hitched on to that vane rod, with his head bent in a queer manner.

"You'll be the death of us all if you don't make an effort. I'm going to untie you, and—come now, Master Lewis——"

I let him do it, and said I'd try my hardest not to play the fool again, and very soon we were descending slowly. I'm bound to say I did a good deal of it by mere feel, my head was that sick, not a word could I say until we were safe on the leads and the other "jack" sprang past me and went hand over hand up again like a monkey.

"*You're* all right," said my rescuer, when I looked about and saw Dick, my father, and two or three more, with awful expressions on their faces. "It's only to be hoped the other one will give less trouble."

It seemed as if those other two would never come, and I didn't think the least bit about breakfast, nor did Dick, so he said.

We waited and waited, and the frightful wind tried to sweep us off the battlements.

Suddenly a black thing whisked down a number of yards away.

THE ONE "JACK" HELPING TOM'S FEET ON THE LADDER STEPS AND THE OTHER HOLDING HIM UP WITH A ROPE SLUNG TO HIS WAIST.

"Look!" screamed Dick; and I thought I was going off again, when Dick pulled me back with a hollow sort of laugh and the words, "It's only a coat!" It was Tom's coat too, for we saw the Widow Bodham lift it off her pig-sty, where it had dropped, and stretch it out as if to see what sort of a shape it had. It was a Norfolk jacket, you know.

But that other steeplejack couldn't hold himself in any longer.

"The Lord grant something bad's not up!" he said; "and I must make sure too!"

We watched his heels until they were out of sight above the sham windows in the spire.

I could have died, I really could, I believe, for thinking of that horrible perch up there, and Tom swaying on it like a sparrow on the top of a poplar. But I only trembled instead. We none of us had anything to say until, after an awful time, the ladders began to creak and the second steeplejack's legs hove in sight.

"We're coming!" he shouted down to us, and father straightway exclaimed a short prayer of thanksgiving, as you might say.

And come they did, sure enough; the one "jack" helping Tom's feet on the ladder steps and the other holding him up at the other end

with a rope slung to his waist and Tom's, and I'd swear you never saw anything to equal the faces of those three chaps when the lowest one had got to the leads and lifted Tom off the ladder, and the other "jack" also had dropped to *terra firma*, as a poet might call it.

Grantington was without his coat, and I should think no corpse was in it with him for complexion.

"Sir," cried the topmost of the two steeplejacks, skimming the sweat from his forehead, "another such job in a lifetime would be too much for any man. I had to *pull* him off that—that object; he'd gone dotty. What that meant in half a gale up there you may guess. Lucky for all sakes I'd got a rope round me, but as it was, it was a deathly near thing. He ketched on the point of the last ladder, and it skinned his coat off him that quick I'd only just time to get an arm round him and hold tight and take the risk. If my mate hadn't come when he did, the two of us 'ud be lying among them daisies and tombstones down there—certain sure!"

Father put brandy into Tom's mouth while the chap told us this. It seemed to do him a heap of good all at once, for he looked up when the "jack" stopped, and whispered at Dick, with a faint, far-away grin, if you understand me:—

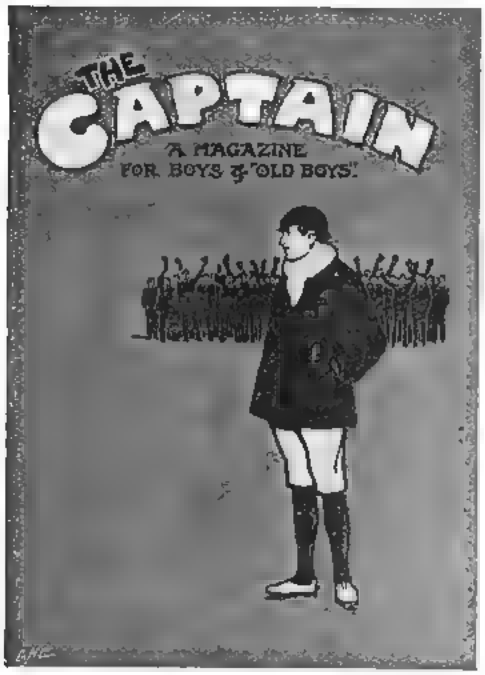
"It's all right, though. I tied it on."

The steeplejack heaved his shoulders, while still mopping at his face.

"He means his handkerchief, I reckon, sir," he said. "It's blowing to ribbons round the cock's neck. Only to think o' risking precious lives for the likes o' that lark!"

Then Tom whispered more plainly, with a much more commonplace grin:—

"It was my other self that did it all."



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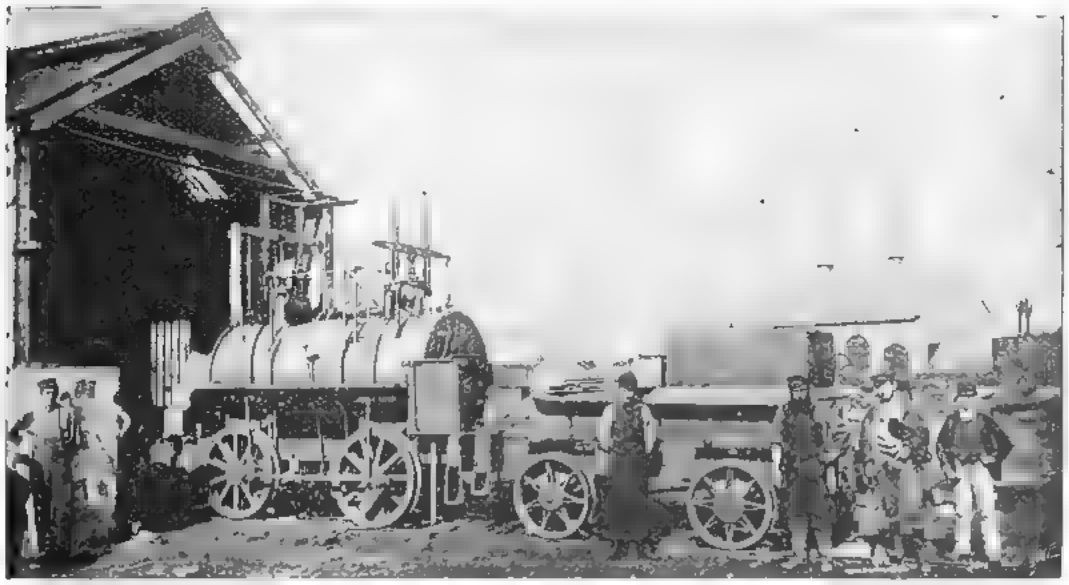
NOTABLE LOCOMOTIVES PAST AND PRESENT

By J. A. Kay.

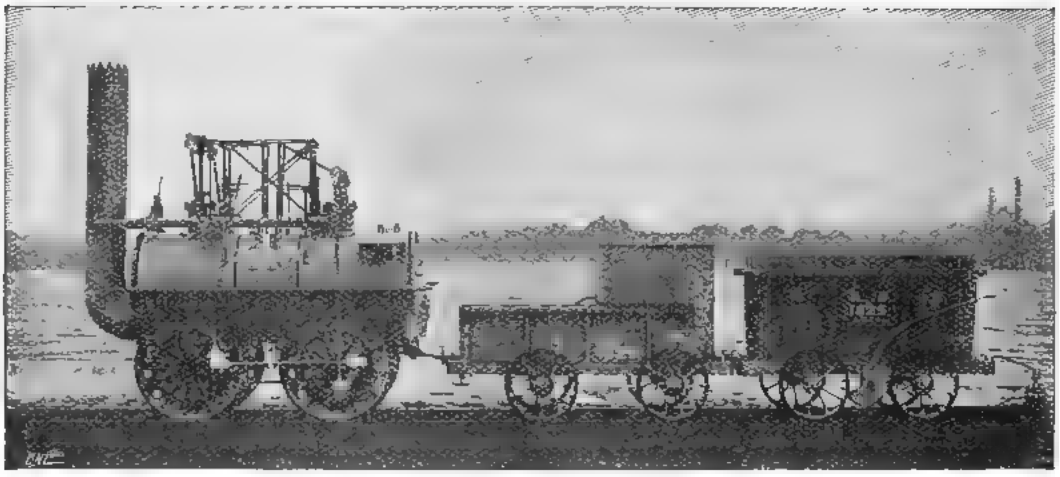
The Photographs by F. Moore.

It is no exaggeration to say that the average reader knows very little indeed about even the most famous engines that worked on our iron roads soon after they came to be generally used as a means of transit from one part of the country to another. In a recent number of The Captain there appeared an interesting article, by Mr. Walter Dexter, telling all about the very beginnings of the railway, but in the interval between the building of the old locomotives there dealt with, and our modern expresses, some very notable locomotives have been constructed for work on different English railways. This article will tell you something about these celebrated veterans of the iron road.

To begin with, however, I will briefly refer to two very ancient railway engines which were kept



ONE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON'S VERY FIRST RAILWAY ENGINES.
This photograph was taken some years after she ceased working main line trains



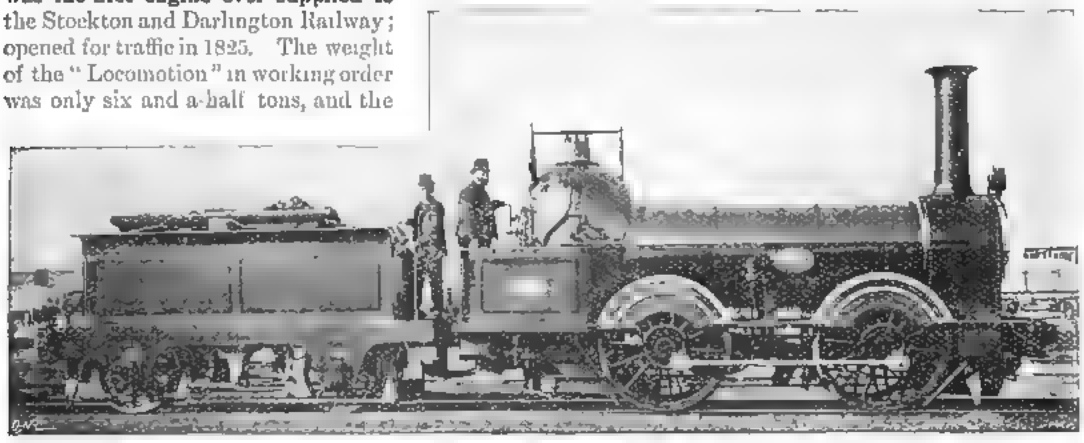
THIS ENGINE DREW THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY IN 1825, AND IS NOW PRESERVED ON A PEDESTAL IN DARLINGTON STATION.

From a special photograph supplied by Mr. Wilson Worsdell, locomotive superintendent of the North-Eastern Railway.

regularly at work for a remarkably long time. One of these, the "Blucher," was the first effort of Stephenson, and the accompanying photograph gives one a good idea of her general appearance. The "Blucher" was first tried on a small colliery tramway, known as the Killingworth Railway, on July 25th, 1814. This curious old engine was not altogether a success, and its best piece of work on record was the hauling of some loaded coal wagons, weighing altogether only thirty tons, up an incline of 1ft. in 450ft. at four miles an hour. For many years, however, the "Blucher" continued to work at shunting wagons at different collieries in the North of England.

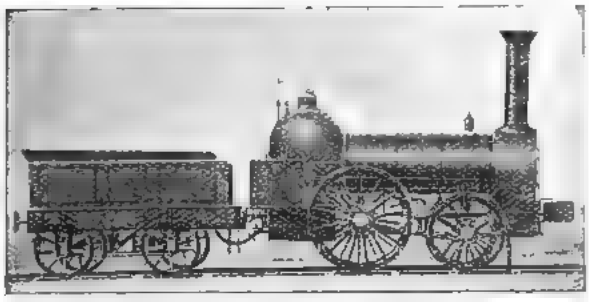
The "Locomotion," designed by Mr. Timothy Hackworth, and built by R. Stephenson & Co., was the first engine ever supplied to the Stockton and Darlington Railway; opened for traffic in 1825. The weight of the "Locomotion" in working order was only six and a-half tons, and the small wooden tender could only carry three-quarters of a ton of coals at a time. The railway pioneers, however, thought the "Locomotion" to be a very wonderful piece of mechanism, and were quite jubilant when, in September, 1835, "she engaged in a race with the mail coach for a distance of four miles and beat the horses by one hundred yards!"

The "Locomotion" has a very interesting history. On June 4th, 1846, she took a prominent part in the opening of the Middlesbrough and Redcar Railway, and once more distinguished herself by performing what was considered the marvellous feat of hauling one passenger carriage and two trucks for eight miles in only thirty-five minutes! In 1850 the "Locomotion" ceased



THE OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE NOW AT WORK.

She was built at Liverpool over fifty years ago, and is still running on the Furness Railway.



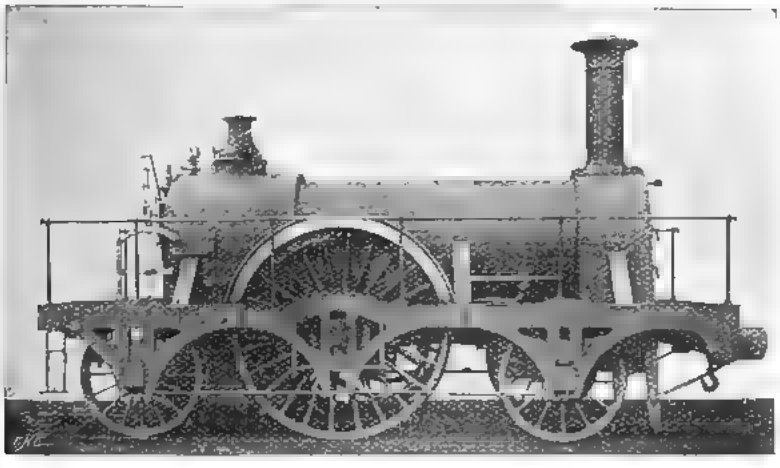
THIS REPRESENTS THE CLASS OF LOCOMOTIVES THAT WERE USED ON THE OLD LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

working on the Stockton and Darlington line, and for seven years was ignominiously used as a shunting engine at some Durham collieries. But brighter days were before her, and she was bought back from the colliery company and mounted on a pedestal at North Road Station, Darlington. This veteran railway engine was in steam and working at the jubilee of the first English railway, held in 1875, and has since been on view at various exhibitions, including the one at Philadelphia, in 1876, and the Stephenson centenary in 1881. She was also shown in Liverpool in 1886, and at the famous Paris Exhibition held two years later Now, however, she is safely back at Darlington once more—mounted on a pedestal at Bank Top.

The early locomotive builders went in for very elaborate names, and engines christened with such ones as "Comet," "Phœnix," "Samson," "Goliath," "Vulcan," "Atlas," etc., were to be found on almost every line. This, as various locomotive historians have pointed out, has led to a great deal of confusion in people's minds as to the line on which certain old locomotives really worked.

When the London and Birmingham Railway was first opened most of the curious old trains were worked by engines very similar to the one shown in an accompanying illustration. This was when the iron road was in bibs and tuckers, so to speak, and they were very tiny engines, and certainly not much to look at; but looks oftentimes don't count for much, and as regards the work they performed, these engines can only be described as marvellous. They were built by the firm of Bury, Curtis, Kennedy & Co., and though they have ceased to exist as locomotive builders for nearly half a century, the fame of some of their engines is spoken of even at the present time—some of them being still at work on the Furness Railway. One of these, nicknamed "Old Coppernob," is the oldest engine now *at work* in the kingdom, being built at Liverpool in 1845-6. Any of my readers who may visit Barrow-in-Furness should make a point of seeing this engine, as her life is drawing to a close; and even now she does not work any regular trains, but spends the evening of her days shunting round and about the Ramsden Docks.

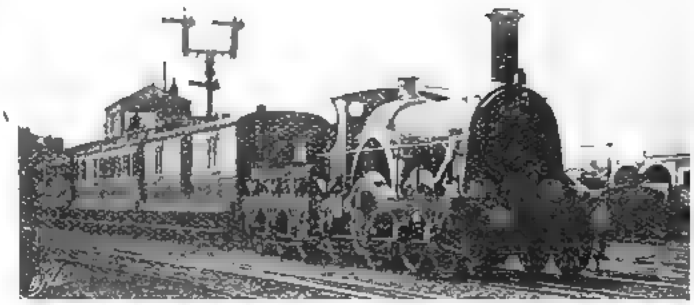
George Stephenson was always very ready to make a sporting offer, and most readers have heard of his famous reply to a question asked in a Parliamentary Committee as to what would happen to a cow if she were so unwise as to attempt to interfere with the progress of one of his railway engines. On one occasion a point was raised as to whether another maker's engines were superior to those made by Mr. Stephenson, and he replied: "Very well; I have no objection, but put them to this fair test: Hang one of So-and-so's engines on to one of mine, back to back; then let them go at it, and whichever walks away with the other, that's the engine."



THE FIRST ENGINE THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY EVER POSSESSED. SHE IS STILL PRESERVED AT SWINDON WORKS.

Mr. Richard Trevithick, the son of the inventor of the locomotive, followed in his father's footsteps as regards locomotive engineering, and some of the engines of his designing are still at work; though, of course, in a more or less altered form than that in which they were first built. None of these are so well known, however, as the "Cornwall," which was constructed at the height of the "Battle

of the Gauges," to champion the beliefs of the partisans of the narrow (4ft. 8½ins.) as against Brunel's broad (7ft.) gauge system on the Great Western Railway. Next to "Old Coppernob," on the Furness line, the "Cornwall" is the oldest working locomotive in Britain, and, from an engineering point of view, it is a far more interesting engine than the former. It was sent to the great exhibition of 1851, and its 8ft. 6in. driving wheels are now the largest in the country. These were thought so enormous fifty years ago that, as originally built, the boiler was "slung" under the driving axles; but, as this system proved unsatisfactory in many ways, the engine was soon afterwards rebuilt in its present form.

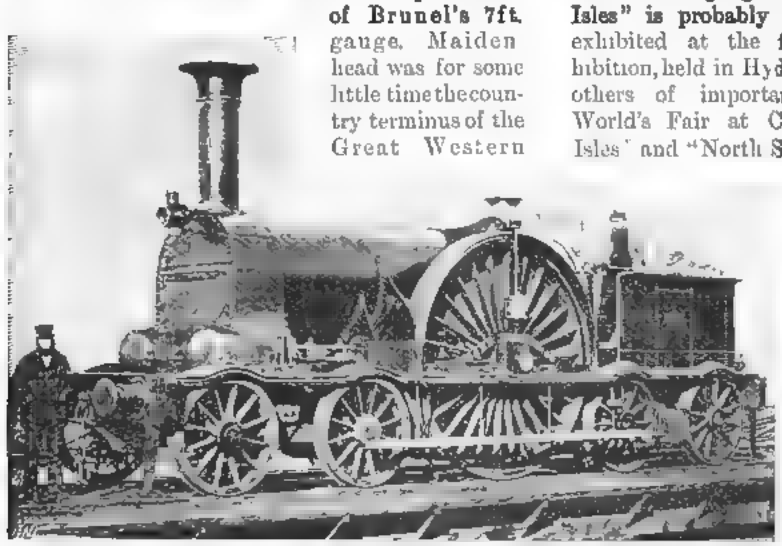


A BROAD-GAUGE ENGINE AND TRAIN ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

To Brunel's famous broad-gauge system the Great Western Railway has bade a long farewell; but, nevertheless, the tale of its conception, introduction, construction, and abolition forms what is probably the most entrancing chapter in railway history. Its name was always associated with famous locomotives and high rates of speed. On January 15th, 1838, the first broad-gauge locomotive was delivered to the Great Western Railway. It was christened the "North Star," and was brought by barge from the works of R. Stephenson & Co., of Maidenhead. This engine was not specially designed for the Great Western Railway, but for a Russian 6ft.-gauge railway, and was altered in time to meet the requirements of Brunel's 7ft. gauge. Maidenhead was for some little time the country terminus of the Great Western Railway, and in those days Maidenhead was celebrated for the number of mail coaches that passed through it daily, and, surprising as it seems, the coaches were "mounted on trucks and came to and from London by train"; so that passengers could reach the metropolis in a very much shorter time than before without change of vehicle.

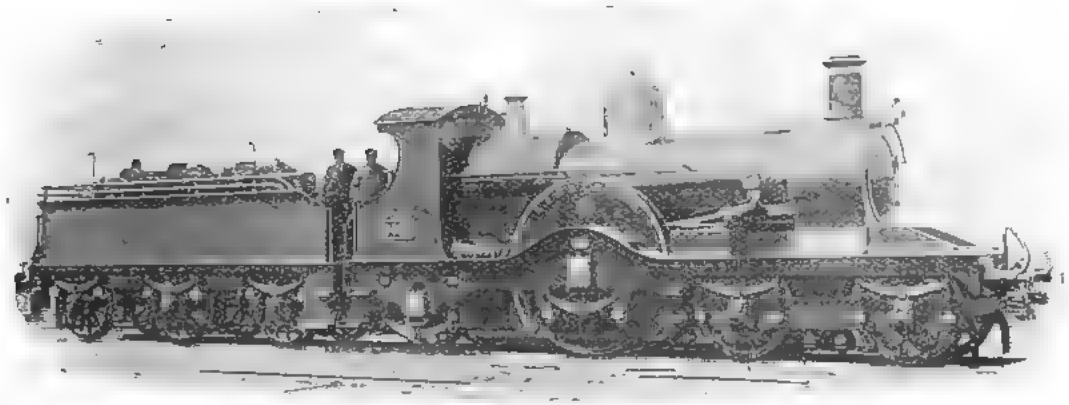
The old broad-gauge expresses were indeed famous engines; many of them working the fastest trains right down from the date of their construction, in the '40's or early '50's, to the final abolition of the broad gauge, and substitution of the standard one of 4ft. 8½ins. in 1892. The names of these engines were all very carefully chosen, and many of them have been passed on to the modern engines which have taken the places of the famous old broad-gauge fliers.

Of broad-gauge engines the "Lord of the Isles" is probably the most famous. She was exhibited at the first great international exhibition, held in Hyde Park in 1851, and at several others of importance, including the famous World's Fair at Chicago. The "Lord of the Isles" and "North Star" are still preserved at the Swindon Works of the Great Western Railway; the former's driving wheels measure 8ft. in diameter, and the cylinders 18ins., with a 24in. stroke.



THIS IS ONE OF THE OLD BROAD-GAUGE LOCOMOTIVES WITH 9FT. DRIVING WHEELS, WHICH WERE FORMERLY USED FOR EXPRESS TRAFFIC ON THE BRISTOL AND EXETER RAILWAY.

The Great Western Railway is, and always has been, celebrated for its high speeds, and though for a time it was generally nick-named the "Sleepy Giant," it has lately awakened with wonderfully increased vigour. A giant refreshed—in every sense of the word! Soon



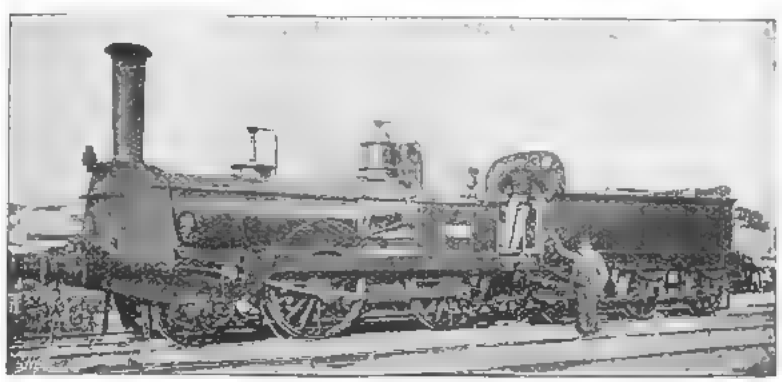
"LIGHTNING."
One of the G.W.R. "single driving-wheel" expresses that now take the place of the famous old broad-gauge engines.

after the line was first opened, expresses often ran from Paddington to Didcot, a distance of fifty-three miles, in something under fifty minutes, and there are several stories current of how the engine-drivers grumbled at not being allowed to show what their broad-gauge engines could really do, if taxed to their utmost. One of these says: "The tradition still lingers at Paddington that a driver solemnly submitted to the directors a proposal that if they would *look after his wife and family*, he would take his engine to Bristol, a distance of 118½ miles, within the hour!" Needless to say, this offer was regretfully, but firmly, declined.

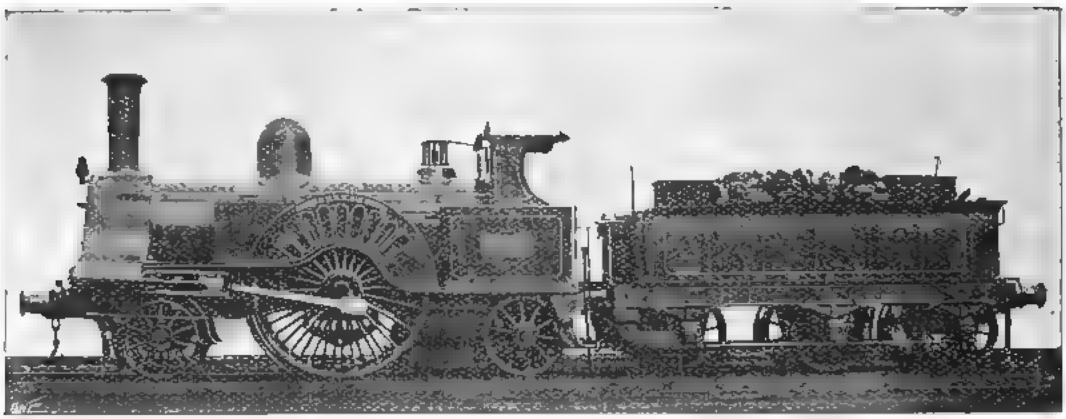
For many years the broad-gauge line between Bristol and Exeter was worked by an independent company, whose principal claim to notoriety was on account of its famous "9ft. single-tank locomotives," one of which is shown in an accompanying photo. These engines had no tenders, but carried their supply of water and coal on the same frame as the boiler. They were propelled by a single pair of driving wheels, measuring no less than 9ft. in diameter. These remarkable locomotives often reached a speed of eighty miles an hour, and over. When the Bristol and Exeter Railway was amalgamated with the Great Western in 1876, some of these engines were rebuilt with 8ft. wheels, and had tenders added, and in this altered condition continued to work many of the fastest expresses right up to the final conversion of the broad gauge.

However let us turn once more to the standard gauge locomotives. The first locomotive superintendent appointed to the management of the world-famous Crewe Works was Mr. A. Allen. He is famed for many improvements connected with locomotive engineering, and also for his celebrated class of locomotives known as the "old Crewe goods engines." These, though very powerful and economical as regards coal consumption, were quite small in build, weighing only nineteen and a-half tons each. For many years these engines were used for working the London and North-Western goods traffic, and even now many of them are still used for shunting purposes in different parts of the country, having been converted into "tank" engines.

Readers will probably be struck by the graceful appearance of the "Ivanhoe," which is the engine shown in one of the illustrations. "Ivanhoe" and her fifty-nine sister engines were designed by the late Mr. John Ramsbottom, and built at Crewe between 1859 and 1868; all are still at work. Some of them are to be seen running fast North-Western expresses, and on the American specials



AN OLD TYPE OF GOODS LOCOMOTIVE, FORMERLY USED ON THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

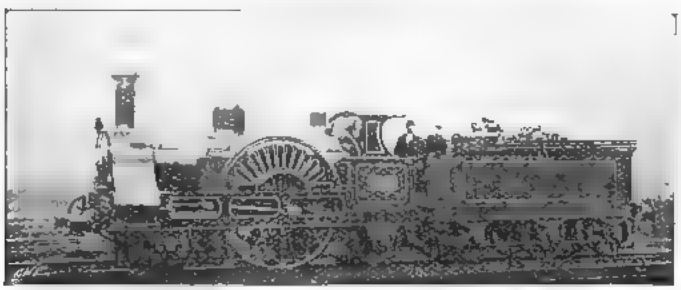


"IVANHOE," OF THE L. AND N.W.R.
One of the most graceful locomotives in the kingdom.

which go right through from Euston to Liverpool without a stop. The engines are celebrated for their gracefulness, longevity and speed, and, altogether, are really wonderful little locomotives. Their driving wheels measure 7ft. 7½ins. in diameter, and weigh just forty-four and a-half tons in working order. They are officially known as the "Lady of the Lake" class—this engine was sent to the exhibition of 1862—but amongst the North-Western engine-men they are usually named "high-fliers," probably on account of their large single driving wheels and outside cylinders, which give the engines a somewhat curious appearance when working at a high rate of speed.

No article dealing with notable locomotives would be complete without some mention of the famous "8ft. singles" of the Great Northern Railway. These engines will probably be familiar to many readers both in sight and name, and so much has already been published about them that more than a passing notice would be superfluous. They were first designed and built by the late Mr. Patrick Sterling in 1870, many others being built from time to time, till, a few years ago, they were the typical class of Great Northern express. Some of the most recently constructed of these locomotives have driving wheels 8ft. 4ins. in diameter, so that we see the "Cornwall," on the North-Western line, only holds its record for the biggest pair of driving wheels by a couple of inches.

This short article has by no means exhausted the list of our notable locomotives, and there are many others, more recently built, that are quite justified in being so termed, and possibly in some future number of THE CAPTAIN room may be found for a further chat on this subject.



THE "CORNWALL" HAS BEEN WORKING EXPRESS TRAINS FOR HALF A CENTURY, AND IS ALSO NOTABLE ON ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SIZE OF ITS DRIVING WHEELS.

When Teddy Sulked

By Keble Howard.

Author of "When Teddy Lost His Temper," etc., etc.

Dolly was in a beastly wax. There was some reason for it, no doubt, but nobody was to blame but herself. If girls *will* try to do everything that boys do, they must look out for squalls. It was in this way.

Cousin Teddy had an egg-trick. He took a fresh egg, squeezed it in the palms of his hands as hard as he could, and yet it didn't break. Of course, I knew there must be some dodge about it, so I didn't try to do it myself, but Dolly determined to have a go. And then, when the egg smashed all over her clean frock, she had the cheek to sulk.

Now this occurred on a lovely afternoon in the summer holidays, and we three had arranged to go for a row. At least, Teddy and I were to row, and Dolly was to steer. Nice and cool for her, wasn't it? But, when the egg broke, she got a book, plumped herself down at the foot of the old elm tree, hunched up her obstinate little shoulders, and refused to budge.

Teddy said, "Leave her to me."

I was only too glad to leave her to him, so I curled up in the hammock and prepared to watch the show.

Teddy started operations by stretching himself out full length at Dolly's feet and pulling a daisy to pieces. This meant, I suppose, that he was sorry really, but too proud to say so. Then he rolled over on to his back and heaved a mighty sigh. Dolly bent closer over her book. Presently the cousin began to talk, partly to himself, partly to me, but mostly *at* Dolly.

"I remember," he said, "once sulking for a whole afternoon. The consequences were most serious. If I live to be an old man of eighty I shall never shake off the responsibility of that sulk."

Dolly raised her head a very, very little, but Teddy took not the slightest notice.

"It was all over a beastly essay," he went on. "I rather pride myself on compo., and as Gent, our form-master, was keen on essays too, we got rather chummy.

"Well, one day he gave us a subject I didn't like. It was horse-racing. I knew nothing about horse-racing, cared nothing about it, and had always been told it was very wicked sport. So when Gent told us to write an essay on the subject, I kicked. Of course, it was rank cheek, but it was more than a year ago, and I was only a kid."

I hummed a little tune by way of self-defence, but kept my ears open.

"When the morning came for the compositions to be handed in," went on Teddy, "I hadn't done mine at all. It was a Saturday. Gent wanted to know why I hadn't done it. I twiddled my thumbs, looked at the ceiling, glanced at Gent, got very red, and glared out of the window. Gent was a pretty cute chap. He kept me standing there for ten minutes, and then told me to stay in after dinner till the essay was done.

"I'd expected that, but I worked up a double dose of nastiness, and determined that if I stayed in even the whole afternoon I wouldn't write a line. And I got the usual amount of satisfaction out of knowing that *he* would have to stick in too. It was a ripping day.

"Directly after dinner I went into our classroom, sat down at my desk, planted my elbows on the lid, and glared at a small beetle on the floor. Ten minutes afterwards Gent came in, dressed in his flannels.

"'Well, little boy,' he said, 'done the compo?'

"I moved about an inch, but said nothing.

"'Now, look here, old chap,' he went on, 'you're not going to make an ass of yourself, are you? Whip the thing off, and then we can both get out of this fuggy room. Going to do it?'

"I can tell you I pretty well hated myself for it, but I simply *couldn't* move. All I did was to sit and wonder how long he would keep his temper.

"'Very well,' said Gent, sitting down at his desk and taking out a bundle of Latin proses; 'you sulk and I'll work. It's not quite so nice as being out of doors, but we must make the best of it.'

"He set to work on the proses, and for an hour there was no sound in the room but the scratching of his pen and the buzzing of a wasp on the window-pane. Lots of times I made up my mind to write the thing, and then I was afraid he would crow when I began.

"Presently he chucked my prose across to me. It had on it 'V.G.,' which meant full marks. I tore it up slowly, and let the pieces fall on the floor. Gent didn't say anything, but he looked rather grave. He shoved the rest of the papers into his desk, slammed the lid, strolled across to the window with his hands in his pockets, and stood there, looking out.

"He had his back to me. I dipped my pen into the ink, tried the nib on the back of an envelope, and wrote 'Essay on Horse-racing' at the top of a sheet of paper. Then Gent turned round, and I stopped.

"'Well,' he said, 'how's it going?

"I told myself that he was just beginning to feel it, and I mustn't give in. So I laid down the pen again, and watched a spider on the ceiling. Gent pulled out his watch, and looked at it rather anxiously. I tried to persuade myself that I was enjoying it, but I wasn't.

"Another half-hour passed, during which time Gent looked at his watch about fifty times, and then he got out some note-paper and wrote a letter.

"'Come here,' he said, beckoning to me.

"Of course I went up to him.

"'I want you to take this note for me, and don't wait for an answer. Deliver it yourself, mind. You will find her—Miss Maitland, you know — in the garden.'

"I took the note without saying a word, and went out. Miss Maitland was the Head's niece—an awfully decent sort of person, though rather old."

"YOU LITTLE BEAST!"

"How old?" said Dolly, suddenly.

"About twenty," said Teddy, without showing any surprise that Dolly had spoken. "The big chaps said she was awfully pretty, but I don't think girls are ever pretty with their hair up.

"Well, I found her in the garden, gave her the note without speaking, and walked away. I heard her tear it open, and then, just as I was turning the corner to go back to Gent, she called out to me, and came running across the lawn. I stopped, and waited for her to come up. I know it was rude, but I was still sulking."

The ear of Dolly's nearer to me turned pink, but she didn't say anything.

"She came up," went on Teddy, "looking rather pale. I waited for her to speak, and, when she did speak, I wished I hadn't waited. All she said was: '*You little beast!*'"

"Cheek!" I muttered.

"Not a bit," said Teddy. "I *was* a little beast,

but it made me angry at the time. I turned my back on her and walked away; but, just as the school door was swinging to I heard something that made me feel awful."

Dolly was listening hard now.

"It was a sob; she was blubbing. At first I didn't know why, and then, all in a flash, I twigged it. She had told me before that she was going away that day, and I had heard some of the chaps say that she and Gent were rather sweet on each other. When I heard that sob I saw it all, and what a little bounder I'd been. She was waiting in the garden to say good-bye to Gent, and I had been keeping him in. That was why he kept on looking at his watch and all that.

"I didn't know for the life of me what to do. I didn't like to tell Gent what had happened, and if she was going by the usual train, as she must be, I couldn't possibly get my essay done in time for him to see her before she went. I knew, too, that he wouldn't think of going till I had written the thing.

"I stole into the class-room and sat down at my desk. I guessed that he was looking at me, but I couldn't look him in the face.

"And then I got an idea. I just wrote across the middle of my page 'She's in the garden, crying,' folded it up, scribbled 'Essay' on the outside, gave it to him, and bunked out of the room."

"Is that all?" said I.

"Of course not," said Dolly.

"No," said Teddy; "that's not quite the end. The same evening Gent came up to me and shook hands. Then he asked me if I could keep a secret. I nodded, and he told me that he found Miss Maitland in the garden and she had promised to be his wife."

"Hurrah!" I shouted.

"That's all very well," said Teddy, "but it's a big responsibility."

As for Dolly, she said nothing, but just got up, walked down to the bank of the river, and got into the boat.

"Fifteen and Forty-five."

GOOD-NIGHT! I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
  Just hinted in this mimic page;
The triumphs and defeats of boys
  Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
  Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
  At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive,
  Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
  As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
  We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early love and truth
  May never wholly pass away.

THACKERAY.

ASHLEY MINOR OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE

Illustrated by W. T. Urquhart.

THE FOLLOWING notice was stuck up on the prefect's board at the end of the cloisters :—

"*The whole school is requested to be in the Old Schoolroom at five o'clock this afternoon.*

"R. J. COLEMAN."

That was all—written in the captain's well-known, neat, niggling little hand. He didn't tell the fellows what they were wanted for, and didn't give them a great deal of help towards guessing. It might be to say the Czar of Russia had asked for a week's holiday for the school. On the other hand, it might not. It might be to say some chap had won a scholarship at Oxford.

It might be to say scarlet fever had broken out, and that the school was to be forthwith sent home. It might be to say—well, it might be to say two thousand and two things.

At five o'clock every boy in the school was in the Old Schoolroom—every boy except Coleman.

The Upper School were all trying to conjecture what was up, and the kids of the Lower School were humbugging and bally-ragging, not caring a jot what it was so long as it was some sort of a lark.

Soon after five Coleman came in, looking very white. He walked straight up to the dais at the end of the room.

He carried in his hand a cane.

The fellows shut up chattering, and silence suddenly reigned supreme. They all knew what that cane meant. Something serious was in the wind. There was to be a public caning.

He looked round at the fellows with a worried, almost haggard, look in his eyes.

"Will you sit down, all of you?" he said.

There was a scrambling to find places. Hardly anyone spoke.

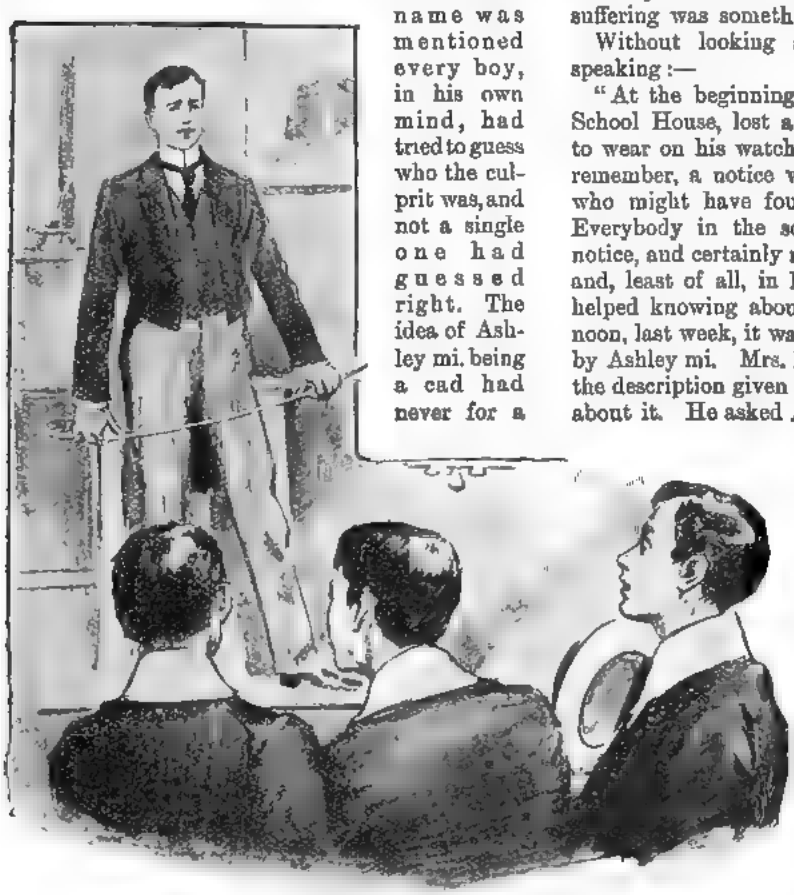
As soon as the room was quiet again he addressed them from the dais :—

"I have called you together," he began, "to tell you of a matter which concerns the whole school. It is one of the most serious things that has happened since I have been at Widmouth. During that time—I came when I was eight years old, and I am going up to Keble in October—there have been a good many rows and scrapes of various sorts, as there always must be in a public school, because neither the fellows, nor the prefects, nor, perhaps, the masters, are perfect; but there has never been anything to bring disgrace to the school, and to make the fellows feel ashamed of any one of the boys here. In the future, I am disgusted to tell you, we shall no longer be able to say as much for the school. Of all the crimes which a boy can commit I think theft is about the worst. I have called you together now to tell you that we have discovered a thief in the school. I believe it is the first time such a thing has happened at Widmouth, and, so far as we know, it is this boy's first offence. If it hadn't been, we should have sent the case up to the Head straight away, and he'd have been expelled almost to a certainty. As it is, I am going to give him a public thrashing. Ashley mi., come up here."

There was a dignity and earnestness about Coleman that had prepared the fellows for something unusual, and while he was speaking they had kept wonderfully quiet, though there had been a little whispering and some shuffling of feet. When he got to the part about a thief there were a lot of black, angry looks on some of the fellows' faces, and a few started hissing in a

muffled sort of way. But the climax came when he mentioned the name of the thief.

You could almost hear the fellows breathing. Until the name was mentioned every boy, in his own mind, had tried to guess who the culprit was, and not a single one had guessed right. The idea of Ashley mi. being a cad had never for a moment in the wildest dreams of fancy crossed anyone's mind. He was one of the decentest fellows in the school, had been there three years, was in the Lower Fourth, captain of the Third Football, always humbugging and fooling about, and a favourite with the Sixth and Lower School alike.



"I AM GOING TO GIVE HIM A PUBLIC THRASHING. ASHLEY MI., COME UP HERE."

The fellows couldn't believe it. They simply stared at Coleman.

Coleman, looking awfully white, stood in the middle of the dais, facing the school.

In the midst of the silence Ashley, who had been sitting near the steps of the dais, got up and went on to the platform.

He looked perfectly ghastly. His face was not white, it was a sort of blueish grey. His teeth were clenched, and there was a beastly look in his eyes. His head was erect, and for a moment he tried to look at the fellows, but couldn't do it, and he stood there by Coleman's side, staring into space. The awful agony the boy was suffering was something horrible to witness.

Without looking at him, Coleman went on speaking:—

"At the beginning of the term, Mills, of the School House, lost a spade guinea that he used to wear on his watch-chain, and, as you probably remember, a notice was put up, telling anybody who might have found it who the owner was. Everybody in the school must have seen that notice, and certainly no one in the School House, and, least of all, in Mills' dormitory, could have helped knowing about the loss. Thursday afternoon, last week, it was changed at the grub shop by Ashley mi. Mrs. Hippesley recognised it from the description given in the notice, and told Mills about it. He asked Ashley how he got hold of it, and the boy started lying, and said Jordan had changed a pound postal order for him, and had given him that. Jordan is the School House waiter that waits at one of the bottom tables in Hall—though I believe most of the fellows only know him as 'Spinach.' Jordan denied all knowledge of it, and then Ashley admitted that the story of changing a postal order was a lie. At that stage the matter was brought to me, and Mills asked me what he ought to do. I told him it was a matter that concerned the honour of the school, and he must leave it to me. I had Ashley up in my study, and, after a bit, he confessed to the whole thing, and acknowledged that he had stolen it. I told him he would have to confess the theft before the school, and be publicly thrashed. And that is what I have brought you here for."

He paused for a moment. Then, turning to the boy, he said: "Do you acknowledge that you stole this coin from Mills? Yes or no?"

All the time that Coleman was speaking, Ashley had stood like a statue carved out of marble—perfectly motionless, except for his laboured, spasmodic breathing. His head was thrown back, with his lips parted, his teeth clenched, and his eyes apparently staring into vacancy. There was not a whisper or movement in the room.

Coleman repeated the question: "Do you confess to this theft—yes or no?"

The boy brought his head round to Coleman with a jerk. For a moment the word he tried to utter stuck in his throat, then clearly and distinctly he forced himself to say: "Yes—I stole it."

Suddenly there was a shriek from the far end of the room; a shriek which, breaking in upon the intense silence, caused something very near akin to a panic.

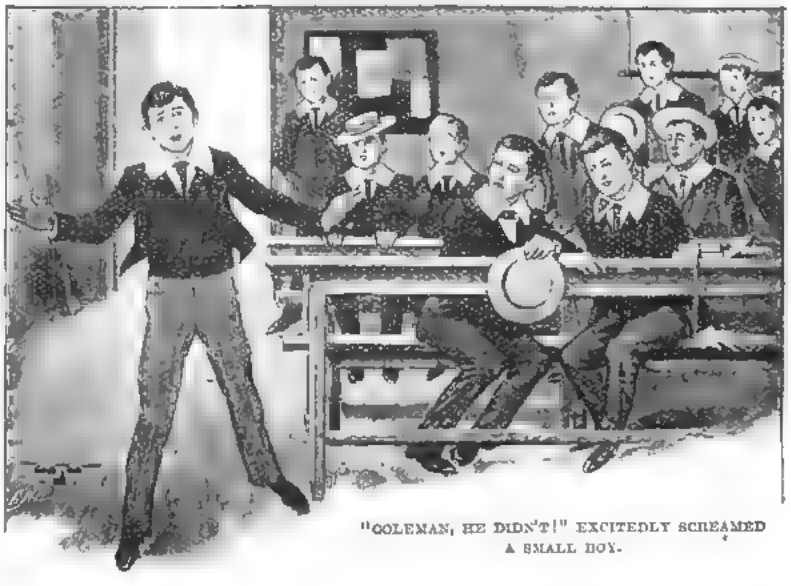
"You didn't! Coleman, he didn't!" excitedly screamed a small boy, whose face was the colour of a carnation, and whose eyes flashed and sparkled with indignation. "I swore on my oath I wouldn't tell, but I can't help it—I don't care what happens!"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Ashley from the dais; "I'll half kill you if you don't hold your tongue!"

"Come up here," said Coleman quietly, and Cockroach, as the youngest of the many Mitchells in the school was called, blundered and struggled and fought his way down the room, heedless of the questions hurled at him from all sides, heedless of the snatches made at his jacket, heedless of the hundreds of eyes centred upon his excited face, heedless of everything except that he was doing some fearfully sensational thing, and that he was reckless of the consequences.

Without waiting till he got up the steps, and without stopping to take breath, he began—speaking at such a pace that the words were almost unintelligible, but they let him go on.

"He never stole it, and he couldn't possibly steal anything if he tried. I know all about it, because I was in the room. It was after dinner, and he had a postal order for a sov. sent from home, and Spinach saw him open the letter, and asked him if he wanted it changed, and he said yes, and Spinach said I'll change it for you if you like, and Ashley said thanks awfully, and Spinach gave him a sovereign, and Ashley gave Spinach the postal order, and we both went down to the grub shop, and Ashley bought some chocolate, and slabs, and two penn'orth of billiard balls, and paid for them with the sovereign, only it turned out that it wasn't really a sovereign, but Mills' spade guinea, and Ashley hadn't looked at it, and hadn't the least idea it wasn't an ordinary sovereign, and while we were guzzling the grub Mills came up and asked Ashley where he got the money from he had paid for it with, and he said from home, and Spinach had changed the postal order for him, and I didn't hear any more about it for two or three days, when Ashley said he had got something awfully important to say to me, and would I swear on my solemn oath I wouldn't tell, and I swore, and he made me prick my finger and write it in blood, and I wrote it, and he said that's your solemn oath, and there will be a curse on you if you break it, and I said I won't break it, and he said you know that sovereign Spinach gave me for the postal order, that we changed down at the grub shop, and that Mills spoke to me about? And I said yes, and he said, well, it wasn't a sovereign at all, it was Mills' spade guinea that he lost at the beginning of the term, and I was awfully surprised, and asked him how Spinach got it, and he said he had stolen it, and had told him all about it—he picked it up in Hall and stuck to it, and during the last few weeks he had been awfully hard up and had tried to find some way of changing it, and had seen Ashley's postal order, and had asked him if he wanted change for it, and he had changed it, and Mills had been to him and asked him where he got it from, and he had said he didn't know anything about it, and



"COLEMAN, HE DIDN'T!" EXCITEDLY SCREAMED A SMALL BOY.

that it wasn't true he had changed any postal order, and he had come to Ashley and implored him not to tell, and Ashley said if he told Spinach would get the sack certain, and he hadn't got any home, or people, or anything, and hadn't anywhere to go to, and he wouldn't be able to get another place because he wouldn't get a character, and he would be ruined, and would have to sleep in the streets, and would die of starvation. And Ashley said he'd be a cad if he told, and he meant to say he stole the money himself if anybody asked him, because he said he wasn't all alone in the world, and could stand it better than Spinach, and he would know in his own mind all the time that he hadn't really stolen it—and that's all I know, and I'm a brute for telling, but I couldn't help it; it was too frightful to hear Ashley say he had stolen it, and to think that all the fellows would think he really had."

But the last part of this incoherent jumble was inaudible, because the school went mad. They had been quiet for thirteen minutes on end, and the reaction was double-distilled-Bedlam. It only needed a spark applied to the touch-hole, in the shape of a fellow shouting: "Good old Ashley! Three cheers for Ashley!" to set every fellow in the school yelling his lungs out.

In the midst of the row Coleman turned to Ashley—ex-vermin, now hero—who still stood by his side, and asked: "Is this true, Ashley?"

"Yes," said the boy; "but, Coleman, *please* don't tell the Head. Spinach is so awfully cut up about it, and he'll never steal anything again."

Coleman went to the edge of the dais and shouted to the fellows to shut up. As soon as there was something like order, he said:—

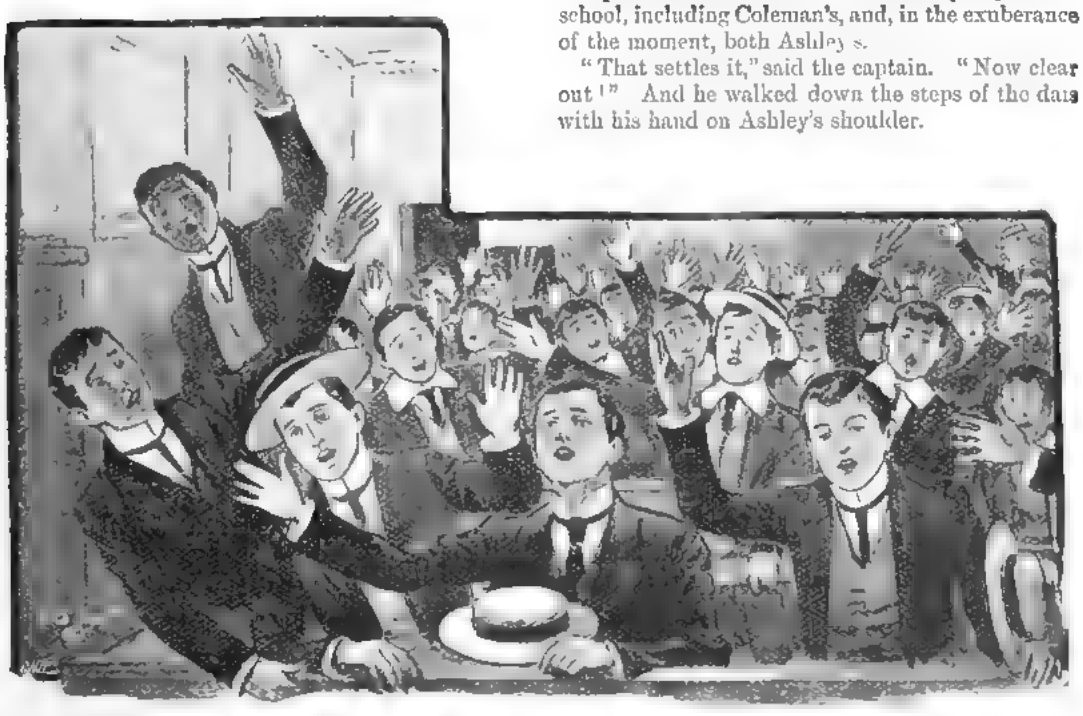
"You have all heard how things have turned out, and I needn't jaw any more, except to say I was never so glad about anything in my life as to find out we had been blaming young Ashley unjustly; but the question is, what ought we to do about Spinach? Ashley is very anxious that he should be let off."

"So am I," chimed in Mills.

"So is Mills, who, perhaps, ought to have something to say in the matter. I am going to put it to the vote; but, look here, just understand this: if we decide to let him off, no one is to say a word to him about it, or twit him with being a thief, or anything of that sort; anybody who does will be kicked, and if he does it twice he will be thrashed. The whole school will try and forget all about it, though I doubt whether he'll forget it himself in a hurry. Now then, hold up your hands, you fellows, who want Spinach to be let off."

Up instanter went the hand of every boy in the school, including Coleman's, and, in the exuberance of the moment, both Ashley's.

"That settles it," said the captain. "Now clear out!" And he walked down the steps of the dais with his hand on Ashley's shoulder.



UP INSTANTER WENT THE HAND OF EVERY BOY IN THE SCHOOL.

SCHOOL CRICKET RESULTS.

SEASON 1899.

[In reply to my invitation, issued at the latter end of July, I have received a number of School Cricket Results. I shall be glad to publish, next month, any further results which may reach me after this number has gone to press.—Ed., Captain.]

SCHOOL.	PLAYED	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	BEST BATTING AVERAGE.	BEST BOWLING AVERAGE.	HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL SCORES BY
Bath	11	2	7	2	T. E. Bromley, 30·60	E. F. Watermeyer, 8·07	E. F. Watermeyer, 116* T. E. Bromley, 77* H. E. Pennington, 77
Bedford Grammar ...	13	3	2	8	F. G. Brookes, 39	A. J. Hazell, 12·20	B. Maclear, 133 F. G. Brooks, 100* B. L. Peel, 100* R. C. Grellett, 66
Berkhamsted	11	3	2	1	R. S. Taylor, 18·8	H. Pratt, 9·5	F. E. Johnson, 75 R. S. Taylor, 44
Blackheath	22	9	8	5	J. W. Horne, 32·7	W. E. Dixon, 9·9	J. Horne, 89* L. W. Smith, 67 H Morris, 49 G. C. Horne, 41
Blundell's	12	3	2	4	R. G. Vaughan, 33·01	W. M. Milton, 14·25	W. M. Milton, 125 T. C. Spring, 85 E. B. Flanagan, 82 R. G. Vaughan, 80
Bradfield	11	5	3	2	L. F. Goldsmid, 40·5	C. G. King, 11·02	L. Goldsmid, 136 W. T. Chambers, 65 R. L. Chambers, 65 G. M. Clark, 47 A. M. C. Nicholl, 47 S. L. Wace, 44
Cheltenham ... ... (Dean Close)	20	12	3	5	S. G. Walker, 22·23	H. P. Hardingham, 6·97	R. J. Porter, 68 S. G. Walker, 61 L. M. P. Waller, 55 H. B. Cox, 50
Chigwell	20	6	10	4	Partridge, 12·25	Ryan, 10·25	Ryan, 61 McClure, 57* Drake, 51 Scott, 42*
Christ's Hospital ...	16	4	6	6	E. Harper, 16·5	A. D. Clarke, 11·75	A. H. Romans, 54 J. W. Gunn, 51
Durham	10	5	4	2	R. C. Cumberlege, 36·6	R. C. Cumberlege, 9·0	R. C. Cumberlege, 111 W. Price, 56* H. Turner, 52* H. A. Henderson, 47 H. de Crespigny, 44
Eastbourne	18	5	8	5	E. G. Langdale	A. E. Begg	V. F. Ward, 102 E. G. Langdale, 93 F. M Browne, ■ H. Brooker, 63 C. Romer, 53 A. E. Begg, 52
Epsom	11	3	6	2	R. B. Heygate, 20·66	W. J. Gibson, 16·55	W. J. Gibson, 85 H. J. Heygate, 50 R. R. Heygate, 49 C. G. Gifford, 45
Exeter	12	5	6	1	S. W. Payne, 17·4	S. W. Payne, 8·38	S. W. Payne, 95 P. N. Vyvyan, 72 M. B. Baines, 52 G. L. Jarratt, 51
Felsted	17	7	6	4	P. P. Braithwaite, 26·2	F. H. C. Wiltshire, 10·09	P. P. Braithwaite, 98 F. W. Bacon, 69 J. H. Douglas, 68* L. B. Grant, 65
Giggleswick	10	1	7	2	21·7	11·79	G. Hoffman, 57 S. Jackson, 46
Glenalmond ... ... (Trinity College)	11	7	1	3	J. G. Kennedy, 30	F. Wyatt, 7·5	R. M. Dundas, 88 K. S. Clarke, 75* R. A. Robertson, 60 G. T. Clarke, 57* H. Gardner, 52 J. G. Kennedy, 49
Highgate	11	1	6	4	H. W Edmunds, 47·87	E. W. Grimsdell, 14·15	H. W. Edmunds, 103* A. J. Lyle, 83 R. D. Robertson, 79

*Not out.

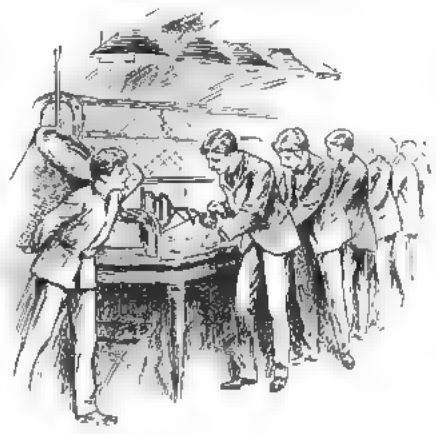
SCHOOL.	PLAYED.	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	BEST BATTING AVERAGE.	BEST BOWLING AVERAGE.	HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL SCORES BY
Jersey (Victoria College)	16	7	6	2	L. Ogier, 20	L. Skene, 10	L. Ogier, 53* L. Skene, 41*
Lancaster	15	8	4	3	C. H. T. Hayman, 24·8	T. Carr, 4·8	C. H. T. Hayman, 84 F. F. Stileman, 82
Lancing	12	6	4	2	G. M. Gill, 33·64	L. H. Read, 13·45	G. M. Gill, 125 G. E. Greene, 100* L. H. Read, 93 C. H. Howell, 73
Leamington	16	6	8	2	C. A. Gotelee	G. F. Underwood	J. G. Ardaseer T. E. Nunihead C. A. Gotelee
Mill Hill	14	7	5	2	W. S. Young, 34·66	J. S. Auty, 9·74	W. S. Young, 109* A. E. Davis, 106 A. J. Knight, 78 J. Butcher, 71
Oundle	10	2	5	3	J. T. Shepley, 17 D. F. S. Smith, 16·8	B. K. Kissack, 12·37	D. F. S. Smith, 55 J. T. Shepley, 39
Oxford (St. Edward's)	11	5	5	2	F. T. Neale, 30·27	S. Usher, 13·40	A. S. Wetherall, 84 F. T. Neale, 71 A. M. Wallace, 62 G. M. Gillett, 49
Pocklington	14	3	2	7	J. C. H. How, 38·7	H. Green, 5·4	J. C. H. How, 55 E. D. Gilbert, 55 S. L. Brown, 52 H. Green, 47
Reading	12	3	5	2	H. B. Corry, 47·77	C. Hatt, 10·65	H. B. Corry, 135 A. S. Todd, 75
Repton	12	2	3	2	Gould, 28·5	Franklin, 16·6	W. S. Nealor, 77* F. H. Gould, 63 G. S. Harris, 49
Rossall	13	3	3	4	F. B. Roberts, 19·92	F. B. Roberts, 14·11	L. H. Draper, 82 F. B. Roberts, 58 D. J. C. Glass, 53 W. H. Sell, 52 R. C. B. Fennell, 51 C. L. Fabel, 51
Sedbergh	9	6	2	1	G. C. Deans, 30·2	G. M. Clayton	G. R. Thorpe, 123* G. C. Deans, 94 T. R. Scott, 54 D. Rowley, 45 A. W. L. Turner, 40
Sherborne	11	3	0	8	P. Eglington, 57·46	R. B. Rickman, 18·66	P. Eglington, 178 C. F. Stanger-Leathes, 127 H. M. Greenhill, 58
Stonyhurst	76	6	3	0	H. Mansfield, 31·20	F. Davis, 10·18	P. de Zulueta, 111
University College	21	11	8	2	H. A. Milton, 24·9	O. P. Griffith-Jones, 7·9	H. A. Milton, 105* R. H. Mackie, 67 D. Price-Williams, 56* C. H. Arnold, 55 M. P. Griffith-Jones, 51
Wakefield	11	6	4	1	Holmes, 25·5	Bunt, 4·4	Holmes, 93 Bunt, 61*
Wellington	7	1	3	3	Elliott, 59·6	McGeath, 19	Elliott, 168 Goldie, 140* Lockett, 105
Weymouth	13	8	4	1	F. A. Sewell, 49·55	E. M. Eustace, 10·22	R. F. Bowes, 113 T. A. L. Whittington, 91* F. A. Sewell, 82* G. J. Holloway, 80 E. M. Eustace, 77*
Winchester	14	9	3	4	R. S. Darling, 31·8	K. O. Hunter, 12·97	R. S. Darling, 142* M. Bonham-Carter, 88 S. N. Mackenzie, 86
Windsor (St. Mark's)	10	4	5	1	W. I. Walton, 19·21	H. J. Tamer, 4·1	W. I. Walton, 53 L. E. Slade, 53 R. H. Scovell, 49
Woodbridge	14	4	4	6	G. Lewis, 27·6	K. E. Shaw, 7·6	J. Golck, 65 G. Batchelor, 60 G. Lewis, 55*
Worcester Cathedral	13	5	7	1	M. Bates, 8·75	R. J. G. Salisbury, 8·7	M. Bates, 33

* Not out.

The Way a Letter is Sent Through the Post.

THE actual carrying of letters from the place of posting to their destinations is naturally not a very difficult undertaking. It is the sorting of the letters, which takes place at the chief post offices situated in all parts of the country, that most prominently displays what the skill and ingenuity of the postal authorities can achieve.

The work performed by the sorting and despatching departments at the G.P.O., London, may be regarded as typical of what takes place at the other large British post offices. Year in and year out some of the staff are always hard at work, though the busiest hours of the day are between six and eight in the morning and again in the evening. In the former case it is the incoming deluge of letters for the London morning deliveries that have to be dealt with, while in the evening the herculean task of sorting and despatching the night mails is performed daily with wonderful alacrity and care.



"FACING" THE LETTERS.

From an outsider's point of view the evening display is perhaps the more interesting. At six o'clock the letters, newspapers, and parcels begin to pour in in unbroken procession, and heavily laden mail carts from the suburbs and outlying districts continue to dash up every quarter of a minute or so into the yard outside.

Immediately after the opening of the mail bags their contents are emptied on to one or other of a number of long, narrow tables, which are surrounded by a small army of men and youths, who are employed in "facing" the letters; that is to say, turning them the address side upwards for the convenience of the stampers, to whom the letters are soon carried to be imprinted with the London post-mark. These men are kept hard at work, and, by the aid of an ingenious invention called the Pearson and Hill stamper, they can each get through as many as 120 letters in a minute. Working with an ordinary hand stamp, eighty a minute is considered to be a good average.

At the "facing" tables all the newspapers and parcels are separated from the letters and sent upstairs, where they are sorted and despatched by a special staff in rooms fitted with apparatus purposely made for dealing with bulky and heavy packages.

Downstairs, however, the thunder of the scores of stampers, marking thousands of letters a minute, continues with an unceasing roar. When this is ended boys carry the letters in huge baskets and empty them out on to the sorters' tables. These are rather curious looking, and have a number of wire pigeon-holes rising up from the middle, which bear the names of the large railway lines and some of the principal provincial cities. Then the letters are carried to another set of tables, where they are again sorted and sub-divided, and after that are taken to the final division, where they are made up into what are known as "roads." Every "road" bears the name of some town or city—its final destination—and all letters for places situated along its direct route are made up in small packets placed in order, and then again into larger bundles.

Now everything is ready for the despatching room. Here the mail bags are filled, tied up and sealed, and thrown into the chutes. Down the chutes they fly on to the loading platform facing the yard, where stand the mail carts with their impatient horses waiting to take the mails to one or other of the various London termini; and thence, by means of train and steamboat, hundreds of thousands of letters go speeding along to their innumerable destinations.

J. A. K.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Birkenhead School Magazine (July) forms, like this number of THE CAPTAIN, the first part of a new volume, and I therefore look for something more than usually interesting. I like nearly everything about the issue; the manner of treatment is bright without being painfully smart, and every chance is given to school news. One sees in school magazines an enormous number of articles after the style of "A Visit to Dresden." My candid opinion is that the readers find them rather dull.

The Bromsgrovian (July) is a bulky issue, but it is all to the point, with the exception of a trifle entitled "The Stolen Bone." I shouldn't give K. A. T. too much rope, Mr. Editor. I congratulate R. Hargreaves on the excellent manner in which he has filled the post of captain, and also on being top of the averages (29·45).

The Carthusian (August) contains a well-written account of the Charterhouse matinée at the Haymarket Theatre. A large number of distinguished actors and actresses gave their services, and a sum of £400 was handed over to the building fund of the mission. The editor has not yet fallen in with my suggestion as regards the table of results of cricket matches. Think it over, sir.

The Eastbournian (July) is as massive as ever, and as good as ever. Mr. R. Cooke contributes a most interesting article entitled "Nearly Thirty Years Ago" in which he contrasts most effectively the past and present conditions of Eastbournians, greatly in favour of the latter. I am sorry to hear that the editor is leaving, and only hope that the next man will do as well

The Elean (July) is a magazine that I have not received for review before, and I therefore extend to it, in a special manner, the hand of welcome. There is a good deal of stuff that might have been dispensed with, but the tone of the paper is good. In the sports W. B. Burns did a pretty good long jump (18ft. 3½ins.) under most unfavourable conditions.

The Malvernian (August) is a sound number. The eleven did fairly well, and I must congratulate Evans on his batting average, and Canny on his bowling. Canny also seems to be a really good bat. We shall expect to hear of him when he goes to the 'Varsity. [Mem. to Ed. *Malvernian:* Why do you shove the cricket averages away in a corner of the last page? *Your* mistake, sir.]

The Oldham Hulmeian (July), consists, *ἐπὶ τὸ πολύ*, of tabulated lists that make very dull reading. Of course, I have read them carefully, but I don't want to do it again. If I might advise the editor, I should say put these lists in as extra pages, but don't rob your magazine of reading matter.

The Reptonian (July) opens with the usual editorial grumble that such a thing as an editorial has to be written. I wonder what the editor would do if he had to review all these magazines month by month! How would he like to spend the whole summer in a stuffy London office, working away all day for dear life? Let him try to realise his privileges in being constituted editor of the good old *Reptonian*, and then he will cease to grumble.

The Salopian (July) is another magazine—and at this time of the year they are necessarily many—that is losing its editor. Anyhow, his last number is an excellent one. The letter from "Any Uncle to Any Nephew," is distinctly clever, and this is the kind of thing that goes a little way out of the beaten track without being irrelevant. I quote a small fragment:—

> The advice I would give is simply this: *read the newspapers*, persuading yourself that the subjects they treat of do most intimately concern *you*. Your literary style will not be improved—I well remember in the Sixth Form at Shrewsbury translating *δηλόω σοι* into "It has transpired," and earning a severe reproof—but the blessing we have in a Press which does supply material in the best papers to form honest and genuine opinions is one which cannot be rated too highly. When you have quite finished the *Field* and the *Sportsman*, don't forget the claims of the *Times*, the *Spectator*, and the *Daily News*.

Stockport Grammar School Magazine (July) reserves all rights unto itself for matter within the magazine. I suppose someone has been trying to steal school news from the *Stockport Grammar School Magazine* before it is eighteen hours old. I don't want to bag anything about "Carlyle as a Historian," or "Thomas Ashe," but I will, with the editor, congratulate the cricket eleven on a very successful season.

The Sydnelan (FEB.!) is particularly welcome, having come to me across some thousands of miles of ocean from the Sydney Grammar School, Australia. It will surprise some of my readers to learn that the number before me is the 147th of the *Sydnelan*. The whole issue is crowded with brightly written and carefully compiled school news, and I congratulate the editor on his own work and the work of a capable staff. The cricket team seem to have done very well.

St. Matthew's School Magazine (June) is an apology for a journal. The bulk of it is supplied on the co-operative principle.

St. Winifred's Magazine (May) is well printed and carefully edited. The theatrical performance at the end of the Easter Term seems, from the account by an "old boy," to have been very good. I also like the idea of the "Echoes from the Public Schools."

The Uckfield Grammar School Magazine (June) is a very praiseworthy first number, but I should advise the editor not to go in for too much matter. It is hardly necessary to print in the magazine the words of all the songs sung at the school concert, but the fault is on the right side. "Uckfield One Hundred Years Ago," is an interesting article, and there are plenty of school notes.

The Victorian (March) is the best number I have yet seen. It is a well-put-together little paper.

The Watersonian (July) is a journal run by "old boys," and the editor sends me a very appreciative letter. May we long continue to be such good friends, and may every number of the *Watersonian* be as good as the first!

The Whitgift Magazine (May) is a good old publication, and I greet it with respect. Some good times and distances were done in the sports.

Wesley College Chronicle (June) comes all the way from Melbourne to gladden my heart, and with it comes a long and enthusiastic letter from Victor Upton-Browne, an old boy, who is full of love for the school. I am very pleased to receive both, and will not, on this occasion, make any reference to advertisements. My correspondent also sends me a careful explanation of many dark points in the *Chronicle*, and by his aid I have enjoyed the articles immensely. So here's good luck to Mr. Upton-Browne, the *Chronicle*, and all my readers at Melbourne down under!

The Williamsonian (July) is the journal of the Rochester Mathematical School, and the editor very sensibly leads off with a lot of short school notes. The other features are all ably set forth, and the production is good throughout.

The Xaverian Oracle (Summer Number) is the quarterly magazine of St. Francis Xavier's College, Bruges, Belgium, and is written in both English and French. Much space, I note with interest, is given to cricket, and the eleven have nothing to be ashamed of. I am glad THE CAPTAIN is appreciated in Belgium, and shall always be glad to see the *Oracle*.

The Yellow Dragon (June) is conducted in the interests of the students at Queen's College, Hong Kong, and the price is ten cents. To tell you the honest truth, I was getting a little sleepy just before I came to this mag., but the cover gave me such a shock that I jumped up suddenly and knocked my head against the gas-bracket. This is the first number of the *Yellow Dragon*, and I see every reason why it should *not* be the last. Let me quote the editor's opening remarks:—

> We do not leap into existence with the usual apologies of new ventures, but rather with a fanfare of trumpets. The *Yellow Dragon* has the distinguished honour of being absolutely the first Anglo-Chinese school magazine that has ever been started in this world. The magazine's destiny is conducted on a liberal and broad-minded basis; its directors consist of members of the college and distinguished outsiders, masters and boys, English and Chinese. Suffice it to state that the chief editor and fighting editor are both Chinese, while the sub-editor and financial editor are English.

NOTE TO NEW READERS.

I review in these columns, month by month, all school and university magazines sent to the office, without respect to the size of the institution or the bulk of the publications. It is not my object to be smart or witty at the expense of the various senders, but to give a little praise here, and a word of advice there, for the benefit of my fellow journalists, and in the interests of the literary craft.

My programme for Vol. II. has of necessity undergone some changes. "In Ships of Steel," Dr. Gordon Stables' story of the Royal Navy, will run through Vol. III., beginning April, 1900. The author is putting some finishing touches to his tale, hence the delay. In this number you will find the opening chapters of "The Heart of the Prairie: A Story of North-west Canada," by Mr. John Mackie. I have already spoken of Mr. Mackie's career and work, but as you will probably like to know some more about him, here goes.

Mr. Mackie left the Old Country for Australia in 1882. In the following year he went round from Townsville, on the Queensland coast, to the then comparatively little known Gulf of Carpentaria to help in establishing a new cattle station for a company. The deck cargo on the sixty-ton ketch caught fire off the Great Barrier Reef, and he was more or less burned in helping to extinguish the same. The cargo consisted largely of gunpowder and dynamite for the mines. It was a narrow squeak. In 1885 he took upland for himself on the far Van Alphen River, and lived for two years surrounded by fierce tribes of cannibal blacks, who killed his men and horses. He carries five scars made by their spears to this day. In exploring the mountain ranges to the south, he lived for weeks on crows, hawks, snakes, and currajong roots. Early in 1887 he rode several hundred miles on to new goldfields in Queensland. In December of the same year he returned to the Old Country. In 1888 he became a member of the North-west Mounted Police in Canada, and was mostly in charge of detachments in wild districts on the frontier, where he had many adventures with Red Indians and smugglers. He wrote his first novel, "The Devil's Playground," in 1894 — it soon went into several editions in England and the States. Mr. Mackie is now a writer by profession, and lives in London.

A series of "Greyhouse" tales begins in this number, and you will find that, as a good number of the same characters will be "cropping up" in each story, the series will be something of the same nature as a public school serial. I have started this series in response to a perfect shoal of requests. Stirring public school tales are, I know, especially popular with my readers. As for the other features, I will leave you to judge of them for yourselves. I don't want to be for ever talking about the contents in these columns. I want this part of the magazine to be a place where I meet my readers and hold friendly converse with them.

Holidays over, back to school. Now then—any good resolutions? The school year, like the 'Varsity year, begins after the summer vac. Are you going to turn over a new leaf this new school year? It's a good time to begin, you know. Make up your mind on the last evening of the holidays that you won't be so slack as you have been hitherto. Break away from friends whose friendship—so-called—is harming you. Get into a better set. Start fresh. Now's the time. Register a vow with yourself that, no matter how it will affect your marks or your class position, you will do your work fairly and honestly, never stooping to deceit, or seeking to gain a higher place by doubtful means. Resolve, too, that you will never be too late for early roll-call. Get up when the bell rings; take your place properly washed and dressed. Then, all through the day

your punctuality at the beginning will have its effect on your work. You may call this "jaw," but I call it solid sense. I extend the same advice to "old boys" in banks or mercantile houses, reading for the Army, Civil Service, Bar, or Church. Catch your train in time, and be at your desk or table in time.

The fellow who is punctual and conscientious in his work is the fellow, mark my words, who plays games with the keenest relish. He feels that he has *earned his play;* the "slacker" doesn't. To be called "a slack sort of chap" is hardly the thing you want to be called. The man to be envied is the man who works hard and plays hard, who throws all the energy he has into the particular thing he happens to be doing. Think of nothing else save that thing. If you are writing an exercise, don't leave it half done in order to go away and kick a football. Finish it—then go. Thus you will come to be known by masters, employers, parents, and friends, as a fellow who does his duty, who does "his best." People will turn to you when they need the assistance of a fellow who can be relied on. Folks turn away from a "slacker" with a scornful "Oh, *he's* no good—too slack; good-tempered chap—means well—but hasn't any will-power." This, surely, is an unenviable character to earn, so buck up and show the world that you have a back-bone.

"THE CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

One more thing. Help others along. If you sit next to a fellow in form who wants to crib, tell him squarely that you don't crib yourself, and don't intend to let anyone crib off you. You'll be surprised what an effect a few blunt words of this kind will have. He may take your advice quietly, or he may jeer at you. Don't you trouble a hang about his taunts. You've said what you meant, and you may be bound he'll respect you for it. In "The Two Fags," Boardman was always down on his fags when he found them cribbing—and Boardman was a fellow who was respected and liked by the whole school. He wasn't called "pi," or a prig; his straightforward conduct won him the respect of all who knew him. He was the sort of fellow who brings credit to a school, and who, on leaving school, still continues to win the goodwill and the liking of his fellow-men. To him one may well apply the lines from Shakespeare which have already appeared once in these pages:—

> I dare do all that may become a man;
> Who dares do more, is none.

The exterior of this office is presented to your gaze this month. When the photograph was taken—it is a mere "snap" by our own hand camera, by the way—the flowers in the window-boxes were in full bloom. But, alas! the great heat of August descended upon them with full fury, and they drooped. In the hurry of getting the magazine to press we forgot to water them for a few days. The result was that they died. We are now planting some autumn herblets.

W. H. G. writes from Newcastle, Natal, South Africa, to suggest that I should have some competitions for readers who are abroad; so herewith I offer a prize of £1 1s. for the best drawing of "The House I Live In," and another of £1 1s. for the best description, not exceeding four hundred words, of "What We Eat Out Here." These competitions are open to readers in all parts of the world *except Europe*, and must reach me, accompanied by the October number coupon, *not later than December 16th.* Age limit: Twenty-five.

In reply to our article, "What I Think of Girls," by a Boy, I have been favoured with the following, "By a Girl."

DEAR OLD FAG,—Having read the article, "What I Think of Girls," I feel I must write something on behalf of my sex. As I am the sister of five brothers, I ought to know something about boys, and I think that a boy is a very bumptious person. He thinks that his sisters are duty-bound to give in to him, and to give up to him, and to tolerate all that he does, simply because he is a boy.

I think girls are every bit as honest as boys, though I would not go so far as to say they are more honest.

And then, with regard to girls being spiteful, it is hard

lines on them, for a girl cannot punish a boy in the same way that a boy can punish another. For instance, what could the girl do when her brother threw her rabbit into the brook? If she had been a boy, she could have punched his head well, and perhaps have fought the matter out; but, being a girl, she was obliged to take her revenge another way. All the same, I do not admire the way in which she took it.

As a rule, brothers have a very good time when home for the holidays, for their sisters "think an awful lot of them," and so are ready to stand a good deal from them.

Then, I think what the writer of this article says about girls being funks at cricket is most unfair. A girl is not always a funk, and if she is, is it surprising, considering that she never plays in term-time, like boys do, and probably has never been taught the rules of the game? Besides which, it is only some girls who cry when they're hurt, and I have known some boys do the same. I know a girl who had a cricket ball straight in her eye, when her brother was bowling to her, so that her eye was black and disfigured for more than a month after. But she bore it as well as any boy would have, for she went on batting without shedding a single tear.

I have nothing much to say about a girl's obstinacy. Generally a girl is more ready to do something for a person than a boy is. The boy will say he "hasn't time" (he is probably lounging in a hammock when he says this), or he says "it's too much fag," which is certainly more true, and in the end he gets off on the plea that he is only home for the holidays. It is quite true that girls get less pocket-money than boys, and that they generally spend the greater part of what they have on other people. Perhaps it is because they have not such temptations to spend it as boys; this is often the case if they live at home.

All the same, in spite of what I have said in this letter about brothers, I think it would be a great disadvantage not to have any. They make home very merry, so that when they go back to school the house seems very strange without them, and, in spite of the deafening row they sometimes make, I never cease to pity girls who have no brothers.

This is a splendid letter, and the writer, in my opinion, proves herself to be a spirited and fair-minded member of her sex. Let all brothers take her words to heart. I have received other letters on the subject, but the above is the only one I have space for.

There seems to be a general desire on the part of my readers to have a page in THE CAPTAIN to themselves, so I hope to establish this feature as soon as possible. Send in photographs and anecdotes, and little essays and little poems (humorous and serious), and anything that you think will be of interest to your fellow-subscribers. Such contributions as strike me as being promising I will insert on this special page. I will head the page—

CONTRIBUTED BY READERS,

and to the sender of the best contribution (literary, pictorial, puzzle, or whatever it happens to be) I will, in my turn, send THE CAPTAIN for a whole year, *free*. I reserve to myself the right to use elsewhere in the Magazine any contribution thus forwarded, if there is no room for it on the Special Page. All envelopes should be marked "Special Page," and addressed to the Editor in the usual way.

A short time ago I invited competitors to send in ideas for a competition. Some of the ideas sent in were very practical, and some very the other thing. A "Cambridge Man" wrote, suggesting that each competitor should make an album containing the photographs, autographs, and humorous sketches of his best friends. Under the picture of each best friend, he went on to suggest, should appear a brief, humorous sketch of his personality, especially his tastes, and other interesting facts concerning the past, present, and future of the friend under treatment. This competition would have opened up the finest field for insulting people the competitor didn't like as was ever opened at any time, and would undoubtedly have been intensely amusing to everybody except the "best friends" operated on.

Another reader, hailing from Bath, suggested that we should award a prize to the boy who could collect the greatest number of farthings in the space of a month. I suppose it didn't strike my Bath reader that London boys would have a tremendous pull over all other boys, as there are probably more farthings in London than in all the rest of the world put together. Besides, of what use would a competition of this sort be?

CHESS COMPETITION.

IN response to numerous letters from readers, we have decided to start "Chess" in THE CAPTAIN. This new feature will, we are sure, meet with the hearty approval of all classes of readers, since the weekly cry of "Chess!" meets with a ready response in many a school where, twenty years ago, the game was never thought of—at any rate, as a recreation for boys.

Competitors should play the following game through, and send the two moves required to finish it.

Answers should reach the office of this Magazine *not later than October 16th*, marked "Competition II." (See "Competitions for October.")

N.B.—All queries as to "Chess" should be addressed to "The Chess Editor."

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K4	P K4	8. Kt - Q2	Q—K2
2. Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	9. Kt—B4	P—QR3
3. P—Q4	P × P	10. KKt—Q6ch	P × Kt
4. Kt × P	Q—R5	11. Kt × Pch	K—Qsq
5. Kt—Kt5	B—Kt5ch	12. Q—Q5	Kt—R3
6. P—B3	Q × KPch	13. Castles	R—KBsq
7. B—K3	B—R4	14. Mate in two.	

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Noel Norton.—You are mistaken. The game of cricket played on paper is pretty well known, I think. At any rate, I can remember having seen boys playing it years ago. Many thanks all the same for taking the trouble to send in a description of the game.

X. Y. Z.—Don't worry your head about your chest measurement. At seventeen a fellow is just beginning his last lap of growing, and is often a bit "fine drawn." Just live a regular, healthy life, and your bulk will increase as you grow older. What you say about "taking wheaten-meal instead of porridge, because there is more nitrate of phosphorus for bone-forming in it," is all Thomas Rot. Stick to porridge, and leave off worrying about your food.

John Pelkard.—One of these fine months we will have a writing competition for everybody.

Bernice Parker (ONTARIO, CANADA).—I am very sorry your competition was too late. You will observe that this month I am offering a couple of prizes to readers in the Colonies and elsewhere, and you will find that I am allowing you plenty of time.

Yun-Yun blandly inquires whether a chess player can have two queens on the board at the same time. My dear "Yun-Yun," are two queens allowed to rule over this country at the same time?

Merry Andrew.—Lobsters turn red when they're *boiled*, my dear fellow. Yes, and, do you know, school-boys often turn pink when they get into hot water!

S. M. Finch (TRURO).—No, Scott didn't believe in giving his books what are called "catch-titles." Sometimes he let his publisher choose a title for him. He obtained the name "Ivanhoe" from an old rhyme which he happened to call to mind. Hampden, ancestor of the famous Roundhead, insulted the Black Prince when they were playing tennis, and forfeited his three estates in consequence. Somebody put the punishment into poetry, thus:—

> Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
> For striking of a blow
> Hampden did forego,
> And glad he should escape so.

Goliath, Junior.—Yes, 6ft. 4ins. is a good height for a boy of twenty. Excuse me calling you a boy, won't you? There are several men in the world taller than you. Mr. Wilkins, the American giant, is 8ft. 2ins., for instance.

Mary Truebody.—Your aunt is wrong. The Prince of Wales will not be Albert I. when he comes to the throne, but, following the custom of the English kings, Edward VII.

H. F. T.—Glad to hear of your appointment. What must you wear? Well, clerks in banks generally wear black coats. Whatever you do don't sport a "cheque" suit. (*Joke!* O.F.)

A. B. C. (WELLINGTON COLLEGE).—Always glad to hear from readers. Go ahead, and dig away at the competitions until you win a prize, and then dig away again until you win another.

A Lover of Surrey Cricket. No, I cannot give you the addresses of the Surrey eleven.

Bad Eyesight.—There may be several reasons for your defective eyesight. You may, for instance, have been working too much by gaslight. Ask your mother or the matron of your school to give you a good eye-wash. If the difficulty is serious, you must consult your doctor, who will use his judgment about sending you to an oculist. The eyes are the most valuable organs we possess, and great care should always be taken in cases of growing weakness.

Photography.—When there's space, certainly.

"Jack."—Hurroo! I waft a hand-shake to you across the ocean.

No Name (CLAPHAM ROAD).—What a prodigious pile of prizes, to be sure!

Hurst Johnian (CHISLEHURST).—Our reviewer was misled by a paragraph which appeared in another school magazine. On meeting the Editor of the *Hurst Johnian*, at the Public Schools Camp at Aldershot, he was assured by that gentleman that the *H.J.* is undoubtedly the most ancient School Magazine in existence.

R. S. P.—Persevere with your writing by all means, but don't let it interfere with your real work. For your age you have a very fair idea of description and composition.

Amyas.—Don't worry about your health so much, and on no account try to doctor yourself. The less you think about yourself the better, my son.

G. N. E. (QUEBEC).—Just at present I don't want any photographs of Quebec, but all the same I'm much obliged to you for your kind offer.

L. S. Argent.—Hundreds of painters have copied Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire." Cannot say off-hand where you can see a copy.

Slogger.—You can find full particulars as to fees, scholarships, etc., in "The Public School Year Book." Price 2s. 6d., at any bookseller's.

R. H. B.—The first literary flights of a budding author should not be sent to a sixpenny magazine, but to a weekly paper. It is a good plan to try one's early effusions on a local paper, which won't pay you, but may print you, and that is as much as a really young writer can expect at the beginning of his career.

P. H. Mills (SYDNEY, N.S.W.).—Sydarian to hand. It shall be reviewed in its turn.

Hopeful Youth informs me that he has procured THE CAPTAIN several new readers, and suggests that I should pay him so much a head for every fresh subscriber he obtains. If "Hopeful Youth" thinks I care to drive a bargain of this kind, I would rather he did not attempt to "push" this magazine among his friends. His is the first suggestion of this kind I have received, and I hope it will be the last.

Enquirer.—Back numbers of THE CAPTAIN can be obtained, price 9d. each. Order from your newsagent or bookseller, or direct from the publisher, THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, London, W.C.

W. H. G. (NATAL).—I have organised two competitions for readers in foreign parts. See "Editorial."

A. T. S.—Coupons for October competitions must be taken out of the October number, and so on every month.

Verus Amicus.—If you will look in the Editorial, you will find that we have printed a letter from a girl about boys.

Godfrey Barclay.—I have made a note of your suggestions. Most of the authors you suggest will probably contribute serials to THE CAPTAIN in due course. I think you will agree with me that the first thing is to get a good story; if it is good, it doesn't much matter whether the author of it is a celebrated writer or not.

H. G. M. (DONCASTER).—(1) See answer to "Enquirer." (2) Yes, Mr. Fry will contribute articles on football during the winter, and will also answer questions on athletics in general.

Scotch Old Boy thinks, with me, that "Ancient Schools" will make an excellent article. He informs me that the Aberdeen Grammar School was founded previous to 1263, since there is mention of it at that time in an old Scotch chronicle.

A Christ's Hospital Boy draws my attention to a slight error in our August number. In reviewing the May number of "The Blue," it appears that we announced the results of some sports which were really held at the Preparatory School at Hertford, instead of in connection with Christ's Hospital, in Newgate Street. I am much obliged to my correspondent for pointing this out.

Peter Parley.—If you want my candid opinion, I think that the one good point about the verses you enclose is their brevity. I shouldn't advise anyone to take up poetry writing as a "hobby." You will find beetle collecting a far more amusing occupation.

J. B. W. (ADELAIDE).—You will find some competitions for "Foreign Readers" in the Editorial. I don't think you have any cause to complain that THE CAPTAIN is "down on you poor Antipodeans."

Floreat Herga takes exception to some of the statements made by Mr. Herbert Vivian in "A Harrow Boy's Day." On the question of food, says my correspondent, Mr. Vivian is unduly severe. So far from one small helping of meat being the allowance at dinner, *two large helpings* are provided. Breakfast varies according to one's house, but there is always plenty to eat. In all cases of delicacy port wine and other extras are really provided, while any boy who requires feeding up may have porridge. Other corrections are: (1) The system of "exeats" was abolished in 1893. (2) Members of the football eleven do *not* wear "a speckled straw." (3) Lack of comfort in the rooms is a thing of the past. (4) The deficiency of washing accommodation is over-stated. (5) A lack of privacy at Harrow need only exist among the very youngest boys. [The writer concludes a long letter with an appreciative reference to Mr. Vivian's "unmistakable loyalty" to the old school.]

Odanatus.—Please give me a chance. I have crammed just as much as ever I can into this number, and have covered as many subjects as possible. As soon as I can I shall publish an article on the subject you mention.

A. S. Lloyd.—(1) The unworthy person whom you mention by name is the Editor of this Magazine, but was never editor of the other paper you mention. (2) We hope to have an interview with, or an article by, Mr. G. O. Smith some time this season.

George M. Hurst.—A "Life of Thackeray" is published by Mr. Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, London, price 2s. 6d. It is one of the "Great Writers" series, and in it the story of Thackeray's struggles and triumphs is excellently well told.

Kismet, Joseph Finan, F. E. F., Agnes Henderson, Eleanor Henderson, and B. Y. Henderson, are thanked for their letters, which I have read with appreciation.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The highest age limit is twenty-five.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Address thus:—Competition No.——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by October 16th.

No. 1.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best poetical extract concerning "Christmas." Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 2.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best solution of the chess problem which will be found in the "Editorial." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—**A competition for stamp collectors.** We want to find out whether our stamp collecting readers study their stamps—and their catalogues! The designs of certain postage stamps are very quaint. We have selected fifteen curious designs which have appeared, or are at present appearing, on the stamps of various countries. To what do the several designs appertain? The illustrations are exact reproductions of the originals. A **10s.** stamp album for the first two correct replies examined on October 16th. Four **2s. 6d.** packets of new issues (CAPTAIN packet for October) to the next four. Give the name of each country the designs belong to. *Postcards only to be used.* Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best design or idea for advertising THE CAPTAIN. Age limit: Nineteen.

No. 5.—**Two prizes of 10s. 6d.** for the two best lists of nick-names of famous men, such as: "The Duke of Wellington—Iron Duke." Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best drawing from life of "A Head" (boy's or girl's). Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 7.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best list of spelling mistakes which occur in this number of THE CAPTAIN. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**Four prizes of 5s.** for the best written copies of this list of competitions. Age limit: Fourteen. Copy this column only.

No. 9.—**Same as above.** Age limit: Twelve.

No. 10.—**Four prizes of 2s. 6d.** each for the best copies of the first column of "The Old Fag's Editorial." Age limit: Ten.

[The Editor reserves to himself the right to award Consolation Prizes to deserving competitors, age being taken into consideration.]

(SEE COMPETITION No. 3.)

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—Best Poetical Extract on "Loyalty."

WINNER OF £1 1S.: ROSE ANNAND, 26, Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eleanor Stiff, A. G. Simmons, John Ashby, Dora Whitby, Winifred Stark, John Moylan, Ethel Claydon, Charles McQueen, Reginald Edwards, Richard Bainbridge, B. A. G. Willis, Helen Tancock, Muriel Pyman, W. F. Dray, W. J. Booth, Florence Mann, Daisy Hunter, H. Brumwell, E. Robinson, A. E. Jones, G. P. Grange, W. Armstrong, F. E. Bowden, J. H. Hutchinson, H. Wyndham Brown, H. de Havilland, Mabel S. Nash, G. L. Henderson, J. Davison, J. Anderson, Ethel Ball, Lilite Ffolliott, R. D. Graham, E. Maurice Smith, G. J. Walker, W. H. Mills, T. E. Lambert.

No. II.—For Best Suggestion (written on a post-card) for improving "The Captain."

THE PRIZE of £1 1S. is divided up among four competitors, viz.: H. S. W. EDWARDES, Danehurst, 30, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.; JAMES ANDERSON, Rockmount Villa, Northland Road, Londonderry; JENNIE CLASPER, 13, Hedworth Terrace, Sunderland; SYBIL BISHOP, Milton Lodge, Kentbury, Hungerford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Beresford Sharp, R. K. Brown, Cecil Palmer, Arnold Edwardes, R. Trevethan, Rose Annand, E. B. Johnstone, John R. Gill, Hubert A. Sams, Richard Stark, Edmund Griffiths, Marjory Charlton, W. Head, Charles McQueen, Thomas Walker, H. F. Mohan, and W. H. Burson.

No. III.—Best Amateur Photograph.

WINNER OF £1 1S.: ALBERT E. BERG, "Homeside," Old Tiverton Road, Exeter ("Solitude.")

HONOURABLE MENTION: James A. Bennet (Jesmond Dene); B. Moss (Views in Italy), A. L. Yates, E. Hunt, Dorothy Owen, Eric Wade, C. E. Levrick, Mina M. Tancock, Richard E. Treweeks, S. H. Maw, W. Neilson, J. H. Bamford G. B. Duncan, S. H. Simpson, H. Hunter, K. M. Beaumont, George Anagnostopulo, W. D. Gimson, J. P. Christoe, A. M. Briggs, Colin Garner, J. T. Silcock, J. Dall, Geo. E. Gott, Frank Overton, Stanley Ren, Harold West, Charles Organ, J. S. Hives, A. Presscott, R. C. Sutton, Ernest Mountney, H. M. Cockrem, Edwin Theakston, R. T. Gammon, R. K. Howard, David T. King, Frank Harper, A. Macdonald, Arthur Burnes, J. P. B. Maitland, J. Wild, and H. Cockell.

No. IV.—Drawing of "An Open Window," or "Foliage."

THE PRIZE OF £1 1S. has been divided between: HAYDON D. MACKEY, 8, Fremantle Road, Forest Gate, E., and F. HOLMES, The Terrace, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: "Folly" (Maidstone), Evelyn Mary Peskett, H. McHuraith, Ellen F. C. Brown, F. H. Hopkins, L. B. Denleyn, Frank Adams, Henry McPherson, Charles E. Hall, Harold E. Kershaw, Olive Tosswill, S. Holt, Nelly Walton, G. H. Cox, G. L. Gardner, E. Kleanfiller, R. Duck, Violet E. Boultbre, W. Clayton-Smith, W. Bridge, Gerald F. Leake, G. Wainwright, C. Loundes Yates, Arnold Manby, E. Kuhling, Charles F. Bodill, and Harold Bennett (Keighley).

No. V.—Best Essay on "How to Become Popular with One's School-fellows."

THE PRIZE OF £1 1S. has been divided between: GERALD BULLIVANT, 14, Oakfield Road, Clapton, London, N.E., and ELSIE ARCHER MCCALLUM, Laurel Hill, Markethill, Co. Armagh, Ireland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: LILIAN R. ORMISTON, Cameronian Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Keith Brown, A. Poxon, Trixie Dobson, Harry S. Chamberlain, Gladys Peacock, C. W. Wannell, William Henry Brothers, Frank Burke, Dorothy B. Morris, Edith Murrell, Harold E. Williams, John E. Matthews, Athol Kirkpatrick, John Ashby, James C. Very, Arthur K. Evans, G. H. C. Manning, John B. Edgar, W. M. Buss, Elsie May Alexander, Gordon McVoy, Thomas McCormack.

No. VI.—Best Map of Cape Colony.

WINNER OF £1 1S.: STANLEY CHARLES BENNET, 23, Springfield Place, Upper Clapton, London, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Ker-Fox (Brussels), Charles A. H. Baker, Margaret Roberts, Ralph Downing, Beatrice Allen, J. R. Lamb, E. Orton Reynolds, A. E. Andrews, W. I. Strang, R. Gordon Wheler-Bush, Francis Allwright, J. H. Traill, Jennie Robertson, Jasper P. Salway, Dorothy S. Dean, H. W. Markwick, F. W. Brain, Kate M. Storer, F. K. Druce, L. G. Baker, P. L. Faulkner, A. R. Crimp, E. Hartman, Meroyn Rayan, Hilda F. Ward, Ethel Mary Green, T. Wangle, D. H. Denselow, W. F. Watson, P. Randle Thomas, J. Rowe, W. G. Hawkins, H. B. Browne, F. H. Watt, N. C. Wilson, F. C. Wilkinson, Arthur Lockwood, R. F. Stephen, D. S. Robb, S. H. Stamp, Lawrence Weston, G. Wild, Ethel Reid, W. H. Mitchell, Mabel C. Hart, E. Pye.

No. VII.—Best Letter Written by a Cat.

£1 1S. divided between: JOHN MOWAT, 30, Belmont Gardens, Glasgow, W.; URIAS THOMAS, 18, Baglan Terrace, Cwmpark, near Treorky, Rhondda Valley, S. Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: LILLA SHADBOLT, Cragnant School, Buckhurst Hill; DOROTHY MOLLETT, Melton House, Grove Lane, Camberwell, S.E.; GORDON MCVOY, 17, Springfield Place, Leeds; THOMAS WALKER, 39, Devon Street, Glasgow, S.S.; GEORGE GORDON MACFARLANE, 8, St. Alban's Terrace, Glasgow, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Morley, Nora Caldwell, Robert Keith Brown, Ellen Moorhouse.

No. VIII.—"The Best Riddle I ever Heard."

£1 1S. divided between: F. N. BLUNDELL, 13, Canning Street, Liverpool, and CHARLES CARFRAE, 77, Dyke Road, Brighton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: R. M. R. THURSFIELD, 39, High Street, Bridgnorth, Salop; and JAMES RAY, Nora Brook, Howth Road, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Guy Barton Cockrem, May Colwell, W. A. Humphreys, M. Bell, Gwendolen Braddell, Herbert Farjeon, J. Beckett, R. C. Haynes, B. G. Nixon, H. C. M. Lucas, L. H. Woods, F. Ingham, John Hall, H. Tomlinson, H. J. Milledge, H. C. James, J. G. Elder, Joan Clark, Phyllis Baines, C. G. Arthur, W. Cooper, "F. W. Mullins, Esq.," R. Trevethan, W. L. Hallworth, R. Herbert, J. D. Mackie, Lesley G. Poole, G. H. Pierson, H. W. Foote, Winnie Thompson, A. Kennedy.

No. IX.—Coast-Line most Resembling a Man's Leg and Foot.

£1 1S. divided between: C. MAUD BELFIELD, 8, Gathorne Terrace, Leeds, and F. L. OLIVER, 16, De Pays Avenue, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. P. Bach, Margaret Rose, Ian S. Clarke, J. Cooper Miller, W. E. de Souza, W. Cherlton, H. Barnshaw, Geo. Dayson, John Smith, Victor Brabnee.

[Several competitors were disqualified for not complying with the conditions.]

No. X.—Handwriting Competition.

THE PRIZE OF £1 1S. has been divided between: JAMES CONNOR, 15, Gladstone Street, Sunderland, and MARGARET ROSE, Willsbridge, near Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Groom, Alfred E. Birmingham, J. H. Harlow, H. W. Waite, Grace W. Angwin, R. Dowson, Ethel O'Sullivan, D. Seath, Douglas Wynnna, E. Owen, Dennis Wittle, Hilda M. Goulden, W. H. Rees, W. Ralph Egan, H. T. B. Grobam, Edward Cutts, Garda Williams, Laura Dunn, E. L. Dent, E. Burke, Elsie Septon, C. Jackson, A. G. Russell, E. Mary Dean, Eveline Wannell, Jessie Turner, C. Clarkson, C. W. Hahn, J. C. Barley, Beryl Hawtry, R. Walker Munro, E. K. Bird, C. Harwood, Mary Donald, H. Price, Evelyn Balmer, Amy Bowker, and R. Addison Smith.

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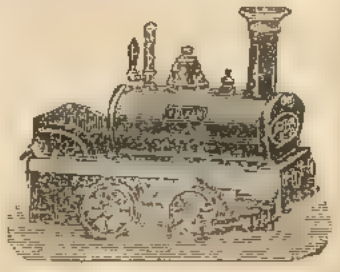

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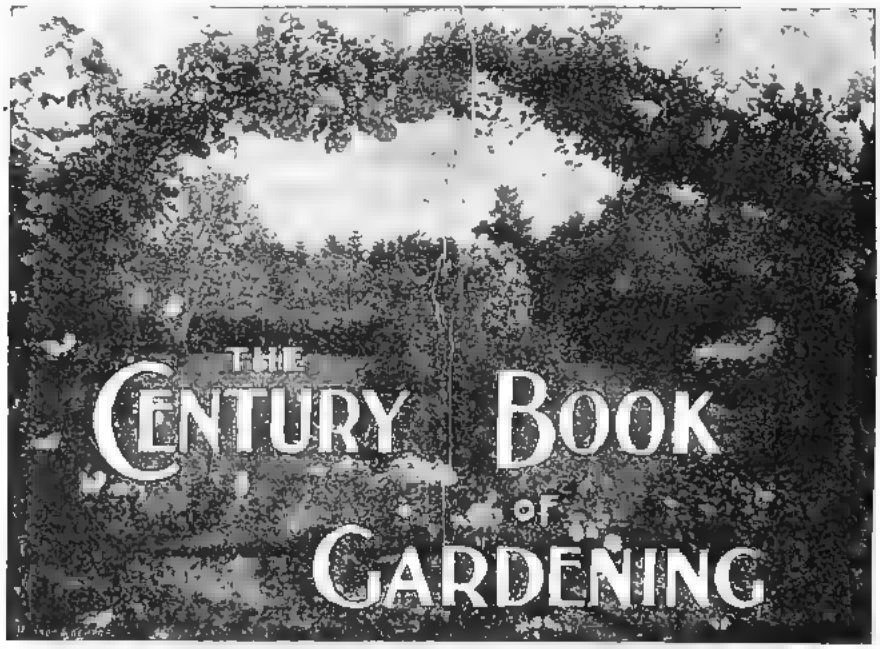

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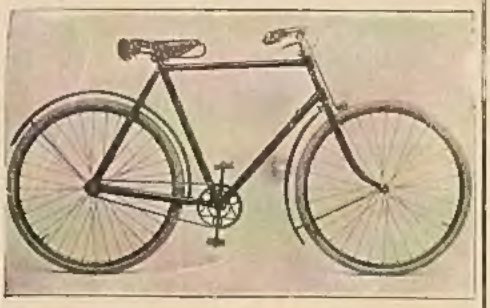

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